



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

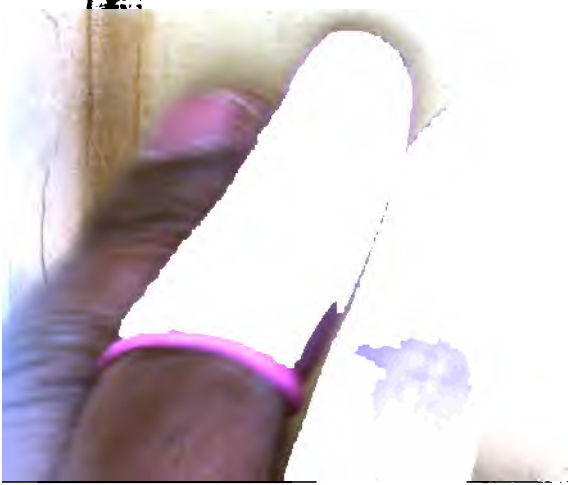
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

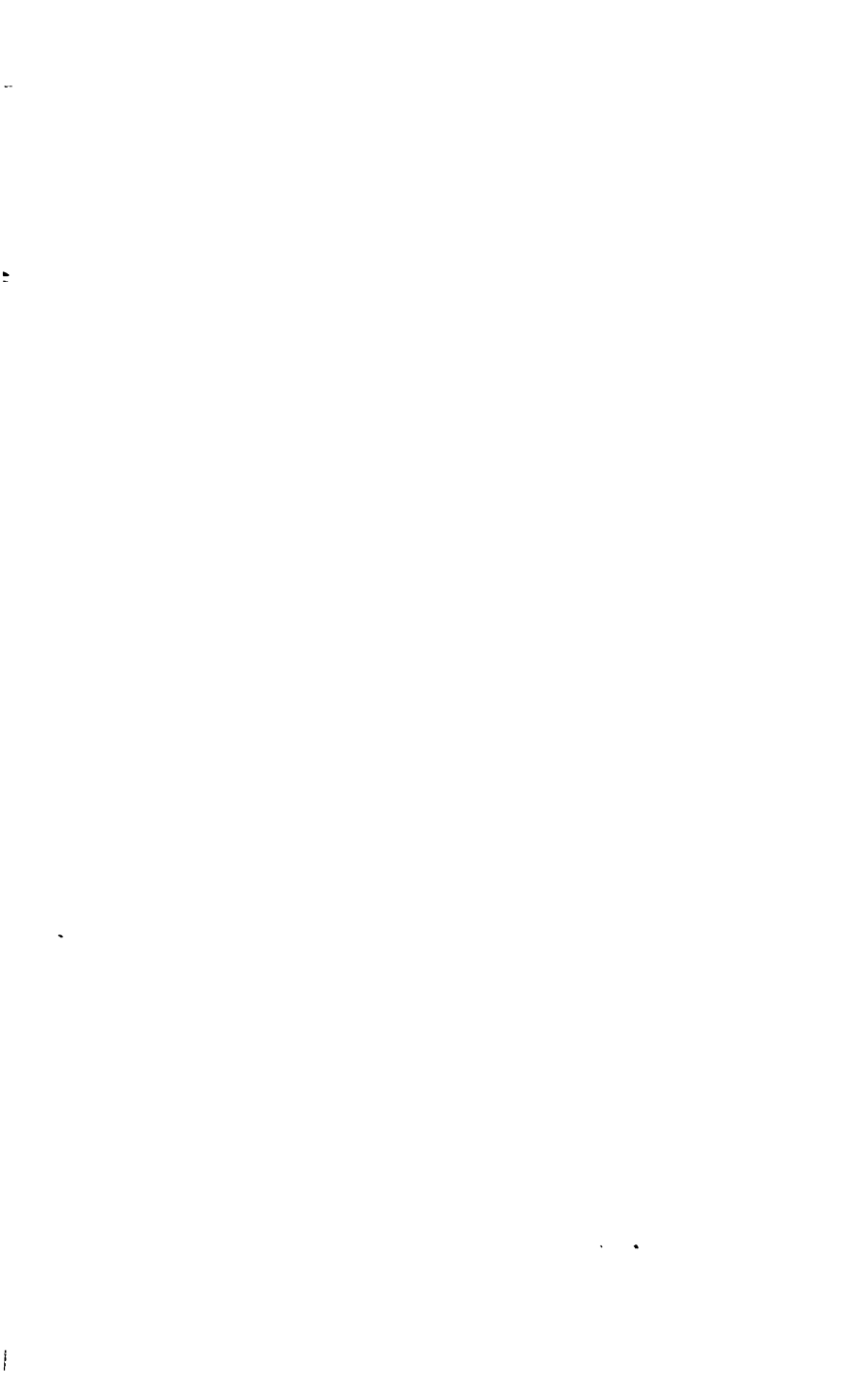


P439.1

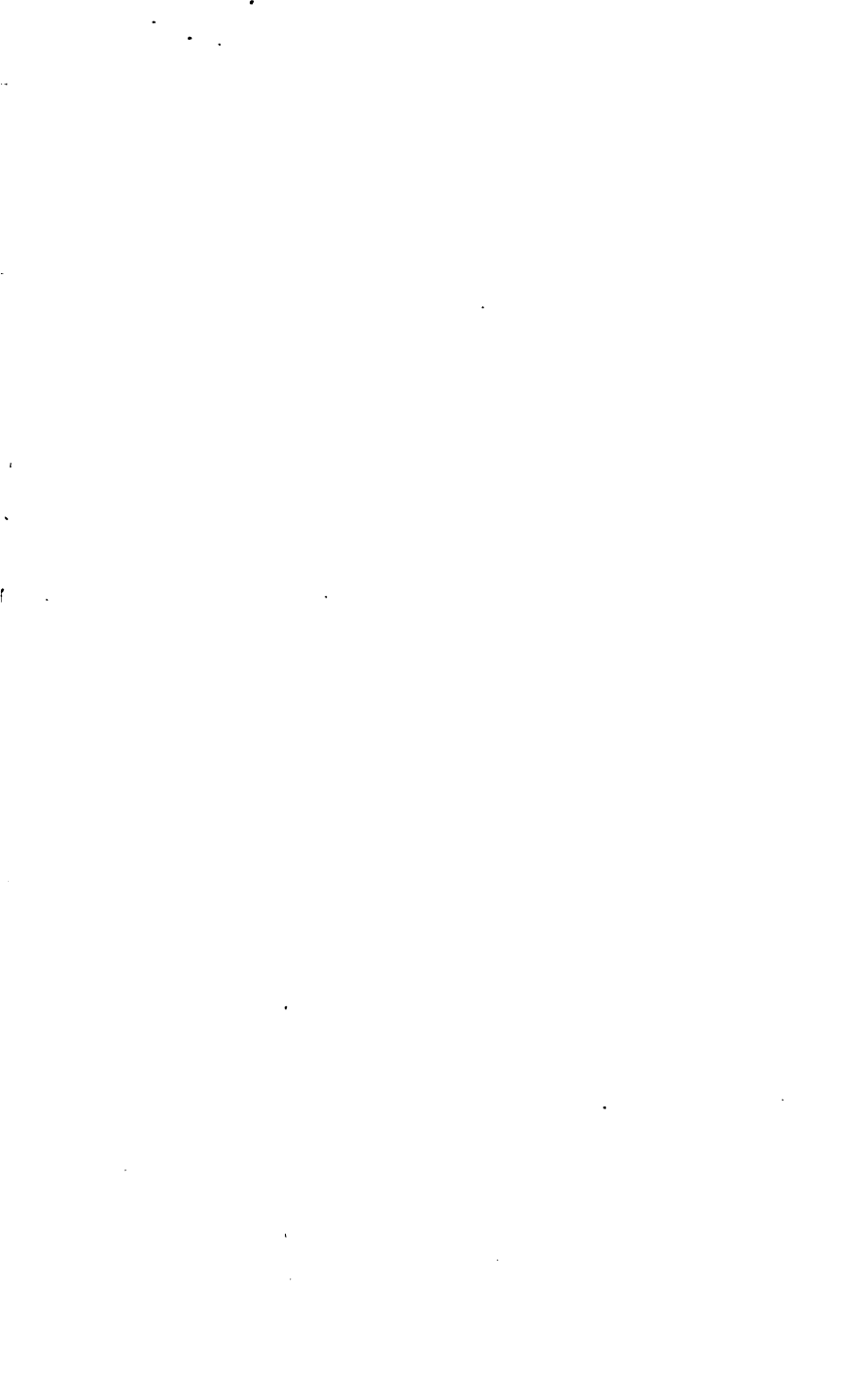










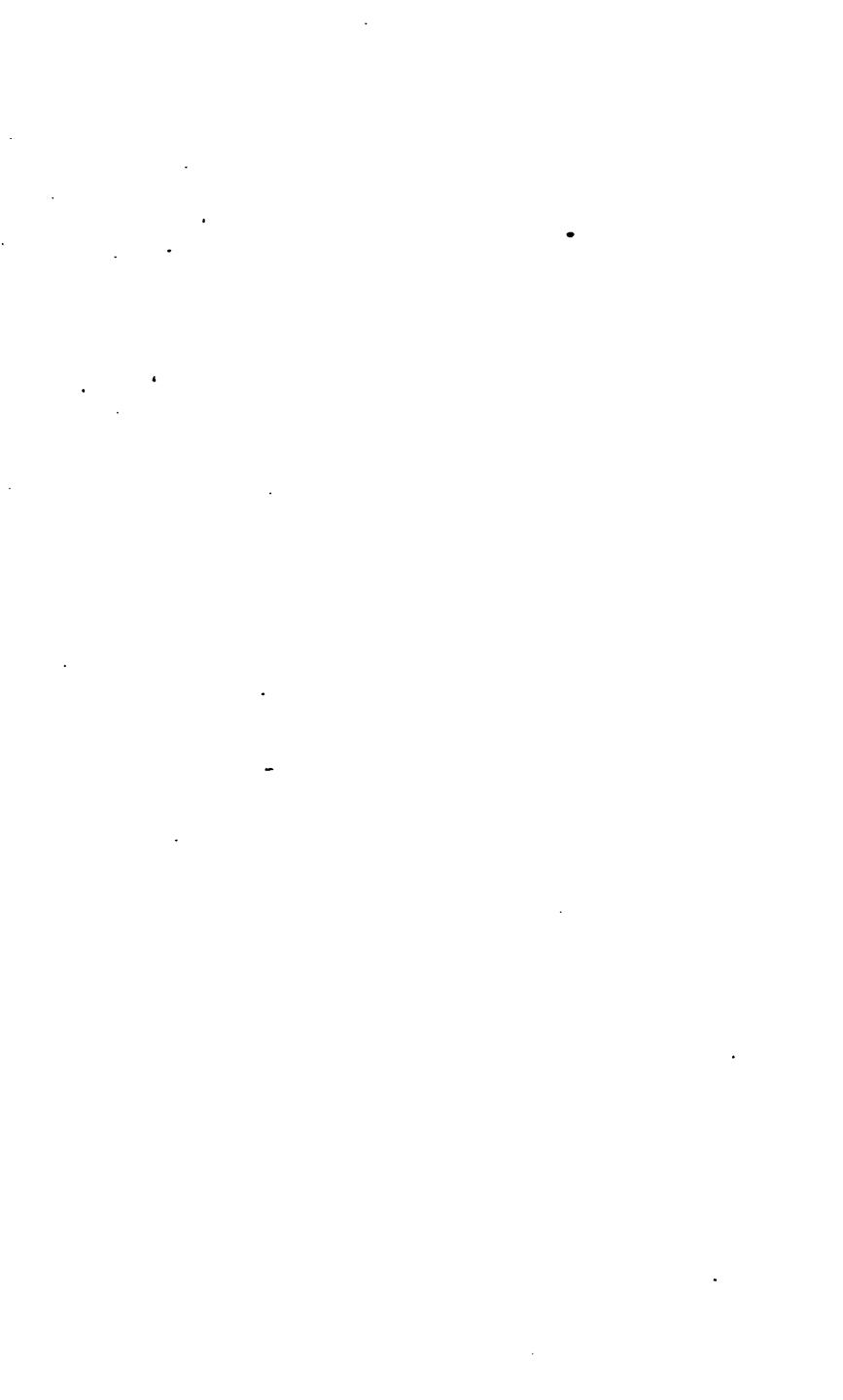




9.87.5

P439.1

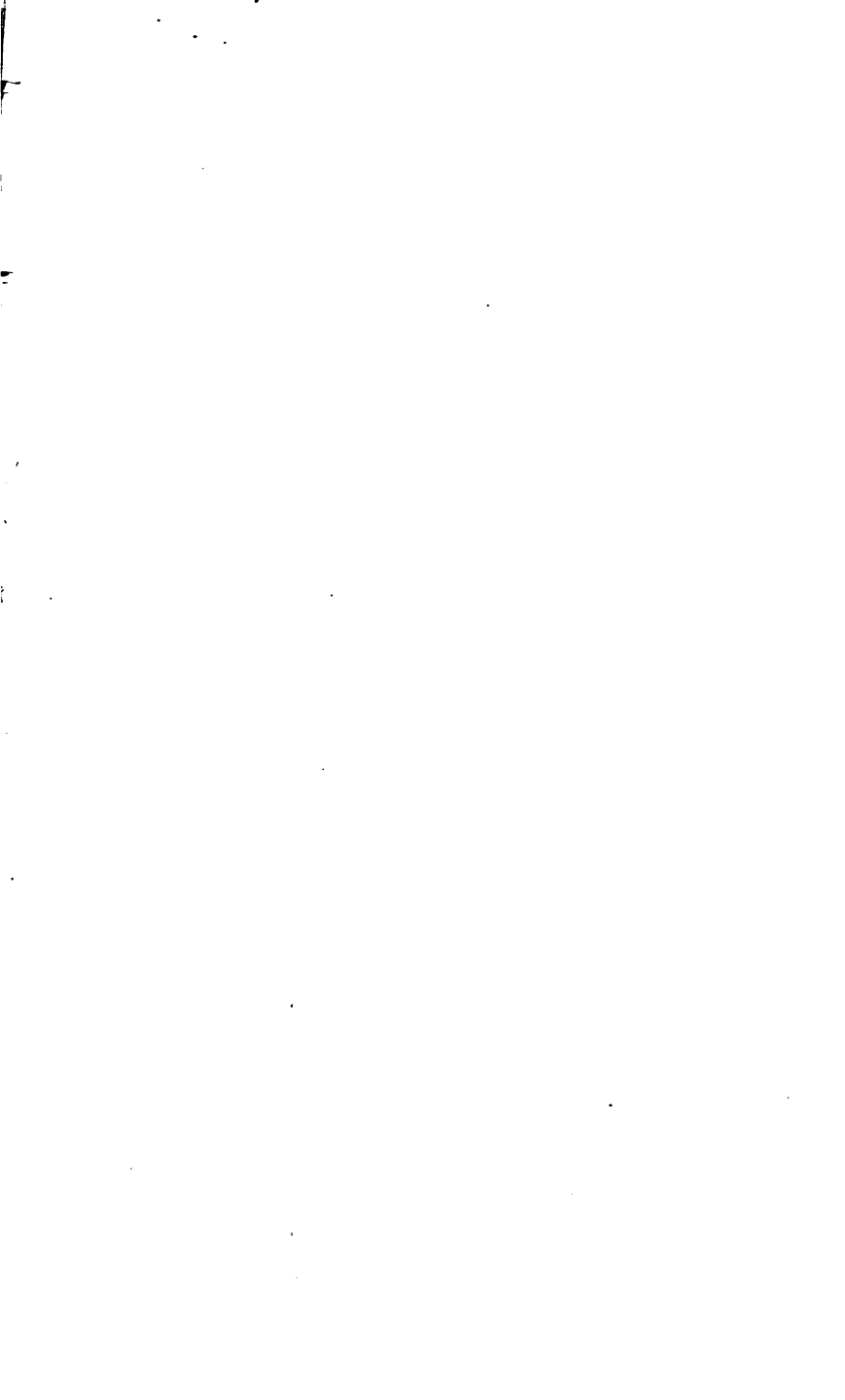












P439.1 (1)  
1847

1860. Sept. 14

Gift of

Prof. James R. Lowell  
(Class of '38)

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847,

By GEORGE W. LIGHT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

---

Printed by GEORGE C. RAND & Co.  
No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE  
OF  
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Combining Literary Entertainment and Instruction with an Effort to  
promote the Union of thorough Self-Improvement with every  
Department of Industry.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

THE progress of Society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the  
Individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening  
him to strengthen and elevate his own mind. — CHANNING.

FIRST VOLUME.


BOSTON:  
CHARLES H. PEIRCE, 3 CORNHILL.  
1847.



Though we did not, at the outset, promise anything in the way of pictorial embellishment, we have made an arrangement with the publisher of Sparks' Life of Franklin for prefixing to this volume a rich engraving of "YOUNG FRANKLIN," which we trust will prove acceptable to our readers. What we may in future be able to do in this respect, or in other ways, to add to the interest of the work, will be seen as we go on.

---

#### POSTSCRIPT.

 After the arrangements above alluded to were made for the continuance of this Magazine, ill health, long protracted, on the part of the editor, prevented its further issue. This volume therefore, contains all the numbers published.

---

# CONTENTS.

## PRINCIPAL ARTICLES IN PROSE.

The Necessity of Self-Acquaintance. By the Editor . . . . .	11
Thought and Reading. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	17
Genius will Study. From Orville Dewey . . . . .	27
The Pauper Lad of Wood-end. By Isaac F. Shepard . . . . .	30
A Patch on both Knees and Gloves on. From Geo. S. Hillard . . . . .	47
A Rich Lesson. From Charles Sumner . . . . .	51
Phonotypy and Phonography. By S. P. Andrews . . . . .	55
A Picture of the Prairie. From Albert Pike . . . . .	61
The Practicability of Self-Acquaintance. By the Editor . . . . .	77
How to make a Man. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	85
Personal Beauty. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	92
Great Ideas Free to all Men. From William E. Channing . . . . .	100
Keeping up Appearances. From Leonard Withington . . . . .	104
Abolition Reasons for Disunion. By Wendell Phillips . . . . .	113
Abridgement of the Hours of Business. From Thomas Dick . . . . .	122
Advice to a Young Poet. From Thomas Carlyle . . . . .	125
The New English Alphabet . . . . .	127
The Means of Self-Acquaintance. By the Editor . . . . .	137
Transcendental Stilts. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	144
The Divorce of Learning from Labor. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	151
Abolition Reasons against Disunion. By S. P. Andrews . . . . .	159
The Man of Expedients. From Samuel Gilman . . . . .	168
Thoughts on Fashion. By a Looker-on . . . . .	173
Progress of Reform in the Old World . . . . .	177
The Disposition to Know Ourselves. By the Editor . . . . .	197
Loose Impertinences. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	202
Romance of the Nineteenth Century. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	212
Hints to Young Men. From Lyman Beecher . . . . .	216
Be Chatty. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith. . . . .	224
The Necessity of Keeping One's Friend in One's Pocket . . . . .	229
The Rose Family. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	233
Gentlemanhood . . . . .	237
Lawrence School for the Practical Sciences . . . . .	242
The Romance of Rascality. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	257
Head-Work and Hand-Work . . . . .	270

The Hope of Human Progress. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	289
Books, as Aids in Self-Study. By the Editor . . . . .	292
A Ball-Room Sketch. From the Essayist — re-written . . . . .	299
The Literature of Humbug. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	317
The Habit of Self-Study. By the Editor . . . . .	330
Obstacles to Universal Elevation. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	334
The Cheap Postage Question. By Joshua Leavitt . . . . .	340
The Itch for Scribbling Proved to be Catching . . . . .	347
Good and Bad Luck. From H. W. Beecher . . . . .	351

## POETRY.

Learn to Labor and to Wait. From H. W. Longfellow . . . . .	16
Inward Life. By the Editor . . . . .	25
A Word to the Sluggish. From Goethe . . . . .	29
A Visit to my Old Home. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	43
A Hint on Patronage. By the Editor . . . . .	50
Above and Below. By J. R. Lowell . . . . .	54
Sunshine and Shade. From James T. Fields . . . . .	60
The True Nobility. From T. C. Upham . . . . .	64
The Shadow of Ourselves. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith . . . . .	83
Birch-Day Flowers. By H. T. Tuckerman . . . . .	91
Byron's "Spirit." By the Editor . . . . .	99
Look Upward. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	103
Rouse to Some Noble Work. From Carlos Wilcox . . . . .	111
A Hint on Street Manners. From O. W. Holmes . . . . .	121
Hebe. By J. R. Lowell . . . . .	143
Brotherhood. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith . . . . .	150
The Wild Flowers. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	158
Keep at Work. By the Editor . . . . .	167
True Manhood. From Richard H. Dana . . . . .	172
Freedom's Banner of Peace. From Louis Ringe . . . . .	176
Sunset in Arkansas. From Albert Pike . . . . .	183
The Forest Temple. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	201
Utterances from an Over-Soul. A Satire . . . . .	209
Keep Cool. By the Editor . . . . .	223
The Stranger Maiden. Translated from Schiller, by D. H. Howard . . . . .	232
Summer Morning. From the German . . . . .	246
Study for a Head. By J. R. Lowell . . . . .	268
Go Ahead. By the Editor . . . . .	287
The Old Orchard. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	296
Transcendental Murmurings. A Satire . . . . .	305
The Manly Poet. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	328
Cold Shoulder Philosophy. By the Editor . . . . .	339
A Western Picture. From Longfellow's "Evangeline" . . . . .	346
The Talking Belle . . . . .	352

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Mercantile Library Association . . . . .	76
Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association . . . . .	136
Hillard's Lectures on Milton . . . . .	191
Giles's Lectures . . . . .	192
The Smithsonian Institution . . . . .	193
Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati . . . . .	193
The Disunion Question. Legislative Agricultural Meetings . . . . .	194
American Art Union . . . . .	194
Dwellings for the Laboring Classes. The Ten Hour System . . . . .	195
Literarium Office. Public Libraries . . . . .	195
Working Men's Protective Union. Library of Female Writers . . . . .	196
Life Insurance. Competition between Free and Slave Labor . . . . .	247
Mechanics' Mutual Protections. Agricultural Schools . . . . .	248
Abolition Abroad. Condition of the Russian Serfs . . . . .	249
Society for the Benefit of Servants . . . . .	249
Popular Education in England . . . . .	250
Abolition of the Impressment of Seamen . . . . .	250
Monument to the first Printer in the United States . . . . .	307
First Publication of the Smithsonian Institution . . . . .	308
Maine Historical Society . . . . .	309
Meeting of Students at Amherst. Mexican Peons . . . . .	309
Vattemare's Scientific and Literary League . . . . .	310
Fifth Exhibition of the Charitable Mechanics' Association . . . . .	311
Progressist Society. Association for the Encouragement of Inventors . . . . .	311
Education in Turkey. Caxton Mutual Improvement Society . . . . .	312
The War with Mexico. Land Reform . . . . .	353
Baron Humboldt . . . . .	354
American Association of Naturalists and Geologists . . . . .	355
The Needlewoman's Friend. Longevity of Farmers . . . . .	355
Revival of Music in Scotland. A Free Trade Congress . . . . .	356
American Ingenuity. Good Signs at the South . . . . .	357
Provision for the Poor in Russia. Mechanics' Institutions . . . . .	357
Books and Schools in China . . . . .	358
Lodging Houses for Poor Laborers in London . . . . .	358
Antiquity of Punctuation. Abolition of Capital Punishment . . . . .	358

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Leigh Hunt's Stories from the Italian Poets . . . . .	69
Autobiography of Goethe. Leigh Hunt's Poetry of Wit and Humor . . . . .	69
Carlyle's Heroes and the Heroic in History . . . . .	70
Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. Carlyle's French Revolution . . . . .	70
Mrs. Somerville's Connection of the Physical Sciences . . . . .	70
Schiller's Thirty Years' War . . . . .	70

Spurzheim's Phrenology. Guizot's History of Civilization . . . . .	71
Ollendorf's Methods of learning German, French and Italian . . . . .	71
Murdoch and Russell's Vocal Culture . . . . .	71
The Island Bride. Tappan's Poems . . . . .	72
Scenes and Songs of Social Life. Cyclopædia of English Literature . . . . .	74
The Anglo Saxon. Brownson's Quarterly Review . . . . .	75
Songs of the Sea . . . . .	129
Self-Formation. The Life of Napoleon . . . . .	130
Mahan's Intellectual Philosophy. Fireside Friend . . . . .	131
Emerson's Poems. Amenities of Literature . . . . .	131
Chaucer and Spencer. Read's Poems. Memoir of Torrey . . . . .	132
Holmes' Urania. Upham's Life of Faith. Channing's Self-Culture . . . . .	133
Probabilities, an Aid to Faith. Walton's Lives . . . . .	133
Griswold's Prose Writers. Life of Roger Williams . . . . .	134
Willis's Sacred Poems. Christian Observatory . . . . .	134
The Anglo-Saxon. Living Age. Literary World . . . . .	135
Hallam's Constitutional History of England . . . . .	185
Michelet's History of France . . . . .	185
North American Review. Baldwin's Poems . . . . .	187
H. W. Beecher's Lectures to Young Men. Froissart Ballads . . . . .	189
Longfellow's Hyperion. Chambers' Cyclopædia . . . . .	190
Channing's Thoughts. The Amateur . . . . .	191
Howitt's Homes and Haunts of English Poets . . . . .	251
Mrs. Butler's Year of Consolation . . . . .	251
Lives of the American Loyalists. Washington and his Generals . . . . .	252
Prescott's Conquest of Peru. Southey's Life of Wesley . . . . .	252
Voice of Solomon to Young Men. Conversations in Rome . . . . .	253
Hague's Christianity and Slavery. The Horse and his Rider . . . . .	254
Phonographic and Phonotypic Books. Memoir of Swain . . . . .	256
Literary World. Louis Fourteenth and the Court of France . . . . .	313
The Orators of France . . . . .	314
Chambers' Miscellany. Budget of Letters. Modern Painters . . . . .	315
Davis's Principles of Nature . . . . .	316
Bushnell's Views of Christian Nurture . . . . .	359
The American Review — Hudson's Lecture on Macbeth . . . . .	360
Longfellow's Evangeline. Willis's Poems. Life of General Hull . . . . .	361
Halleck's Poems. Real Life in England. Goldsmith's Poems . . . . .	362
Chambers' Miscellany. Massachusetts Quarterly Review . . . . .	363
The Mayflower. Biography of Self-Taught Men . . . . .	363
The True Story of My Life . . . . .	364

## PROSPECTUS.

---

THE leading purpose of this Magazine is, to awaken a more general interest in SELF-IMPROVEMENT—Physical, Moral, Intellectual, Industrial and Prudential ; and to meet the wants of those who are more or less engaged in that noble work. But while it will aim to embody in its pages—by means of original contributions, and careful selections and compilations from able writers—a good share of the best self-educational spirit and talent of the age, no effort will be wanting to make an entertaining and useful MISCELLANY OF PROSE AND POETRY for the general reader.

It will seek to impress deeply upon the minds of all persons engaged in the Practical pursuits of life, the importance, the duty, and the practicability, of EDUCATING THEMSELVES, in a manner worthy of beings created in the image of God and provided with illimitable means of improvement.

It will endeavor to disseminate correct views of the *kind* of education best suited to Republican citizens in general, and to each of the Practical classes of Society in particular ; and to point out the best course to be pursued in its acquirement.

We believe it will be able to demonstrate that the Useful Avocations of Life, instead of constituting any obstacle to the best kind of Self-Education, may and should be so regulated as to contribute eminently—as Providence doubtless designed they should—to the highest Intellectual and Moral, as well as Physical, interests of those engaged in them.

It will therefore repudiate the notion, that true elevation of condition requires the quitting of any useful employment ; and do what it can to break down the foolish, not to say wicked prejudice against healthful Labor, which still so extensively prevails, as well as to check the over-weening veneration for Professional life, so common among all classes.

Recognizing the cardinal Christian doctrine of Human Brotherhood, its whole spirit will be opposed to Oppression and Depression in all their forms, whether their victims be of any caste or of any color. It will show that sound policy, no less than duty, calls sternly upon the more prosperous classes to take the most generous interest in the elevation of every branch of Society.

In all this it professes no novelty. Taking its stand upon those two grand principles of American Institutions, the Right of the People to Self-Government in the State, and to Private Judgment in Religion, it will show that these principles may not be put aside as mere rhetorical flourish. They not only mean but *command* something. They involve the doctrine that all classes of the community (when in a condition to exert their powers) are CAPABLE OF FITTING THEMSELVES TO JUDGE WISELY UPON THE HIGH AFFAIRS OF STATE AND THE DEEP THINGS OF RELIGION. This is true—let temporal and spiritual despots sneer at it as they will : and no one can neglect the responsibility this truth fastens upon him, without proving false to his country and to the Kingdom of God. The life of Liberty depends upon acknowledging and living up to it.

“ Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,  
Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place  
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,  
Or curb its swiftness in the forward race ? ”

The social means now in operation for the elevation of the mass of Society, together with such new schemes of improvement as may be proposed to the community from time to time, will receive the most serious, and we trust candid consideration. Special attention will of course be devoted to Lyceums, Mechanic Institutions, and other popular educational Societies.

As to the attention we shall devote to Literature and Science in general—as well as to some other matters which there is not room here to discuss—we need only say, that we shall be guided mainly by the leading design of the Magazine. We have explained the *peculiar* features of our plan, and it is the less necessary to go further into particulars, as the work will soon be found speaking for itself.

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

JANUARY, 1847.

---

NECESSITY OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

But we know ourselves least ; mere outward shows  
Our minds so store,  
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose  
But form and color. Only he who knows  
Himself, knows more. DORNE.

It is natural that we should wish to become early and familiarly acquainted with those who have most to do with our happiness, and with whom it is most necessary for us to associate. And this desire is no more natural than the acquaintance is important. So far, also, as it may be our duty to benefit and improve such persons, this acquaintance becomes of moment to them as well as to us.

No one will doubt this. But it is too seldom perceived that, for the same reason, an acquaintance with OURSELVES is not only desirable in the highest degree, but of the first and most pressing importance. Who, except our Maker, can have so much to do with our happiness as ourselves?—and with whom are we so absolutely obliged to associate? What can be more indispensable than our own improvement?—and how can we improve ourselves except in proportion as we know what we are? We can neither get rid of ourselves, nor escape the responsibility that rests upon us to make the best use of all our powers.



No one doubts that we should understand an INSTRUMENT, which it is needful to use in mechanical or other practical concerns:—and, of course, the more important the purpose for which it is used, the greater the necessity for being well acquainted with it. Especially, if it should be necessary (as, for instance, in the case of Herschel's telescope) to enlarge and improve the instrument—besides knowing the precautions required to prevent its getting out of order, how to repair it when from any cause it should be impaired, and how to adapt it to the thousand varying circumstances that might accompany its use—nothing is more plain, than that we should understand thoroughly the principles of its construction.

Now, when it is borne in mind that we must OURSELVES be the grand Instruments for accomplishing the purposes of our creation; that we have a constitution, not only complicated and ingenious in its structure to the highest degree of which we have any conception, but “fearfully and wonderfully made;” that, formed as we are in the image of our Maker himself, it is almost sacrilege to compare ourselves with any mere human instrument; that to fulfil our destiny, improved discipline will be required at every step of our progress; that, in consequence of sin, (the saddest of all calamities) disorder already reigns in our constitution, and unless arrested by a wise use of the means of reparation mercifully provided by our Maker, it will bring upon us more disastrous consequences than could befall us by the derangement of the whole physical universe; and that the circumstances to which we shall be called to adapt ourselves during an eternal career, may be no less infinite in variety than our existence will be in duration; the duty of self-acquaintance urges itself upon us with irresistible force. How dare we undertake the office of self-management and self-direction, without it? How can we be our own masters, if we do not understand the being we are to govern? Self-ignorance and enlight-

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE  
OF  
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Combining Literary Entertainment and Instruction with an Effort to  
promote the Union of thorough Self-Improvement with every  
Department of Industry.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

THE progress of Society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the  
Individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening  
him to strengthen and elevate his own mind.—CHANNING.


FIRST VOLUME.

BOSTON:  
CHARLES H. PEIRCE, 3 CORNHILL.  
1847.

Though we did not, at the outset, promise anything in the way of pictorial embellishment, we have made an arrangement with the publisher of Sparks' Life of Franklin for prefixing to this volume a rich engraving of "YOUNG FRANKLIN," which we trust will prove acceptable to our readers. What we may in future be able to do in this respect, or in other ways, to add to the interest of the work, will be seen as we go on.

---

#### POSTSCRIPT.

 After the arrangements above alluded to were made for the continuance of this Magazine, ill health, long protracted, on the part of the editor, prevented its further issue. This volume therefore, contains all the numbers published.

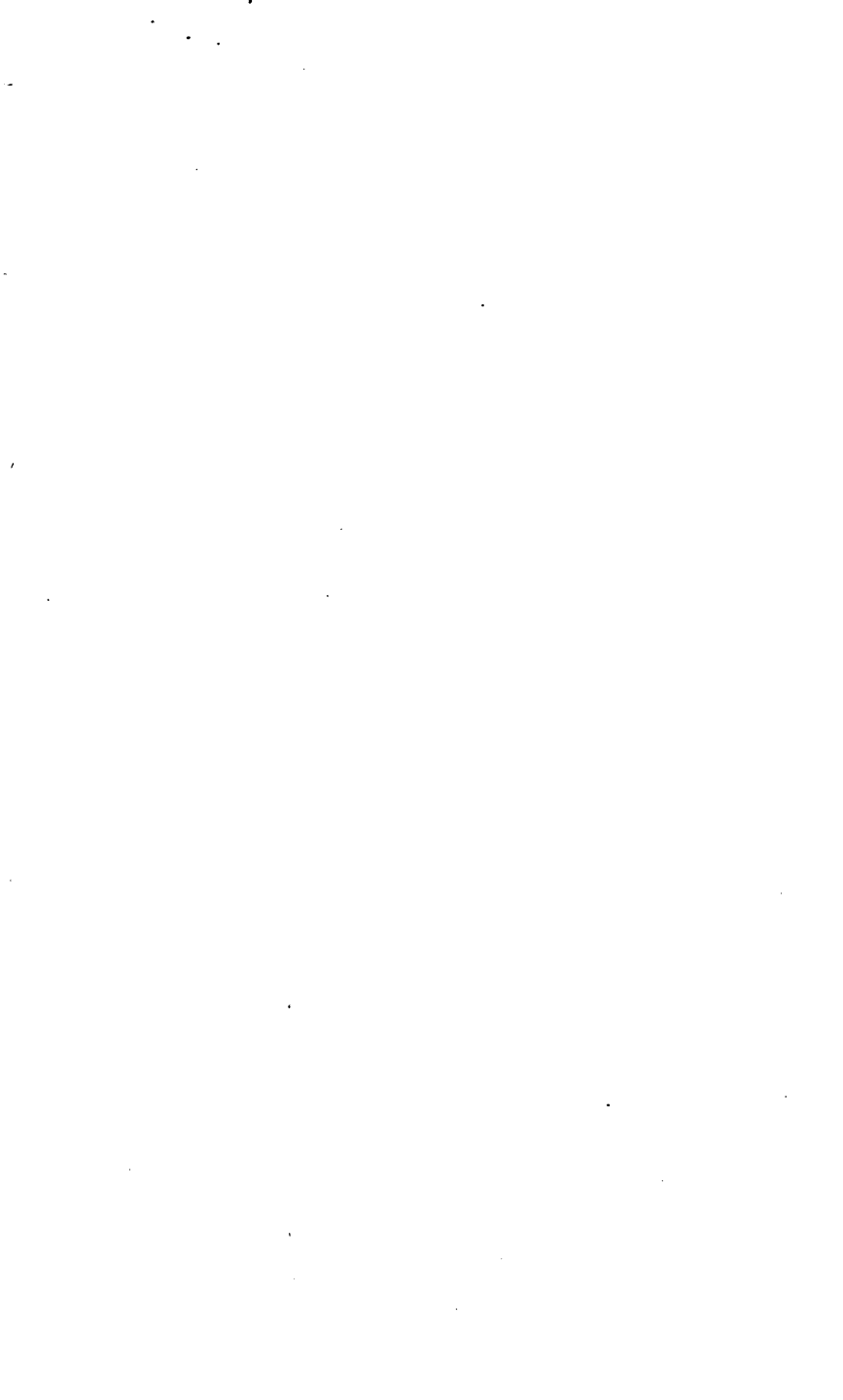
---

# CONTENTS.

## PRINCIPAL ARTICLES IN PROSE.

The Necessity of Self-Acquaintance. By the Editor . . . . .	11
Thought and Reading. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	17
Genius will Study. From Orville Dewey . . . . .	27
The Pauper Lad of Wood-end. By Isaac F. Shepard . . . . .	30
A Patch on both Knees and Gloves on. From Geo. S. Hillard . . . . .	47
A Rich Lesson. From Charles Sumner . . . . .	51
Phonotypy and Phonography. By S. P. Andrews . . . . .	55
A Picture of the Prairie. From Albert Pike . . . . .	61
The Practicability of Self-Acquaintance. By the Editor . . . . .	77
How to make a Man. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	85
Personal Beauty. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	92
Great Ideas Free to all Men. From William E. Channing . . . . .	100
Keeping up Appearances. From Leonard Withington . . . . .	104
Abolition Reasons for Disunion. By Wendell Phillips . . . . .	113
Abridgement of the Hours of Business. From Thomas Dick . . . . .	122
Advice to a Young Poet. From Thomas Carlyle . . . . .	125
The New English Alphabet . . . . .	127
The Means of Self-Acquaintance. By the Editor . . . . .	137
Transcendental Stilts. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	144
The Divorce of Learning from Labor. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	151
Abolition Reasons against Disunion. By S. P. Andrews . . . . .	159
The Man of Expedients. From Samuel Gilman . . . . .	168
Thoughts on Fashion. By a Looker-on . . . . .	173
Progress of Reform in the Old World . . . . .	177
The Disposition to Know Ourselves. By the Editor . . . . .	197
Loose Impertinences. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	202
Romance of the Nineteenth Century. By Horace Greeley . . . . .	212
Hints to Young Men. From Lyman Beecher . . . . .	216
Be Chatty. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith. . . . .	224
The Necessity of Keeping One's Friend in One's Pocket . . . . .	229
The Rose Family. By D. H. Howard . . . . .	233
Gentlemanhood . . . . .	237
Lawrence School for the Practical Sciences . . . . .	242
The Romance of Rascality. By a regular Contributor . . . . .	257
Head-Work and Hand-Work . . . . .	270







**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.**

*From the original Picture in  
the Possession of Thomas H. Skinner Esq.*

# YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

## SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1877  
AND THE HISTORY OF THE ASSOCIATION SINCE  
ITS ORGANIZATION IN 1871.

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE W. LUNT.

PRINTED BY THE NEW-ENGLAND TYPE-CASTING AND  
LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY, 15 CORNHILL, BOSTON.  
AND BY THE NEW-ENGLAND BOOK-BINDING CO., 15 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

FIRST VOLUME.

BOSTON

JAMES H. BROWN, 15 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

1878.



such unremitted exertion, as when it is under the guidance of a moral purpose, and is impressed by a sense of responsibility to God. Moral, intellectual and physical education, are so clearly connected, that it is difficult to separate them even for the convenience of classification.

In what has been said respecting the duty of developing the power of Thought, and preserving the individuality of character, there is no sneer intended on the means and appliances which our age and country afford for a thorough education ; but merely to inculcate the idea, that education must begin primarily *in* the mind,—that there must be an inward force of thought to act upon the materials which the memory receives. In our own day the means of education have been multiplied until they have become within the reach of all earnest minds. No person will despise their aid. None but intellects of gigantic strength and grasp can afford to dispense with them. “A dwarf behind a steam-engine, may remove mountains ; but no dwarf can hew them down with a pick-axe, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.” Few are Titans of this sort. No one, who truly estimates the reach of his powers, will neglect the vast mines of thought and knowledge contained in good Books. In them he will find steam-engines without number, to aid him in the task of “removing mountains.” And now let us rapidly refer to some topics relating to Reading.

We of this age are especially favored in the article of books, not only in those which have been produced by the great minds of former ages, but in such as the intense mental action given to the people by the facility of publication, continually spreads before us. The press groans, and in some cases the reader likewise, beneath the weight of new publications. Rare, indeed, are our means for diffusing the results of intellectual labor. A man thinks a thought to-day, and to-morrow it is whisked all over the length and breadth of the country, on the very wings of

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE  
OF  
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Combining Literary Entertainment and Instruction with an Effort to  
promote the Union of thorough Self-Improvement with every  
Department of Industry.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

THE progress of Society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the  
Individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening  
him to strengthen and elevate his own mind.—CHANNING.

FIRST VOLUME.

BOSTON:  
CHARLES H. PEIRCE, 3 CORNHILL.  
1847.

physical, intellectual and moral progress of the race, the successive changes through which society has passed in its onward march to civilization, and the good or bad opinions and deeds which have forwarded or checked the progressive nature of man—all lie before us in books with almost skeleton exactness. With this pyramid of experience looming up above the clouds of Time, and almost commanding our attention, how singular it is that we are not wiser and better. Every noble idea which has been originated in former times, is the intellectual heritage of every descendant of Adam : hundreds of great minds have tasked their powers to the utmost to give the knowledge we possess of the material world, of duty, of government, and of human nature ; and it is not paradoxical to assert, that any person of moderate abilities can make himself wiser than the wisest men of antiquity. And yet opinions on government, morals, religion, are still rife among us, although their operation in former times has been fruitful in nothing but contention, misery and crime. Men still elevate passion over principle, although it is written in the great book of a thousand years' experience, and with the very tears of angels, that the gilded baits which Vice tenders to her votaries, are

“ But dead sea fruit which tempts the eye,  
But turns to ashes on the lip.”

From all past generations there comes one long, everlasting wail about the unsatisfactoriness of worldly objects, and yet how many, in the words of Pitt, still make the “ counting house their temple, the ledger their Bible, and money their God.” We must learn to profit by what we read, or the Past has been of no use to us.

Good books inflame literary ambition ; create a desire in the mind to produce :

“ A drop of ink,  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.”

Jean Paul testifies that the perusal of Shakspeare's lines,

" We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded by a sleep,"

created whole books in him. Indeed a great thought is as valuable for the ideas it suggests, as for what it directly conveys. It takes root in the mind, and puts forth branches and foliage. I know that there is a prejudice against reading, arising from its supposed influence in destroying originality of thought, and the saying of Hobbes is often adduced, "that if he had read as much as other men, he would have been as ignorant as they." Even without denying that Hobbes's philosophical digest of atheism and tyranny be wisdom, and that the ignorance of other men consisted in believing in God and the rights of man, the remark may be met on other grounds. There can be no good reason given why communion with abler minds than our own should cramp or destroy those faculties it directly tends to nourish and strengthen. Let us conceive for a moment of the destruction of all the books which have ever been written, and of a state of society where man was compelled to rely altogether on his own resources, and it would be equivalent to putting back the world to Adam's fall. Good books cannot destroy originality, except in minds naturally slavish and imitative, who never, unaided, would produce an original thought. There is prevalent a kind of vicious originality worse than the most slavish imitation—an originality which is continually producing monstrosities of thought and action—an ignorant, self-willed, mindless, dogmatic originality, which would rather defend a foolish paradox than assent to a wise truism, and the exponents of which, with scarcely a peg in their heads on which to hang an idea, would give the law in matters of taste, government, and religion. If reading tends to destroy such originality, by enlarging the bounds of thought, clearing the intellectual vision from

the mists of prejudice and ignorance, and producing that humility which ever accompanies knowledge, the more a taste for it is diffused, the better.

Let not the student, therefore, in his zeal to develop his own mind, lose the power of learning from the minds of others. Let him be neither a copyist nor a dogmatist; but a patient seeker after truth with faculties alive to what is true, in whatever form and from whatever source it may come. The subject of our essay is so vast that it would be impossible, limited as we are for room, to enter upon the many topics related to it, enticing as they are from their wealth of suggestiveness. The subject, indeed, is so broad in itself, and has so many relations to all the duties and professions of life, that a short article can merely give a few hints on some of its numerous departments. Whatever affects the moral, religious, intellectual or physical condition of a human being, from his birth to his death—whatever tends to make him a good or a bad man, a dunce or a student—must be considered part of his education. Some sort of culture he will receive—let him look to it that it is of the right kind. Let him resist all bad influences; let him assiduously cultivate all good. If he is educated passively by outward means, his education may lead him to the workhouse or the gallows: if his mind be trained to act for itself—if there be a quenchless thirst in him for knowledge and virtue—his education will redound to his own honor, and be a benefit to his race. Whether he is to be a drone or a laborer, a curse or a benefactor, rests with himself. Let him feel the weight of his responsibility, and know that, whether he be surrounded by advantages or hemmed in by untoward circumstances, that he cannot escape the duty of self-training, through thought and reading.

w.

## INWARD LIFE.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

By G. W. LIGHT.

---

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

---

MILTON.

WHERE is Hell? and where is Heaven?

Questions children sometimes ask,  
But to answer, lofty thinkers .  
Often find a fruitless task ;

When WITHIN us they are reigning,  
Not confined below, above :  
Hell is but the rule of discord—  
Heaven is the law of Love.

Ay, the Lord of Life is with us,  
In the shade or heat of day,  
In the night, and in the morning,  
When at home, or far away !

Fair Celestials, too, are bending  
O'er our shadowy mountain path,  
Sympathizing with returning  
Prodigals, reprieved from wrath.

Do ye say I talk of phantoms?  
Mortal, blind and naked, stay !  
Rather we ourselves are phantoms—  
Born, but just to pass away !

All that's real and ever-living  
Hath its fountain in the Lord ;  
Seraphs breathe but by his power—  
Earth-born spirits, by his word.

Can we see our Heavenly Father?  
Yes, if we are pure within;  
Every where his blessed Presence  
By the pure in heart is seen.

Could we see our inner-being,  
Shadowed not by outward things,  
Each advancing step would lead us  
Where an Angel sits and sings!

Then, oh then! how can we trifle  
With our bright inheritance!  
Always chasing after shadows—  
Leaving every thing to chance!

Let us only be in earnest;  
Let us see things as they are;  
Flee from sin's deceitful serpent,  
Filled with only heavenly care;

Then will break upon our vision  
Glories not before conceived!  
Glories, could they be recited,  
Too refined to be believed:

We shall hear the voice of Wisdom  
Sounding over sea and land,  
Softened by the golden music  
Breathing from an angel band!

Then will he, the Friend of Sinners,  
Sup with us, and we with him—  
Raising all our better feelings  
To their crystal fountain's brim:

We shall be like spirit-brothers!  
Every bosom beat with love;  
Peace flow every where like rivers;  
All things blossom as ABOVE.

## GENIUS WILL STUDY.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE favorite idea of a genius among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies, nobody can tell when—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals—and now and then strikes out, at a heat, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the person of our Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles—"loose fellows about town," or loungers in the country, who slept in ale-houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up the pen as a magician's wand to supply their wants, and when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fireside; whose strong impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hurry him into wild irregularities, or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor: such an one, for instance, as Newton, or Milton! What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses.

"The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study, it is that in the mind which does study; that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study. By study I mean—but let one of the noblest geniuses and hardest students of any age define it for me. "Study," says Cicero, is the earnest and intense occupation of the mind applied to some subject, such as philosophy, poetry, geometry or literature, with right good will." Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this



enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. That is the only test of the original bias ; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdness, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius. No need to waste regrets upon him, as that he never could be induced to give his attention or study to any thing ; he never had that which he is supposed to have lost. For attention it is, though other qualities belong to this transcendent power—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius : not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea, or one series of ideas—which collects in one point the rays of the soul till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, negligent—absent in appearance ; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent : but still the fire burns within. And what though “ it bursts forth ” at length, as has been said, “ like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force ? ” It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud ? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation’s peril ? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant’s thought. A mother’s eye watched over its dawning. A father’s care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful step the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it. It went on ; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it.

The elements around breathed upon it and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies; till in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence! The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle about it, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundless harvest.

Youthful aspirants after intellectual eminence!—forget forget, I entreat you; banish, banish for ever, the weak and senseless idea, that any thing will serve your purpose, but study; intense, unwearied, absorbing study.

---

## A WORD TO THE SLUGGISH.

FROM GOETHE.

LOSE this day loitering—'t will be the same story  
To-morrow, and next more dilatory;  
Thé indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting over days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;  
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;  
Begin it, and the work will be completed!

---

"Under the whole heaven there is nothing difficult;  
It is only that men's minds are not determined."

## THE PAUPER LAD OF WOODEND :

OR, A WILL AND A WAY.

*A Tale of Real Life.—Written for the Young American's Magazine.*

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

---

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

"Heaven helps those who help themselves."

OLD MAXIMS.

---

WOODEND COTTAGE had been a delightful place in its day, with its little garden in front, full of beautiful blossoms in the summer time, behind which the rank honeysuckle and jessamine interlaced themselves over the lowly dwelling, almost concealed in the clustering foliage. The hum of bees, the crowing of the home fowls, and the mellow lowing of well-fed kine, were but a token of the pleasant lives of its inmates, that flowed on like the brook that ran by them in the full melody of unconscious existence. There were warm hearts there, and stout hands; and if the bread upon the table came hardly from the incessant toil of the one, it was always made blessed by the fervent outflowing of gratitude and love from the other. Necessary labor never fails to sweeten repose, and even scanty food is doubly commended to toil-wakened appetite; and these were ever the portion of the residents at Woodend.

John Watson was a poor man, and his was an honest poverty. Early and late, in summer and winter, his strength was given to his heavy hammer at the anvil, and the bright blaze of his forge glowed not warmer than the sympathies of his own heart, nor helped to fashion stronger fruits of his handicraft than were the virtues of his life. Bred where honor was justly given to every condition,

he felt no withdrawal of it from his lot of poverty ; and on Sundays and holidays, no man appeared better at church, nor was greeted by a warmer grasp of the hand by the worthies of the town, than he ; and you would never have read in his sunny smile, and hazle eye, nor have dreamed from the firm tones of his rich voice, that John Watson was ever discontented with his hard lot, or that one gathering shadow came, like a cloud, to darken his hopes of a happy future.

But the cheerful blacksmith was a man of thought, and in his many hours of lonely labor, he could not but think of dark days to come. His own loving, devoted Esther, had been blighted as a blossom upon its stalk, and her once rosy cheeks and eloquent eyes had long been faded ; the natural grace of her form had been destroyed by the rough hand of disease, and months and years had she lain a gentle, quiet sufferer upon her humble bed. Their little boy was not strong, except in mind and heart, and Watson felt sometimes a fearful chillness steal over him in his reveries, at the bare possibility of his own death before that of his loved ones ; for he knew full well that, in that event, no hand would labor for them like his, no heart could beat for them so kindly, and no other man would sleep on a hungry pillow, for the sake of saving the few pence that might thereby be added to the too small sum of his savings, for little delicacies to comfort his ailing and dying Esther. Though he had many sorrows, therefore, that which vexed him most, was the looking for evil ; and as he did not cease to anticipate its murky shadow, suspicion soon gave him a coward heart ; fear made him wretched ; and the evil which he dreaded was hastened—for the soil was made ready for the seed. “ The wise Physician of our weal loveth not a doubting spirit ; and to those giveth he good who rely on his hand for good ; and those leaveth he to evil who fear but trust him not.”

Sickness came upon him just in the depth of winter. The sparks flew from his anvil never again, and the ringing music of his heavy hammer was still as death. Fever worked like madness in his brain; the tough sinews of his brawny arm were like untwisted cords, and all his strength was wasted by the burning disease. And then his mind became a prey to all terrible thoughts and forebodings; and destitution, suffering and starvation for his invalid wife and darling boy, seemed to stand in gaunt nakedness before him, to mock at his fears, to infuriate his reason, and to hasten his dissolution. Thus, speedily, did his life burn away at its altar, and not many days elapsed before John Watson was in his grave, and all the woful presages of his darkest hours were made real.

Esther Watson did not long survive her husband. The footsteps of consumption are ever sure, though they delay their approach to the tomb, sometimes, for many a long, weary day, until the victim is glad to exchange the bed of unceasing suffering, for the cold couch where the weary are at rest. The sudden and melancholy end of him upon whom she had ever leaned for support, and in whose bosom she had rested her head in sorrow and in joy, for many long years, was too severe a blow for her already wasted strength to bear up against, and from that hour she never lifted herself from her pillow.

It was mournful to see her dark eyes follow her devoted boy, as he moved about the house in deep sadness and melancholy moaning; for she knew that he would soon be left to the hard lot of a penniless orphan, and to the too often cruel neglect of an unfeeling world. With all his self-sacrificing toil, the blacksmith had never been able to put by anything for a rainy day, and the little place at Woodend was covered by a mortgage, that, with his other small debts, would more than consume what few dues were his. But the good woman was full of trust in her heavenly Father, and she was willing to leave her

spirited boy in his hands, confident that he would order all things well. Still, more than one painful thought for her orphan child, came across her departing spirit, and James already felt how dreadful it must be to have no father nor mother in the world, no friends, no cheerful home, and no house of shelter, except among a host of the sick, the halt, the lame, the maimed, the blind, the vicious and the deserted, in a poor-house !

He hardly heard, amid his great grief, his mother's dying blessing ; and her words of comfort and advice fell upon his unwilling ear as though they had not been uttered. But his impassioned caresses, and his fervent prayers to heaven, could not delay the departure of a spirit to the land of shadows ; and he scarcely knew she was dead, until her cold lips gave back no answer to his warm kisses. And then it seemed that his poor heart must break, from the intensity of his sorrow. But there is no permanent misery that does not flow from guilt ; and as James knew nothing of this, he began, after a few days, to be cheerful, and even happy. It is true he shed many bitter tears alone ; and he dreamed many a time of the cold, damp graves of his departed parents, and saw them in the mournful death-robcs in which they were placed in the narrow house. And he never forgot the pleasant scenes of his childhood—the earnest devotion of his mother's affection, or the sterner strength of his father's love, both exhibited in a thousand nameless ways. But he ever thought of them as angels of God ; and it seemed to him that their cheering faces were looking down upon him from every fleecy cloud, and from every radiant star : for they were children of the covenant, and had taught him of that home where all are holy, and by their excellent example had led the way for him ; and he began to believe it to be even better to have friends in heaven, than upon this fleeting earth.

In the poor-house to which he was taken, there was food enough to eat, and he did not want for clothing ; but the inmates were treated as though the poor were not as good in the sight of heaven as those who possessed wealth. Would that this were the fault of public establishments for paupers alone ; but it is too generally the characteristic of every day life. How frequently have we seen the eloquent tear stand trembling in the eye of injured indigence, while the tongue made no complaint, and a smile of content has forced itself upon the placid countenance ! By far too much of the professed christianity in the world is only canting formalism, while there is scarcely a spark of true benevolence in the soul—a lifeless, hypocritical pretence, that gives us virtue in words, but vice in deeds.

The pauper-lad felt this, in the treatment of the overseers of the town's poor ; and then he began to feel how hard it was to want the watchful care of devoted love, and even the home of poverty. No one taught him the principles of knowledge ; no one unfolded to him the sublime lore of the Book of Inspiration ; no one knelt with him at the altar of devotion ; no one spoke kindly to him :—and in the deep bitterness of his lonely destitution, he determined to leave a place that to him was only gloom and misery. The manly strength of his father's nature came over him, and he felt that he could knock at the great door of the world, and, if necessary, force an entrance, and build a temple for himself. Thought to the young heart is but resolution ; and this is half the battle of life—for a strong heart makes a strong arm. The next day found James Watson in the streets of a New England city, without a penny in his pocket, or a friend within its precincts ; and yet, with only twelve years upon his brow, his heart beat with a confidence that would have been creditable to ripened manhood.

“ Sir, can you tell me of a man who wants a boy to work for him, and will let him study in the evenings ? ”

This question was addressed to a benevolent gentleman in the street, by the poor boy, who came running up to him, just as if he felt sure that the well-dressed stranger could and would give the information desired. The lad was clothed in the garb of the workhouse, and his thick, heavy shoes were covered with the dust of travel; but his fine, mantling brow, and quick, intelligent eye, no less than his honest simplicity, attracted the gentleman's notice.

"What is your name, my lad?"

"James Watson, sir?"

"Whose boy are you—and where do you live, my little fellow?"

"I have no parents, and have just run away from the workhouse, because they do not treat me kindly, and will not teach me."

He had met with a true disciple of Him who went about doing good; and there was something so confiding, artless and genuine in the boy's whole manner, bespeaking him to be no ordinary lad, that the stranger took him to his home. Upon conference with the town authorities from whence he came, he learned the whole of his short history, and then took him into his family as an inmate. Mr. Newton was at the head of a benevolent institution, and while he could make James useful, he could also afford him time for study, and aid in the acquisition of knowledge. He had found just the home he wanted; and then he remembered his fond mother's injunction, given to him again and again, and repeated upon her dying bed, "Be faithful, honest, and diligent, and friends will always be found, and the Lord will protect you." Faithfulness and diligence became the characteristics of his life, and every day won for him a warmer regard, and a wider field for the exercise of his growing powers.

Under the direction of his benefactor, the boy applied himself in his leisure hours to the acquisition of scientific



knowledge; and he kept ever in his mind, as a motive power, the maxim, "Attempt great things—expect great things." With an enthusiastic temperament, and a heart all faith, he knew nothing impossible; and with characteristic self-reliance he put himself to every pursuit with an end in view, and he never rested till he saw that end accomplished. He mastered all the common studies of the schools with surprising alacrity. He entered the vast field of language with a keen zest, learned to read Latin and Greek with critical accuracy, spoke French with the most accomplished of scholars, and became deeply versed in mathematical truths. The latter was his favorite study, and finally it became to him little more than a pastime to search through and elucidate the most profound and difficult problems. And all this was the result of the faithful improvement of leisure hours, and the faithful application of common talents; for James Watson was not a genius, according to the common notion of that character, and gained no harvest that was not reaped by determined, patient, thorough labor.

Man is, doubtless, as a general fact, in respect to character and intellectual greatness, just what he wishes to be. The primary principles of mental developement are the same in all ages and in all climates. They are unalterably fixed in the physical and moral constitution of mankind. They are to be found in our affections and passions, and are developed for good or evil, for impotence or for power, just in proportion as we restrain or cherish and give them right or wrong direction. Character is but the congregated unity of multifarious habits; and these are to be referred to the aspect, influence and teachings of every thing about us, assimilating with and sinking into the mind, until they become, as it were, a part of it; and they never cease to sway the entire soul. The desires that predominate in our hearts, says Dr. Johnson, are instilled by imperceptible communications, at the

time we look upon the various scenes of the world, and the different employments of men, with the neutrality of inexperience ; and we come forth from the nursery of the school, invariably destined to the pursuit of great acquisitions or petty accomplishments.

It follows, then, that the most transcendent importance should be attached to the right motive power, or the commencement of one's career. Indeed, this is the great secret of the difference in the characters and mental standing of men in general. There is but slight variation at the outset ; but facility is acquired by one, while another sinks down into rusty inaction—and the first advances steadily onward in the path of glory, honor, and happiness, while the other sinks into obscurity, contempt and selfish repinings. Let the young remember this. Let there be ever an abiding sense of the truth that our destinies are in our own hands, our unwritten history all before us, and that whatever we will may be inscribed upon the opening page of the book of life.

With all his mental acquirements, the pauper lad of Woodend, never felt any aversion to the wearying pursuit of honest toil. He believed that limb, and sinew, and bone, and muscle, had been given him to develope and use to some good purpose, as well as intellectual faculties ; and he felt that it would be as truly a sin against heaven to neglect the one as the other. He knew that the hardy exercise of toil, and temperate and abstemious living, were not only of great importance in securing health, but threw a crimson upon the cheek, and infused a vigor into the body, which necessarily promoted the earnest action of the mind ; and he sought, therefore, like a wise youth, an opportunity to learn a mechanic trade. He felt, too, that it was "to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised man from the condition of the savage ; that has changed the desert and the forest

into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism." And he wisely lent himself to swell the number of honorable names, who are the world's true noblemen—who produce something to benefit their fellow men.

Into his new relation of apprentice, he carried the same fidelity, the same devotion to his pursuits, as before. And he wrought out just such results—the confidence, love and admiration of his associates—besides the satisfaction of knowing his own power. He brought, too, as a powerful aid to his art, all the scientific knowledge he had acquired and was constantly accumulating; and the applications which he made of them to his varied handicraft, made him excel as an artizan, promised a rich pecuniary harvest, and realized to him the crowning influence of distinguished genius.

One evening, at the tea-table of his employer, he sat for a long time in abstraction, as if in deep thought upon some important matter. For a while he seemed to forget that he was observed, and then raising his eyes to the social guests, he suddenly exclaimed,

"I must go to France!"

"Go to France!" said his master, in astonishment—"and why go to France?"

"Invite Mr. Newton to tea, to-morrow evening," replied the young man, "and I will explain all; but I must go to France."

Though urged to discover his singular purpose, again and again, it was all in vain. His plan of breaking the matter to his friends was decided upon, and he declined most positively to say anything upon the subject, except before his benefactor, Mr. Newton. No little surprise, however, was manifested at the apparent dissatisfaction which had taken hold of the hitherto contented, in-

dustrious, and modest young mechanic, that he now coveted so anxiously to roam in a foreign land, without any ostensible purpose. But he had a purpose, nevertheless. In the retirement of his studious hours, he had wrought out a problem that had baffled the efforts of the wisest philosophers and the most profound thinkers of the old world. Humble and poor though he was, his was a mind that by self-reliance, cultivation, and earnest application, had become bold as an eagle, "borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western condor—a soul soaring around the cloud-capped Andes of reflection, glad in its conscious immortality, leaving a world behind."

The next evening came; Mr. Newton was invited to tea—and no little interest was manifested by the company, to learn what strange inducement had been offered to the apprentice, to make him so anxious to go to France. After some desultory conversation, the mystery was thus unfolded.

"In the time of Napoleon," said James Watson, "the French government offered, I believe, a handsome prize for the demonstration of a certain mathematical proposition, and to this day it has never been awarded. The demonstration required was—'The simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces, of whatever outline.' I think that I have discovered the true method, and I wish to go to France to take the prize."

The astonishment of his friends may well be conceived, and no little degree of skepticism was manifested, although they were all confident of his superior abilities.

"Where are your proofs?" said Mr. Newton.

"I have them at hand," replied James, "and will not ask you to believe upon trust: but if you are dissatisfied with them, I cannot be."

Accordingly, he produced his manuscripts, in both French and English, accompanied by copious diagrams, and proceeded to demonstrate his positions, so clearly and

conclusively, that the astonishment and admiration of the company by far exceeded their former skepticism. The precision and philosophy of his reasoning were truly wonderful, and conviction of the truth of his deduction was unavoidable. He had elucidated a mathematical secret, that the earnest enquiries of multitudes of men of the most profound scientific attainments had failed to unfold, and his name was henceforth to shine as a bright, particular star, in the intellectual galaxy of the old world.

It is the remark of an elegant writer, that what sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher and the hero, the wise, the good, and the great man, very often lie concealed in the most humble individual, which the proper direction, training and encouragement will develope, and bring out into bold relief. These truths were powerfully illustrated, in the instance before us. It is also true, that when once the intellect is aroused and started upon the race, it generally runs with undeviating alacrity to the goal of honor. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind; exercise alone will promote its vigor, and most even of those excellencies that are looked upon as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into narrowly, to be the product of effort, and to have been raised to their commanding power only by repeated and energetic action.

The world, generally, lends its aid to help on a worthy man. The first essays of genius are seldom entirely unsuccessful, and an honest attempt at something noble, will in most cases receive that favor which it deserves; and if to this attempt there be united the proof of undoubted merit, friends will come forth at every need, and he who before seemed to stand alone and disregarded, suddenly finds himself the leader of a host, who are heartily anxious to promote his success and make his reward secure.

Thus was it with James Watson. The knowledge of his triumph soon spread out to the great world—patrons

and friends exhibited themselves where least expected—funds were provided for his use—and the orphan of the workhouse soon sailed for France, to receive the plaudits of the crowned heads of Europe. He took letters to the American minister ; in due time was presented to the king, and, in the presence of his Majesty, the nobles and plenipotentiaries of the Court, the young American apprentice appeared as a teacher of his elders and superiors—demonstrated his problem with wonderful precision, and sat down amid the acclamations of the distinguished multitude. Never was a more signal triumph experienced, and never did a royal award meet with a more worthy recipient. The prize that had been for years unclaimed, was bestowed by the hand of Louis Phillipe himself, who afterwards added many marks of most flattering favor. After some weeks residence in Paris, the youthful philosopher took his departure for the Court of St. James, where a similar reward had been offered, which he also claimed and received ; and at length returned to New England, where he intended to spend his life in usefulness.

Woodend Cottage again smiled in rural beauty, and echoed with the melody of heartfelt joy. The successes of his foreign enterprize had given the means to the dutiful son, to purchase the humble home of his childhood ; and, in a land where character gives the only title to nobility, though not altogether free from those false views of human greatness which poison the fountain of love, the faithful apprentice had won the heart of the daughter of his benefactor, and led her to the altar, as the chosen crown of his virtuous life. It was a happy day at Woodend, when the young couple came to reside in its quiet retreats. The bees seemed to hum with double industry, the cattle lowed more pleasantly, and even the brook appeared to dance and laugh more joyously than ever before ; and surely there never had previously been such bright and beautiful flowers there, for every village maiden came with loaded

hands, to greet the returning orphan and his stranger bride. Here he hoped to live in honorable, quiet industry, happy in his own little world, and a blessing to his native valley. But the great dramatist said truly,

“Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.”

His destiny was for a wider sphere and a more commanding influence. It is universally true, that talents give a man a superiority infinitely higher than wealth, station or noble birth can boast, and the names of their possessors shine out to the world with a halo about them that nothing can destroy.

There had been present at one of the demonstrations of the young genius, a nobleman from the Court of Russia; and struck, as he was, with his brilliant success and promising intellect, he wrote an elaborate account of him to his sovereign—and the latter lost no time in securing his commanding abilities for the good of his realm.

Watson was preparing to receive the benefit of his discovery in his own land, by securing letters patent from the Government, when he received a communication from the Emperor Nicholas himself, inviting him to repair immediately to St. Petersburg, and providing abundant means for a princely outfit. He at length determined to go. He bade adieu to his native land, to become a citizen of a foreign power—and is at this hour a Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College of the Capital, the especial favorite and protégé of the Autocrat of all the Russias: and his success, remarkable as it is, is but a brilliant example of what may be done by determination, faithfulness and integrity.

## A VISIT TO MY OLD HOME.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

*A true Sketch—now first Published.*

---

AGAIN I sought, when years had passed,  
Since I had left its portals last,  
That dwelling-scene of childhood's pleasures ;  
Its woodland paths, its hills and streams,  
Whose pebbles even were fancied treasures,  
Whose green fields, kingdoms in my dreams.

Towards the gray mansion faltering steps  
Through the green wood-path bore me on—  
No welcome hoping from kind lips  
If I should cross the threshold stone,  
Since all who knew me there were gone ;  
And as my home, I might no more  
Return within its ancient door !

The weather-beaten mansion stood  
In its familiar aspect still ;  
But unknown faces looked abroad,  
As up I came the grass-grown road—  
And from the green and circling hill  
Was hewn away the crested wood.  
Half tilled, and rude, and desolate,  
The little garden round me lay—  
And, all abandoned to their fate,  
The rough stone walls were fallen away.

Unpruned, the trees all wildly tossed  
Their lithe and barren branches round—  
And tall weeds their rank foliage crossed  
All o'er the garden ground.

I passed along. Yet not less dear  
The friendly scene—nor loved I less  
To gaze, and muse, and wander there—  
Though it had grown a wilderness.



'T was Autumn. In an Autumn hour  
I last had bid those scenes adieu ;  
But paler seemed each leaf and flower,  
With the sere season's fading hue,  
And more unsheltered each old bower,  
Than to my childhood's view ;  
Smaller each rock and tree had grown,  
Narrower each valley I had known,  
And low and puny looked the wall,  
So formidable once, and tall.

There stood the tree where I had graved  
The frail memorial of my name,  
Yet tottering, as though hardly saved  
From the last storm that o'er it came ;  
But all o'ergrown the carving there,  
As writing upon sand, or air.

There stood the orchard, too, with green  
And Autumn's yellow fruitage crowned ;  
Yet traces of decay were seen  
On every mossy trunk around ;  
And here and there, a feebler one  
Among their stately ranks, was gone.

Embowered by leafy groves, there lay  
Green path-worn hills, that circled wide  
Our Home, and neared the orchard side.  
Those pleasant groves were torn away ;  
The hills were shorn of all their pride—  
And boughs, in dreary heaps, were strown  
Where the sweet wood-flowers once had grown—  
And open to the sunshine wide  
The secrets of the shade were thrown !

There was no other change, save what  
The tireless hand of time had wrought ;  
A hand that never learned to spare,  
However dear its victims are—  
That leaves no secret shrine unswept,  
That in the wildwood we have kept  
Hallowed to childhood's memory !

Yes, there was one more change ! The soul  
Of Home was gone ! all that had made  
The garden and the woodland shade  
Beloved, and that around the whole  
Had thrown that spell we cannot break,  
Which to the child doth over make  
A Paradise of home—a spot  
For which our love is ne'er forgot.

The kind looks and the pleasant smiles  
That made perennial summer there—  
As tropic suns to Indian isles  
The same warm glances ever bear—  
These threw their blessed radiance o'er  
The pleasant scenes of Home no more !  
And, as the plumage of the bird,  
Where, in the glow of sunbeams, play  
A thousand gorgeous hues, which fade  
Soon as the beams are turned away,  
So, when the smiles which once had thrown  
Their happy sunshine there, were gone,  
One melancholy tinge came o'er  
Each dear spot, where so sweetly played  
The bright, warm tints of love before,  
And on each cloud a rainbow made  
That its blue summer heavens bore.

I had been wild and varied ways ;  
And lovelier vales, and brighter flowers,  
And greener hills, and statelier bowers—  
In richest glow of summer's rays,  
And gentle hues of spring's young days,  
And golden mist that o'er them plays  
In the warm Indian summer hours—  
Beheld ; yet not so dear to me,  
However beautiful or new,  
However lovely they might be  
In the warm season's glorious hue,  
As Home's old gray and moss-grown bowers,  
Its fields and its familiar flowers,  
That once I knew and loved so well,  
Where every rock and tree can tell  
Stories of happy by-gone hours.

I turned me toward the ancient wood,  
That still in its green grandeur stood,  
Whence, in the spring, at even-fall  
The whippoorwill was wont to call,  
And even to wander forth, and pour  
His plaintive song before our door.  
The feathery brake grew rank and tall  
Within the shades, and underneath  
My foot was crushed full many a wreath  
Of tangled wild flowers, that had grown  
And spent their odors there unknown.

The wood-path, that so oft had led  
Our feet beneath the summer shade  
To the green play-haunts of our love,  
In the cool coverts of the grove,  
Or guided to the house of prayer  
When the still sabbath hushed the air,  
Was now untrodden, and almost  
Among the bramble-thickets lost.

A stillness, gloomier and more deep  
Than that the peaceful sabbath gave,  
Through those green places seemed to sleep,  
As though above the lonely grave  
Of the bright Past—the joyous hours—  
Life's lovely, faded vernal flowers—  
The light and happy fantasies  
Of that fresh morn, when life was waking  
To the full sense of all that lies  
In Beauty's world, upon it breaking  
With all the glory that may glow  
Upon the mortal eye below !

With what a melancholy tone  
Came on my ear the wild bird's scream—  
As in those shades I stood alone,  
And dreamed again the happy dream  
Of childhood's days, forever gone !

Gone !—'t is the dirge of every joy !  
The vain and mournful echo note,  
That on the passing breeze doth float,  
Of happy days fore'er gone by.

Such is the tale of Life ! No day  
That dawns upon this mortal shore,  
Wears the same freshness in its ray  
As that which dawned before !  
No spring, that with the sun returns,  
With bloom and green the earth to strew,  
But o'er some wasted beauty mourns,  
And flowers, amid sepulchral urns,  
Are watered with its dew !

---

## A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

IN IMITATION OF DR. FRANKLIN.

By GEO. S. HILLARD.

Republished from the Boston Courier, as worthy of preservation in a more readable form.

WHEN I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writer calls the "bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, were they told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched

and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them ; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our down-dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze ; his hat was constructed on the most approved principles of ventilation ; and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, and a sort of “ I’m as good as you ” leer in his eye,—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed—to tear a boy’s ruffle, simply because it was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, he exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, “ *A patch on both knees and gloves on.* ”

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

That day, I wore my gloves no more.

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind ; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing and drawing, but

giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and self-control, but rather by their example instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see a family living in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recal *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself *A patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity—when I see fine ladies be-satined and be-jewelled, cheapening the toil of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence—when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of the tables would be to them a feast—I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see men lynx-eyed to the faults of others, and mole-eyed to their own—when I see a savageness of virtue which forgives nothing, tolerates nothing, and makes allowances for nothing—when a decent life and conversation are thought sufficient warrant and excuse for evil speaking and all manner of uncharitableness—I recall *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

When I see the fine houses and exclusive tastes of some of the professors of modern Democracy, and observe the amicable billing and cooing which is going on between the southern slaveholders and certain northern politicians—when I hear men speaking, without a blush, of extending the area of freedom by creating six or eight new slave states—I ponder upon *the patch on both knees and gloves on*.

---

## A HINT ON PATRONAGE.

BY G. W. LIGHT.

PERCHANCE you've seen, far out upon the waters—  
If not, I'll tell you of them—white gulls skimming,  
Casting an eye at parents, sons and daughters  
Of finny tribes, that underneath were swimming.

Perhaps you've noticed one of them, while wending  
Over the waves, such meekness to discover,  
You thought she had consented, while descending,  
To call the son of some old fish her lover.

But what thought you, at that shrewd bird's up-flying,  
To see the fish and gull so close together!  
Guessed you, as they to some steep crag were hieing,  
That all their speed was owing to the weather?

Bethink you, then, when Wealth and Honor doff  
Their hats, and ask you to their golden dishes—  
Birds without wings have means of flying off,  
And sometimes drown themselves—almost—for fishes!

## A RICH LESSON

FROM THE LIVES OF FOUR MEN OF GENIUS.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.

PICKERING, STORY, ALLSTON, CHANNING! A grand Quarternion! Each, in his peculiar sphere, was foremost in his country. Their labors were wide as the Commonwealth of Letters, Laws, Art, Humanity, and have found acceptance wherever these have dominion.

Their lives, which overflow with instruction, teach one great and commanding lesson, which speaks alike to those of every calling and pursuit,—*not to live for ourselves alone*. They lived for Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Humanity. Withdrawing from the strifes of the world, from the allurements of office, and the rage for gain, they consecrated themselves to the pursuit of excellence, and each, in his own vocation, to beneficent labor. They were all philanthropists; for the labors of all have promoted the welfare and happiness of mankind.

In the contemplation of their generous, unselfish lives, we feel the insignificance of office and wealth, which men so hotly pursue. What is office? and what is wealth? They are the expressions and representatives of what is present and fleeting only, investing their possessor, perhaps, with a brief and local regard. But let this not be exaggerated; let it not be confounded with the serene fame which is the reflection of high labors in great causes. The street lights, within the circle of their nightly scintillation, seem to outshine the distant stars, observed of men in all lands and times; but gas lamps are not to be mistaken for the celestial luminaries. They who live only for wealth, and the things of this world, follow shadows, neglecting the great realities which are eternal on earth and in heaven. After the perturbations of life, all its ac-



cumulated possessions must be resigned, except those alone which have been devoted to God and mankind. What we do for *ourselves* perishes with this mortal dust; what we do for *others* lives in the grateful hearts of all who have felt the benefaction. Worms may destroy the body, but they cannot consume such a fame. It is fondly cherished on earth, and never forgotten in heaven.

The grand fundamental law of Humanity is the good of the whole human family, its happiness, its developement, its progress. In this cause, Knowledge, Jurisprudence, Art, Philanthropy, all concur. They are the influences, more puissant than the sword, which shall lead mankind from the bondage of error into that service which is perfect freedom.

Our departed brothers join in summoning you to this gladsome obedience. Their examples speak for them. Go forth into the many mansions of the house of life: scholars! store them with learning; jurists! build them with justice; artists! adorn them with beauty; philanthropists! let them resound with love. Be servants of truth and duty, each in his vocation. Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, enthusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and noble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Like Pickering, blend humility with learning. Like Story, ascend above the present, in place and time. Like Allston, regard fame only as the eternal shadow of excellence. Like Channing, bend in adoration before the right. Cultivate alike the wisdom of experience and the wisdom of hope. Mindful of the Future, do not neglect the Past; awed by the majesty of Antiquity, turn not with indifference from the Future. True wisdom looks to the ages before us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, one front thoughtfully regards the Past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless traditions of truth and virtue; the other is earnestly directed to the All Hail Hereafter, richer still with its transcendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies.

We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of Violence and Wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness. The sun of our moral universe is entering a new ecliptic, no longer deformed by those images of animal rage, Cancer, Taurus, Leo, Sagittarius, but beaming with the mild radiance of those heavenly signs, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

“ There 's a fount about to stream,  
 There 's a light about to beam,  
 There 's a warmth about to glow,  
 There 's a flower about to blow ;  
 There 's a midnight blackness changing  
     Into gray ;  
 Men of thought, and men of action,  
     CLEAR THE WAY.

“ Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;  
 Aid it, hopes of honest men ;  
 Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;  
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
 And our earnest must not slacken  
     Into play.  
 Men of thought, and men of action,  
     CLEAR THE WAY.”

The age of Chivalry has gone. An age of Humanity has come. The Horse, which gave the name to the first, now yields to Man the foremost place. In serving him, in doing him good, in contributing to his welfare and elevation, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which Bayard or Du Guesclin ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison which was bestowed upon the youthful knight—Scholars ! jurists ! artists ! philanthropists ! heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, “ Go forth, be brave, loyal, and successful ! ”

## ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Written for the Young American's Magazine.

## I.

O, DWELLERS in the valley-land,  
 Who in deep twilight grope and cower,  
 Till the slow mountain's dial-hand  
 Shortens to noon's triumphal hour—  
 While ye sit idle, do ye think  
 The Lord's great work sits idle too?  
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink  
 Of morn, because 't is dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,  
 In God's ripe fields the day is cried,  
 And reapers, with their sickles bright,  
 Troop singing down the mountain side:  
 Come up, and feel what health there is  
 In the frank dawn's delighted eyes,  
 As, bending with a pitying kiss,  
 The night-shed tears of earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,  
 Before night comes, and says—"Too late!"  
 Stay not for taking scrip or cup,  
 The Master hungers, while ye wait:  
 'T is from these heights alone your eyes  
 The advancing spears of day can see,  
 Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,  
 To break your long captivity.

## II.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height,  
 It is right precious to behold  
 The first long surf of climbing light  
 Flood all the thirsty east with gold;

But we, who in the shadow sit,  
 Know also when the day is nigh,  
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit  
 With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office: we have ours;  
 God lacks not early service here,  
 But what are thine eleventh hours  
 He counts with us for morning cheer:  
 Our day, for Him, is long enough,  
 And, when He giveth work to do,  
 The bruised reed is amply tough  
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire  
 Light's earlier messages to preach:  
 Keep back no syllable of fire—  
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech:  
 Yet God deems not thine æried sight  
 More worthy than our twilight dim—  
 For meek obedience, too, is light,  
 And following that is finding Him.

*Elmwood, 1846.*

---

## PHONOTYPY AND PHONOGRAPHY, OR SPEECH-PRINTING AND SPEECH-WRITING.

By S. P. ANDREWS.

The subject Explained for the Readers of this Magazine.

FOR the sake of those who may wish to have an intelligent idea of the subject at large, so as to satisfy their own curiosity, or to be able to speak without hesitation or blunder of a topic that is beginning to attract a good deal of the public attention, I will in this article explain, as far as practicable, the ground-principles of the Reform,

and shall endeavor to render the explanation so simple that a child may understand it. I am led to this in part by the strange misconceptions and laughable blunders that have sometimes been witnessed on the part of persons who have only heard in general terms of the wonders that Phonotypy and Phonography do or will perform, without having seen any proper explanation of what they really are. I have met with some who have fancied, because Phonography is said to be a means of transferring thought to paper with the rapidity of speech, that it is something like the Daguerreotype, which paints a picture by the rays of light, and never dreamed that such marvellous writing is done with a goose-quill or steel pen, on actual paper. Others have seemed to suppose, because a reform is spoken of in connection with our language, that we are all to be required to speak after some new fashion, or at least to pronounce some of our words differently from what we now do.

All this is misapprehension. There is no magic in the matter, and no change at all is to take place in the language itself. The changes only affect the manner of writing and printing the words, while the words remain the same as before—in somewhat the same way that time may be marked on the face of a dial by a shadow, by the running of sand through a glass, by a good gold repeater, or by them all at once, and still time itself undergo no change. Speech is one thing, and the manner of representing it on paper is another and quite a different thing. In order, however, to find out the best way of representing it, it is necessary to examine it a little closely, so as to see precisely what it is. Speech has a meaning, also; but this meaning is a different thing from speech itself, and with this we have at present nothing to do. If we hear a foreigner speak, whose language we do not understand, his speech has no meaning at all for us, and yet he speaks. Now when *he* speaks, or when *we* speak, the thing that we really do, is to make sounds or noises rapidly, one

after the other, with the mouth. But these sounds or noises are not all alike. They are constantly changing; and if we observe closely, we shall see that this difference comes from the fact that they are made at different places in the mouth, or by putting the parts of the mouth—as the lips or tongue, for example—into different positions. Thus, when we say *pie*, the first thing we do is to bring the two lips close together, and press them against each other:—and nobody can say this word with his mouth open. But if instead of this word we say *thy*, the lips are not brought together at all, but we begin by putting the point of the tongue just between the edges of the upper and lower teeth.

From this example it is obvious, that the mouth is an instrument, or piece of musical machinery, for making sounds by different touches or applications of its parts, which are generally called organs of speech. We ought, then, to find out how many touches this instrument has, if it is our object to study the nature of all the music which it is capable of making—and, at any rate, to find the number which it actually uses in playing that particular tune which we call the English language. This we can do by attending carefully while we speak, for a short time, inasmuch as we are constantly repeating each of these touches.

The result will be found to be, that there are only three actual touches that we make with the two lips, producing the three sounds which are generally represented by the letters *p*, *b* and *m*, as at the beginning of *pie*, *by* and *my*; and that two others are made by putting the upper teeth upon the lower lip, usually represented by *f* and *v*, as in the beginning of the words *fix* and *vie*, and so on.

It will be seen that in each of the words used as examples, there is another sound besides the one made by the lips, and which follows it and completes the word. This last sound, which is the same as the word *eye*, is in some

of those words represented by *ie*, and in the others by *y*; and it differs from the first in the fact that it is not made by a perfect touch of the organs, but by merely putting them in a certain position and breathing through them with the voice. This sort of sounds is called vowels, while those made by the perfect touches are called consonants.

Now it appears by a thorough investigation, that in speaking the English language, we use no less than thirty six of these *touches*, and partial touches or *shapings* of the organs; in other words, we make that number of vowel and consonant sounds. The true idea of representing the language would then be, to have a letter in the alphabet for each of these sounds, and to use the same letter invariably for the same touch or shaping of the organs; and in that case spelling, or the right manner of making up a written word, would be as plain as the right manner of putting the Arabic figures together to represent any given number: and besides this, the letters so put together would make known the precise pronunciation of each word. If this were the case, the whole business of teaching a child to read, spell and write, (except, in the last case, the manual business of making the letters,) would consist in pointing out the mechanism of the mouth, with its different touches and shapings, and the sounds made by them, together with the letters that represent them. The whole of this, except the period necessary to learn the alphabet itself, would not require a week's time; whereas it now generally costs eight or ten years of more or less continuous labor in our schools, to learn these arts—and when learned, they are so imperfect that nobody can tell how to pronounce a word correctly by seeing it written. The reason of this imperfection is, that we have not enough letters in our alphabet to represent the sounds in our language, and that we do not always represent the same sound by the same letter—nor by any *one* letter, but fre-

quently use two, three or four letters for one sound. We have not space for many examples; but the matter will be understood by reference to the case above, where precisely the same sound is represented by *eye*, *ie* and *y*, in different words, all of which must be learned arbitrarily, and a failure to know it is stigmatized as bad spelling. Again, for the first sound in the word *thy*—that is, the sound produced by the touch described above, as putting the tongue between the edges of the upper and lower teeth—there is no letter at all in our alphabet, and we use for it the two letters *t* and *h*. But these letters represent different touches or shapings of the organs, as will be felt if we pronounce *tie* and *high*, and observe that we have not brought the point of the tongue near the edges of the teeth; and so in a multitude of other cases, showing our language to be so badly represented, that it can hardly be said—if we may use a Hibernian expression—to be represented at all.

Phonotypy is simply a correction of all this irregularity, by adding a few new letters to the alphabet, rejecting two or three that are useless, (like the *q*, which always sounds like *k*) and then always using the same letter for the same sound. It may be learned in half an hour, by any person who can now read. But although it is so simple a change, its importance can hardly be estimated, as respects the cause of general education. Among its minor advantages, it saves about one fifth of the space and cost of all printed matter in books, newspapers, &c.

Phonography has a different alphabet, used only in writing by the pen, corresponding precisely to the phonotypic alphabet, but employing letters or characters so simple in their shapes that we need only move the hand once to make any one of them. Let the reader take up his pen and make the letter *m* or *w*, and he will find that he has moved his hand as many as six times in making either letter. Now, if each of these movements had made a



whole letter, he would have written a long word in the same length of time. By applying this principle, and adding the saving to what is gained in Phonotypy, the result is, that by Phonography a person may write almost six times as fast as by the old method—which is equal to the rapidity of ordinary speech. Phonographic writing, among those who understand it, is used for correspondence, and all the purposes, in fine, for which the old style of writing is used.

---

## SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

In Glory's lighted halls  
A thousand bright eyes shine;  
Red banners flame the walls—  
Red runs the noble wine.

Gay gallant men are there,  
Plumed high in crimson hue—  
Crimson, the only wear  
For joy like this to view.

But ah! from Glory's halls  
Nor wine, nor waving plume  
To yon low cottage walls  
Are wafting sweet perfume!

Spread, Victory, wide your fame,  
And all your flags unroll!  
To Grief you offer but a name—  
Blood—written on the soul!

## A PICTURE OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THE world of Prairie which lies at a distance of more than three hundred miles west of the inhabited portions of the United States, and south of the river Arkansas and its branches, has been rarely, and parts of it never, trodden by the foot or beheld by the eye of an Anglo-American. Rivers rise there in the broad level waste, of which, mighty though they become in their course, the source is unexplored. Deserts are there, too barren of grass to support even the hardy buffalo—and in which water, except in here and there a hole, is never found. Ranged over by the Comanches, the Pawnees, the Caiwas, and other equally wandering, savage and hostile tribes, its very name is a mystery and a terror. The Pawnees have their villages entirely north of this part of the country; and the war parties—always on foot—are seldom to be met with to the south of the Canadian, except close in upon the edges of the white and civilized Indian settlements. Extending on the south to the Rio del Norte, on the north to a distance unknown, eastwardly to within three or four hundred miles of the edge of Arkansas Territory, and westwardly to the Rocky Mountains, is the range of the Comanches. Abundantly supplied with good horses from the immense herds of the Prairie, they range, at different times of the year, over the whole of this vast country. Their war and hunting parties follow the buffalo continually. In the winter they may be found in the south, encamped along the Rio del Norte, and under the mountains—and in the summer on the Canadian, and to the north of it, and on the Pecos. Sometimes they haunt the Canadian in the winter, but not so commonly as in the

## PICTURE OF THE PRAIRIE.

summer. It is into this great American desert that I wish to conduct my readers.

Imagine yourself standing in a plain to which your eye can see no bounds. Not a tree, not a bush, not a shrub, not a tall weed, lifts its head above the barren grandeur of the desert; not a stone is to be seen upon its hard-beaten surface; no undulations, no abruptness, no break to relieve the monotony—nothing, save here and there a deep narrow track worn into the hard plain by the constant hoof of the buffalo. Imagine, then, countless herds of buffalo, showing their unwieldy, dark shapes in every direction as far as the eye can reach, and approaching at times to within forty steps of you; or a herd of wild horses feeding in the distance, or hurrying away from the hateful smell of man, with their manes floating, and a trampling like thunder. Imagine here and there a solitary antelope, or, perhaps, a whole herd, fleeting off in the distance, like the scattering of white clouds. Imagine bands of white, snow-like wolves prowling about, accompanied by the little gray collotes or prairie wolves, who are as rapacious and as noisy as their bigger brethren. Imagine, also, here and there a lonely tiger-cat, lying crouched in some little hollow, or bounding off in triumph, bearing some luckless little prairie-dog whom it has caught straggling about at a distance from his hole. If to this you add a band of Comanches, mounted on noble swift horses, with their long lances, their quiver at the back, their bow, perhaps their gun, and their shield ornamented gaudily with feathers and red cloth, and round as Norval's, or as the full moon—and imagine them hovering about in different places, chasing the buffalo or attacking an enemy—you have an image of the Prairie, such as no book ever described adequately to me.

I have seen the Prairie under all its diversities, and in all its appearances—from those which I have described to the uneven, bushy prairies which lie south of Red River,

and to the illimitable Stake Prairie which lies from almost under the shadow of the mountains to the heads of the Brazos and of Red River, and in which neither buffaloes nor horses are to be found. I have seen the Prairie, and lived in it, in summer and in winter. I have seen it with the sun rising calmly from its breast, like a sudden fire kindled in the dim distance, and with the sunset flushing in its sky with quiet and sublime beauty. There is less of the gorgeous and grand character, however, belonging to it, than that which accompanies the rise and set of the sun upon the ocean, or upon the mountains; but there is beauty and sublimity enough to attract the attention and interest the mind.

I have seen the *mirage*, too, painting lakes and fires and groves on the grassy ridges near the bounds of Missouri, in the still autumn afternoon, and cheating the traveller by its splendid deceptions. I have seen the Prairie, and stood long and weary guard in it, by moonlight and starlight, and in storm. It strikes me as the most magnificent, stern, and terribly grand scene on earth—a storm in the Prairie. It is like a storm at sea, except in one respect—and in that it seems to me to be superior:—the stillness of the desert and illimitable plain, while the snow is raging over its surface, is always more fearful to me than the wild roll of the waves; and it seems unnatural—this dead quiet, while the upper elements are so fiercely disturbed!—it seems as if there ought to be the roll and roar of the waves. The sea, the woods, the mountains, all suffer in comparison with the Prairie; that is, on the whole—in particular circumstances either of them is superior. We may speak of the incessant motion and tumult of the waves of the ocean—the unbounded greenness and dimness, and the lonely music of the forests—and the high magnificence, the precipitous grandeur, and the summer snow of the glittering cones of the mountains; but still, the Prairie has a stronger hold upon the soul,

and a more powerful, if not so vivid an impression upon the feelings. Its sublimity arises from its unbounded extent—its barren monotony and desolation—its still, unmoved, calm, stern, almost self-confident grandeur—its strange power of deception—its want of echo—and, in fine, its power of throwing a man back upon himself, and giving him a feeling of lone helplessness, strangely mingled at the same time with a feeling of liberty and freedom from restraint. It is particularly sublime, as you draw nigh to the Rocky Mountains, and see them shot up in the west, with their lofty tops looking like white clouds resting upon their summits. Nothing ever equalled the intense feeling of delight with which I at first saw the eternal mountains marking the western edge of the desert.



## THE TRUE NOBILITY.

BY T. C. UPHAM.

WHAT constitutes the true NOBILITY?  
Not wealth, nor name, nor outward pomp, nor power:  
Fools have them all—and vicious men may be  
The idols and the pageants of an hour.  
But 't is to have a good and honest heart,  
Above all meanness and above all crime,  
And act the right and honorable part  
In every circumstance of place and time.  
He who is thus, from God his patent takes—  
His Maker formed him the true nobleman;  
Whate'er is low and vicious, he forsakes,  
And acts on rectitude's unchanging plan.  
Things change around him—changes touch not him;  
The star that guides his path fails not, nor waxes dim.

## SOME EDITORIAL WORDS.

IN laying the first number of our Magazine before the public, we are not aware that much need be said on that point. The number itself will answer all the purposes of introduction, although the necessity of its early issue has prevented the insertion of several able contributions—received too late—which would have added to its interest if not to its value. It should be borne in mind, however, that it was not possible to do more, in a single number, than to give some correct idea of the spirit of our plan: the execution of it in its practical details, must of course be followed up in future numbers. We feel quite encouraged in respect to our ability to do what has been promised, since we have received favorable responses from various able writers, whose aid was asked after the Prospectus was issued; and we hope soon to have the pleasure of adding several more valuable names to our list of Contributors.

Many of our readers are probably not aware, that the position we occupy in connection with this Magazine is not altogether new to us. The work is little more than the resurrection—however far from the immortal, we trust in the renovated sense—of another Periodical, of which we were the soul some thirteen years ago. We allude to “THE ESSAYIST,” a work of humble pretensions, (whose faults are perhaps as glaring to us now as to any one else,) devoted to the moral and intellectual interests of Young Men, Associations for Mental Improvement, &c. We were not exactly killed off at that time. Perhaps we may be permitted to say of that periodical—although at its commencement we were quite young, and altogether inexperienced in such matters—that it met with some general favor, besides being publicly approved by the Boston Lyceum and some other similar associations; imperfect as it was in its plan and execution. But, being a Printer and Publisher as well as having some taste for literary affairs, the pressure of increased business made it necessary, after completing the third volume, to relinquish its publication. It is true, the habit we had formed in conducting this work was somewhat hard to break off, and we were afterwards guilty of editing, in part, a *Mechanics’ Magazine* and one or two volumes of the *Scientific Tracts*—to say nothing of having done something, off and on, in the way of Newspapers, &c. from that time till now.

It is a matter of no little interest to us, to observe the respectable rank in the world of Letters now sustained by several of the writers who favored us by their contributions while the *Essayist* was published. One, who assisted us more than any other person—un-

less we except H. T. TUCKERMAN, whose generous aid we remember with gratitude—has passed to another world. We refer to the lamented B. B. THATCHER, whose miscellaneous writings we regret not to see yet before the public. It seems to us like heralding the spring-time of long-slumbering friendships, when we announce that several of the living writers alluded to—LIVING in more senses than one—will contribute to this Magazine. And if our readers should hereafter see some articles credited to the Essayist, they will know something from these remarks of the reputable sources from whence they originally emanated.

Our old friends, at a distance, are informed, that although during the last ten or twelve years we have passed through many ups and downs—especially the latter—and have experienced many severe rubs, (having more than once enjoyed what an old director of the Union Bank calls the peculiar felicity of being prostrated while “young!”) we have not allowed ourselves to become soured towards any description of people. We have got no new light on that, to a certain class of persons, very interesting topic, “the heartlessness of the world.” Having had to make our own way in life, amidst severe difficulties, from earliest boyhood, we were long since pretty well “read up” in matters of that sort. Our history has, however, taught us not a few *home* truths, which we trust we shall have the prudence to turn to some good account.

Being now free, for the most part, from the engrossing cares of business, here we are, endeavoring to realize an idea of a “YOUNG AMERICAN’S MAGAZINE” which was projected in our minds when we penned the Essayist valedictory. Our words then were—“The BEAU IDEAL of such a work has long been familiar and interesting to us, and we hope yet to see it bodied forth.” It seems that, even if Shakspeare was right in saying of our thoughts that their “ends are none of our own,” we are to have a good deal to do with the end of *that* thought, at all events. If, however, a “divinity” has shaped it, so much the better for our patrons. We shall be satisfied if it does not prove our end in a worse sense than the poet’s meaning.

What will be accomplished by this second advent of the Essayist—whether the old idea will find a better life in its new body—is for time to disclose, and for the community to judge. We are committed to the task for one year, at least—feeling deeply the disparity between our ability and the importance of the undertaking, but resolved to do the best we can. We solicit all the aid which the better feelings of our friends, and of the community at large, may allow them to bestow.

## THE CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED.

Finding some observations on this subject in the introductory paper to our former work alluded to in the preceding article, so nearly expressing what we desired to say at this time, we have saved some labor by uniting them with a few additional remarks.

We do not intend that our Magazine shall contain any very long or very elaborate articles. We think it better in most cases to say too little than too much; and the remark is particularly applicable to a work like ours. The fact is, that voluminous papers are not very generally read in this country, however lucid or learned, or sound or sensible they may be. We are too busy, hasty, practical a people—those of us especially so, who belong to the operative class, and are obliged to make the most and best use, at least the most expeditious use, of all the little leisure we can get.

In all other circumstances as in this, we are desirous of consulting the particular situation, taste and necessities of those whom we must mainly depend upon for support. The matter of the Magazine, then, must be Practical; and in this view we wish to comprise criticisms and strictures upon the living manners, fashions, literature, prevalent opinions and general tone of the age. Some parts of the Spectator—a work which we are antiquated enough both to admire and recommend—occur to us as coming near enough to a model of what we wish for in this department. Of course, these criticisms and strictures must be founded mostly upon actual observation, manly in their moral aim, and gentlemanly in their style. If they are not all these, they certainly will not be profitable, and therefore will not be admissible. With these provisos, the more spirit and nerve in them the better. Truth, and sense, and argument, we are sorry to say it, are not alone sufficient to reform the world, and scarcely to inform it. If they were, sermons would do more good, and novels less damage.

As to Fictitious composition, we have no great respect for the common run of love-tales, we frankly confess. Nor do we intend to admit, or expect to receive any, which are not made subservient to some higher end than caricaturing human life and human nature under the everlasting mottoes of heroes and heroines, bright eyes and poison, love, murder and witchcraft. At the same time, we have no doubt that fiction may sometimes be advantageously made the medium of sound observations upon men and manners,



and especially of wholesome satire. Most of these remarks will apply as precisely to Poetry. The mere gingle of rhyme is but a poor substitute for sense, spirit or principle. Wherever it is an *accompaniment*, we shall receive it with pleasure; and of course, in that case the more ornamental the better. The diamond itself, without polish, is but a trifle more precious than granite.

We shall be glad to receive well-written Biographical notices, and shall make it a point to prepare or provide them frequently. There are names enough of our own countrymen, to suggest abundant matter both of entertainment and instruction, in this line of literature. Occasional essays upon Composition, with an especial reference to the benefit of young writers; notices of all new works in which we believe that our readers are or should be interested; in a word, any matter which is brief, decorous, practical and spirited, will come within our professed plan.

It is proper here to observe, that while we think it a duty to establish and support an opinion of our own upon every important subject which relates to the general good—and while we are convinced that we have a perfect right to think and speak as we choose (paying a proper regard always to decorum)—we cannot consistently deny the same privilege to others. We shall respect all parties, so far as their conduct may justify such deference; and therefore shall be willing to receive fair and well-written articles on all controverted subjects—not necessarily excluded from the sphere of our work—of sufficient dignity and consequence to deserve the notice of the public.

We have made no special mention of the wide range of subjects connected with the leading purpose of the Magazine, because we suppose they will be readily suggested by the remarks already made in the Prospectus. We trust that not a few able writers, heartily interested in the elevation of the People, and capable of grappling with the difficult problems which some of these topics involve, will give us an opportunity to record the result of their labors in this department.

In fine, it will be our aim, in all cases, to procure such matter as will enable us—without the aid of much fiction, or of *mere* fiction at all—to succeed in interesting the imagination and improving the mind, without perverting the one or corrupting the other.

## THE BOOK WORLD.

---

Miscellaneous Paper.

THE presses of the American Publishers are kept so continually active, and throw off so many books of value and interest, that we have thought a paper giving a short account of the operations of a few of our eminent booksellers, in addition to some special notices, would not be without interest to our readers. We hope to be able to devote attention to all the leading publishing houses, as we proceed.

---

WILEY & PUTNAM'S Library of Choice Reading fulfils the promise of its commencement, in affording delightful books of History, Biography, Art and Criticism, in an elegant form, and at a cheap price. Among its late publications, "Leigh Hunt's Stories from the Italian Poets," is one of the most valuable and interesting. It contains an abstract of the whole of Dante's Divine Comedy, and various beautiful stories from Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso. The translator's essays on the genius of his authors, are full of delicate criticism and attractive information. Hunt's translation of Dante preserves, to a considerable extent, the intensity of the "sad Florentine." When Beatrice lifts her veil, towards the end of his "Journey through Purgatory," Dante "*quenches the ten-year's thirst of his eyes in her ineffable beauty.*" Beatrice had been dead ten years. The work is laden with beautiful images.

The "Autobiography of Goethe," translated by Parke Godwin, and others, for this Library, is an admirable book. Considered as the work in which the greatest and most comprehensive genius of Germany, discourses of the events and influences of his own life, it must be interesting to all who take any pleasure in biography. The American translation is the only correct one ever "done" into English.

The "Poetry of Wit and Humor," edited by Leigh Hunt, and containing illustrative criticisms by him, is another brilliant addition to the Library of Choice Reading. It contains extracts from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Randolph, Butler, Suckling, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, and Wal-

cot—a wide variety of authors, exhibiting corresponding varieties of the ludicrous.

Wiley & Putnam are also publishing Carlyle's works in their Library. They have already issued "Heroes, and the Heroic in History," "Sartor Resartus," and the "French Revolution"—three books, among the most remarkable, in their style of thought and expression, which have been produced in the present century. Carlyle is an author to be read with care, in order that the reader may be on his guard against an imitation of his manner or an adoption of his occasional fallacies; but, judiciously read, he will be found one of the most suggestive and delightful of writers, full of splendid pictures, deep thought, and powerful delineation of character. There is often a startling abruptness in his expression, which strikes the reader's mind like a missile hurled at his head—as in the remark, "The French Revolution, too, was a truth, but a truth written in hell-fire." Carlyle's words are often red hot with the energy of the thought or passion they express, and rake opposing arguments or principles as with grape shot. His manner, also, though of a peculiar kind, is very striking. It often combines the riotous hilarity of Rabelais with the caustic bitterness of Swift. Altogether, in understanding, imagination and style, he is one of the curiosities of literature.

---

The vast book-mill of the HARPERS, it is well known, never stops, and we have on our table a considerable number of their late publications. The panting critic "toils after them in vain,"—they publish faster than he can read. The veriest book-cormorant would be glutted, if every volume which fell from their teeming press dropped into his maw. Among the enterprises of this house, their New Miscellany is especially worthy of consideration. It contains valuable books in the different departments of literature, neatly printed and bound, at the low price of fifty cents a volume. Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences," and Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," are afforded at this low price. The former is well known as one of the most valuable scientific works for popular reading ever written; and the latter is the offering to the Muse of History, made by Germany's second great poet. It is intensely interesting, from the great interests at stake in the war, the skill and bravery of the generals, and the terrible picture it presents of a country ravaged by a contest of thirty years. In this war Protestantism received its baptism of fire and blood. It emerged from it weakened, but still victorious.

Spurzheim's work on "Phrenology," has passed into the hands of the Harpers, and they have issued it, at a comparatively low price, in one handsome octavo volume, with illustrative engravings. This is probably the best treatise on Phrenology extant. To a believer in the science it is an invaluable store-house of facts and arguments; while its clearness of style, and its fine exposition of the nature and operation of the human propensities, sentiments and faculties, make it interesting to those who are skeptical in regard to the "organs."

The same publishers have also issued a concise and well-written "History of the American Revolution," by Rev. J. L. Blake, originally published by the English Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Their elegant edition of "The Pictorial History of England," published in numbers, is going forward rapidly. As regards pure information, relating to manners, customs, literature and art, as well as to events, this history is the most important and valuable yet attempted.

---

The APPLETONS, of New York, are continually publishing books of a high character, at a low price. Their series of Publications, under the general title of Appleton's Literary Miscellany, contains many valuable and important works. Among their late publications in this form, is Gizot's "History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution," admirably translated by William Hazlitt. Guizot unites, perhaps, a greater number of the essential qualities of a great historian, than any other living writer. His capacity to analyse conditions of society, his fine representative power, his vast acquirements, and his brilliant, rapid style, render the present work as instructive to the student as it is pleasing to the mere reader for amusement.

In referring to Appleton & Co. we should not forget their editions of Ollendorf's method of learning to read and write the German, French; and Italian languages. Each volume is edited by some American linguist; and each presents a simple and easy method of gaining a thorough knowledge of the language to which it is devoted. These works can hardly be too highly recommended to the student.

---

TICKNOR & Co. of this city, have published a new edition of Messrs. Murdoch and Russell's "Vocal Culture"—the best popular treatise on the voice, and containing the most aidful elocutionary rules to guide the learner in reading and speaking, which

we have seen. The authors are practical elocutionists, and understand both the theory and practice of their art. For schools, academies, and, especially, for the private learner, who is pursuing self-improvement with no other aid than what he receives from good books, this work is well adapted.

The same publishers have issued in the elegant style which distinguishes all their editions of poets, a volume entitled "The Island Bride, and other Poems," by James F. Colman, a son of the Rev. Henry Colman. The principal poem, the Island Bride, is written in the Spenserian stanza—as employed by Byron, however, rather than Spenser—and contains passages of meditation, sentiment and description, which a poet of established reputation might well be willing to acknowledge. The diction is generally correct and melodious, occasionally rising into exquisite felicities of expression, and evincing on every page that fine feeling of the more elusive qualities of language, which peculiarly characterises the style of a poet. The volume is a good indication of what Mr. Colman will eventually perform in letters. Among the miscellaneous poems we have been attracted most by the Stanzas written after the departure of an Atlantic Steamer—especially with these lines :

"Upon the bleak,  
Cold deck she stands, a monument of woe,  
While on her speaking brow and bloodless cheek  
Thought's struggling forms their giant outlines throw ;  
*As when, depicted on a marble wall,  
Some hidden wrestler's writhing shadows fall.*"

---

#### BOOKS LATELY RECEIVED.

**Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems, by William B. Tappan. Boston :**  
B. B. Mussey. Stereotyped and Printed by S. N. Dickinson & Co.

This is the second volume of a series of Mr. Tappan's revised Poems, of which "Poetry of the Heart," published a year since, is the first. The paper, printing and binding are of a quality highly creditable to American book-manufacture, and it is embellished by a well-executed illuminated title page. The type is the beautiful "Scotch cut," large enough for any sight, and just the size for pleasant reading. Of the contents, we are prepared at this time to give but a slight notice.

Although it is true that Mr. Tappan's principal failings in the poetical line are owing to an attempt to "do too large a business,"

yet his poetry is of a better sort—a considerable portion of it much better—than the common run of verses of the same class. This remark is so true, that one of what we venture to think his more ordinary productions—but peculiarly calculated to excite religious sensibility—entitled “There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest,” has travelled half over the world, in different languages, besides being copied into several standard hymn-books.

The large collection of pieces before us, embracing miscellaneous as well as sacred poems, will be found to contain quite an interesting variety of matter, notwithstanding a few of the pieces are quite out of place in this selection. It will deservedly prove a very acceptable volume, especially to the religious portion of the community. Amidst much ordinary matter, there are many fine productions, and some praiseworthy traits of a striking character quite peculiar to the author. We think that even what a reviewer in a popular journal calls an “unsanctified critic,” if he could have the patience to examine far enough, would find poetical excellencies in Mr. Tappan’s writings which afford a good foundation for the standing he has attained as a poet. We wish we had room to illustrate our meaning by quotations, but this must be deferred. Passages of manly force as well as beauty, are common in his pages. It requires no searching to find something equal or superior to the following, taken from some lines on the slumbering state of the Church :

“ She thinks not how she broke  
Her dreamings once, and shook off the stern yoke  
Of Ignorance and Cruelty. The gloom  
Of night is on her ; gone is that fair day.  
She is all lovely—is it for the tomb !  
Will not the few sad watchers for her pray  
That overlasting sleep be not her doom ?  
That, in her silent chamber, the strong ray  
Of Life poured down, shall cause her to betake  
Herself to weeping, for her once bright bloom ? ”

As a specimen of the happy manner in which his thoughts sometimes find utterance, a line or two in some verses on the loss of the Atlantic, which recently came from Mr. Tappan’s pen, occur to us at this moment :

“ And I heard the wild shriek of the heart that was taking  
Its farewell of earth for a home in the wave,  
*While looked out in pity no star of the morning  
To light the sad traveller down to his grave.* ”

**Scenes and Songs of Social Life. A Miscellany.** By Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard. Boston : Saxton & Kelt.

Though we have not yet had the pleasure of reading this work, a glance over its pages is sufficient to convince us that it is full of interesting prose, and contains some fine specimens of poetry, embracing several pieces of a curious and spirited character in the humorous line. It is spoken of in quite favorable terms by the superior critic of Graham's Magazine. If any of our readers are unacquainted with Mr. Shepard's writings, they can see some thing of his story-telling ability in the plain, straight-forward way, by his article in this number of our work. The following, from some verses on the death of a beautiful child, shows that the author has not only got his hand in at poetry, but something more :

" Like a star she ever seemed  
On the brow of summer's even,  
Twinkling where still waters gleamed,  
In the light all gently given ;  
*Star-like, too, her radiance beamed,  
Just to melt away in heaven.*

\* \* \*

Still the infant lies not waiting  
Where they left her in the grave :—  
Angel-child, she comes, creating  
Thoughts, that make the poor heart crave  
Draughts from waters, *ever beating  
Up from Life's eternal wave."*

---

**Cyclopædia of English Literature :** a Selection of the Choicest Productions of English Authors. from the earliest to the present time, connected by a Critical and Biographical History. Elegantly Illustrated. Edited by Robert Chambers, Editor of the Edinburg Journal, &c. No. 1. Boston : Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This reprint of an English publication of admirable design and superior execution, is to appear in sixteen semi-monthly numbers, forming two large imperial octavo volumes of 700 pages each, with upwards of three hundred illustrations. We are heartily pleased to see the "cheap publication system," with several book-houses, taking a form which is calculated to be of immense benefit to the community ; and the publishers of the work here described deserve no small credit for the efficient arrangements they have made for its issue. The enterprise can hardly be recommended

too strongly. We hope it will soon be as highly appreciated in this country as it is in England, where 40,000 copies have been sold in less than three years. The price of each number is to be twenty-five cents.

---

**ANNUALS.**—We have received at a late hour a couple of gift-books which we regret not having space left to notice as they deserve. One is "The Mayflower," from the house of Saxton & Kelt, and edited by Mrs. E. O. Smith, the mention of whose name is a sufficient guaranty that—besides the handsome plates—the matter is not only highly interesting but *sensible*. The other is the "Rose of Sharon," edited by Miss S. C. Edgerton, favorably known as the editor of this annual and by other literary efforts—published by Abel Tompkins. This work presents to the community quite a number of names which do not appear much in other quarters, but which exhibit a respectable degree of talent. The matter is all original, for which the publisher, we understand, makes a liberal provision—and the plates are quite attractive.

---

**THE ANGLO SACSUN.**—This is the title of the new weekly sheet, printed in the Phonotypic Alphabet, and issued by Andrews & Boyle, the leaders (in this country) of the proposed reform in Spelling, Writing and Printing. What this reform is, will be found clearly explained in the preceding pages; and we are glad to be able to add, that the American Academy of Arts and Sciences is about to give in its complete adhesion to it. The paper is printed in neat style by Dickinson & Co., (who show a good foresight in casting the Phonotypic types,) and contains an interesting variety of matter. It gives an explanation of the new alphabet, so that any one can learn to read it in a short time. The publishers deserve the thanks of the whole community for their industry and sacrifices in promoting this cause, and we trust that this new effort of theirs will be met by the public in the most liberal spirit.

---

**BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.**—Widely as we of course differ from the leading principles of this Catholic work, we have read the several numbers with no little interest. The superior English in which it is written, the remarkable ability with which every subject is discussed—and especially the fact that the editor never flinches at the hardest points of an argument, but meets them like



a man, sometimes like a giant—give it an attraction of the highest order. All this, notwithstanding the air of superiority which Mr. Brownson is too apt to assume in his writings—and the fact that in his somewhat fresh admiration of what is ancient, he shows a little too much of the “old Adam” in his mode of alluding to some persons who were not long ago his fellow radicals.

---

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION is one of the most useful and popular literary institutions in this city. Its object is, the moral and mental improvement of its members, by means of a Library, Reading Room, Cabinet of Scientific Selections, courses of Public Lectures, classes for the study of Book-Keeping and the French Language, exercises in Debate, Declamation, Composition, &c. It numbers about twelve hundred members, principally merchant's clerks. The Library contains five thousand volumes, and is one of the best of its size in the country.

The Lectures before this association have been of unusual excellence: no exertions have been spared to present to our lecture-going community the first minds in the nation. The anniversary addresses in past years have been delivered by Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Rufus Choate, Hon. John Davis, and other distinguished individuals. The celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary in October last, was one of the most brilliant literary festivals of the season. The Address was delivered by Hon. Jos. R. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, and the Poem by O. W. Holmes, M. D. The theme of the orator was, “Developement,” in which the progress of the arts and sciences and of liberal opinions, was eloquently set forth. The poem of Dr. Holmes was one of his best efforts, abounding in passages of great beauty, wit and pathos.

The young men of our city engaged in mercantile pursuits, owe it to themselves to sustain the high reputation of this institution in the future, and we trust that its present prosperity may long continue.

H.

---

NOTE.—Although we give eight pages extra in this number, we are compelled to postpone several notices of books and of Associations, some of which are in type.

We shall be glad to receive short and well-written accounts of Associations for popular improvement, from any part of the country.

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

MARCH, 1847.

---

PRACTICABILITY OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."—*Shakspeare.*

NOTHING can be more plain, than that an all-wise and benevolent Creator would not have made us with the characteristics we possess, and placed us in circumstances like those in which we find ourselves, without giving us the means and opportunities of learning what we are. The principal difficulty is, to be willing to know ourselves, and to engage with firmness in the pursuit.

A knowledge of the primary essence of our being, is by no means essential to a good practical measure of self-acquaintance. There is, at least in this world, no necessity for such knowledge. What matters it, whether this essence be one thing or another, so long as it is what it is, and we are capable of knowing our attributes and relations? The most we need know of gold, for all practical purposes, is, that it has those properties and relations which we are certain it possesses. If its essence be the same as that of the grossest metals, it is a matter

of no moment: it is gold, and that is enough. Both our duties and our knowledge, in this state of existence, are comparatively external; and a capacity for understanding will always be given us, adequate to the duties which lie before us. Here we are, with a nature perfectly adapted to the portion of the universe to which we belong; and it being certain that, if it were possible for our essence to be different from what it is, while we were still what we are, it would be all the same to us, our proper business, in the cultivation of self-acquaintance, seems to be plain. We have only to learn as much as possible concerning ourselves and our relations, and the manner of fulfilling our destiny.

This removes all ground for discouragement, while at the same time it does not lessen our responsibilities. The fact that we know so little at the outset of our existence, and that the field of learning is infinite, affords the strongest reason for gratitude for our lot. It is true that many difficulties lie in our pathway; but if these were removed, the pleasures of learning would be deprived of their principal zest, and there would be little to inspire a just ambition. Everything within and without us is more or less mysterious; but we should be cheered by the fact, that the labor of unravelling these mysteries is not only indispensable to the healthy discipline of our powers, but an inexhaustible source of happiness. Where every step seems plain before us, and every obstacle is removed from our way, the motives for research and inquiry have no longer room to act, and the stream of life within us becomes like a stagnant water—equally inactive and useless.

It seems to me one of the most beautiful circumstances of our condition, that we are enshrouded to so great an extent with mystery; that we have everything to learn, even the laws of our nature, and how to make the best use of ourselves. The universe is spread out like a

magnificent Book—our own selves being included within its pages, while we are, at the same time, the readers and expounders. And as of the essence of our own being, so of that of the Creation at large. The contents, the meaning, the use of the volume of nature—not the essence of its materials, nor the means whereby they are put together—are what primarily and most essentially concern us. So that, in regard to all study, we have only to remember, that nothing will be required but the right use of our powers, to enable us to progress forever in the acquirement of knowledge and wisdom.

The AUTHOR of such a Book it is certainly important that we should become acquainted with—and that without delay. This would be the case, were there no stronger motive for it than that connected with the mere love of intellectual investigation, to say nothing of the powerful religious considerations inseparable from the subject. The greater the value of this Volume, the more it illustrates the transcendent character of its Author—a character which must, of course, be as much more worthy of study than the Book, as it is superior to it. Indeed, the Book is but an introduction to Him; a means of letting us into a knowledge of his attributes—thus opening to us a field for intellectual investigation as glorious as it is illimitable. And the better we understand the Author of our existence, the more perfect will be our conception of our own being; because, being created in his image, our faculties resemble his in kind, though not in his infinitude—and because such knowledge unfolds to us our true and eternal relations. Thus we see, in another interesting light, the high value of self-acquaintance. The universe being not only wonderful in itself, but a revelation of a Being infinitely more sublime—and as we, so far as this world is concerned, constitute the most important part of this revelation—and especially as a knowledge of the laws of our constitution is indispensable to a clear and

enlarged perception of our exalted relations—the study of ourselves shows itself to be not only of the most momentous consequence in itself, but limitless in its magnificent range.

Therefore, notwithstanding the practicability of self-acquaintance, it is important to be borne in mind, how extensive a study it is, and how utterly impossible it is to assign any bounds to it. Although there can be, and is, such a thing as self-knowledge, the science of it is as really only in its infancy, as we are in the infancy of our existence. It is so closely connected with the knowledge of all other things, up to the Creator himself, that it is not only the “proper study of mankind” in this world, but a science which it will require an eternity to learn. We are but atoms in the great universal system. Our existence is so blended with all other existences, that our knowledge of ourselves must be, in a measure, proportioned to our knowledge of all other things. We know our fitness for perfection; but we can know what that perfection embraces, only so far as we really make progress towards it.

A knowledge of the material organization of our being, as learned from Anatomy and Physiology, and of the immaterial, as learned from the science of mind, contributes but a small part, in the state of imperfection in which those sciences now are, to our real self-acquaintance. And when we consider how much there is to be learned in these departments of knowledge alone, we may see abundant reason for humility in the pursuit of learning; while at the same time, the amount of certain knowledge which man has acquired, is amply sufficient to encourage him in efforts to add to the present stock.

This will appear more plain, when it is considered how much of our acquaintance with human nature is acquired—like other kinds of knowledge—by *experiment*. Man has always been trying experiments upon himself. All

history furnishes but a record of a series of experiments upon human nature. All future history will be the same. It may not be too much to say, that it will be the same in the next world as well as in this. It is reserved for a future age to give a specimen of what man—especially universal man—is capable of becoming as an earthly being, and consequently, of what he is in the earthly form of his nature. As to the future life, we neither know how great our facilities for self-study and self-improvement will then be, nor what power we shall have to use them : consequently, we can have in this world no experimental knowledge of what we shall be able to do and to become in the next life, which is the grand theatre for experiments in the study of our nature. So it comes to this : we must consider self-knowledge in the same light that we do the knowledge of the universe at large—to be acquired as our capabilities and facilities increase, in this life and forever.

This is very far, however, from proving that we are not able to acquire, even in this world, an amount of information about ourselves which may deserve the name of self-knowledge. It is possible to acquire a degree of certain knowledge of a thing which may be very serviceable to us—which may indeed, for the present, be all that we need—without learning but a very small part of what is to be known about it. We may with propriety be said to have a knowledge of agriculture, and at the same time have before us a boundless field for study and experiment. We may be called even good mechanics, and yet have a vast deal to learn, both in the science and practice of the trades in which we are employed. We may in a short time gain such a knowledge of the ocean, that we can talk intelligently concerning it, without having seen but a small part of it, or having become acquainted with anything like the whole number of facts connected with it. We may have a correct conception of the Deity—correct as

far as it goes—while yet we have, comparatively, everything to learn in regard to him. And not only this, but we may, to a reasonable extent, be sure of the correctness of our knowledge. This is in accordance with the order of study established in the nature of things.

Taking this view of the case—the soundness of which will probably not be disputed—it is clear that every person has it more or less in his power to make progress in self-acquaintance every day of his life. And in regard to the vastness of the study, no one can wish it to be less so; in other words, no one can wish his nature to be less exalted than it is, or to be deprived of his noble relationship to the universe and its Author.

By this it is not intended to deny that men, situated as they generally are in life, need much assistance in this important pursuit. They must have aid; and, thank Heaven, aid can be had, both human and divine. In past ages, it was impossible for but few to obtain any considerable amount of knowledge of the nature of man—or, indeed, upon any subject introductory thereto; and much of what was considered as knowledge, was altogether useless or untrue. But now the case is widely different. A broad opening has been made in the wilderness. The rock that for ages concealed in its bosom the fountain of knowledge, has been smitten, and streams flow forth in every direction, where all may drink who will. Truth has, to a great extent, become common property; and the mass of mankind have only to avail themselves of the prize within their reach, in order that it may be made common sense. It is true that it needs, for their sake, to be as it were sifted through the popular sieve, that it may be adapted to their reception, and become part and parcel of the popular mind. Indeed, it is comparatively useless to the world, unless it be brought down within the scope of their apprehension; because, if one man needs philosophy, all men need it. But all may now have it—even

that which is most important of all, the philosophy of their own being. We need no longer be like men walking in darkness. We may see ourselves, and we may see others ; and it is possible to see clearly the way wherein we should walk. Truth has come down to us, not only to enlighten the valleys in which the world has been so slowly and painfully travelling and toiling in uncertain obscurity, but to lead us up the lofty summits, where every one who venerates its teachings, may have the radiant sunshine of Heaven itself to illumine and to bless him.

---

## THE SHADOW OF OURSELVES.

### A Remonstrance.

By MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

There is always a dark spot upon our sunshine : it is the shadow of ourselves.—CARLYLE.

WHY should the shadow of thyself be flung  
On the bright sunshine, and the singing earth?  
Like the wind-harp, all noble hearts are strung  
To tones of sadness, not to tones of mirth.  
As he, who fitly girds him-for the race,  
Leaves every weight and obstacle behind,  
So shouldst thou onward go, with upward face,  
And in thy progress strength and freedom find,  
And gladness of heart, and peacefulness of mind.

Touch not the cup of compromise : O, spurn  
The lure, though thou art fainting and athirst,  
And thy poor heart all wearily may yearn :  
To drink the cup of gall thou art not first ;  
All lips have tasted, and all hearts have felt



The anguish which in words no utterance found :  
Enough, if thou in loneliness hast knelt  
In the deep solitude, where human sound  
Came not, and there hast felt the Godhead gird thee round.

From thy strong citadel of self go forth,  
And hold communion with the rock and wood :  
Let the strong wind from out the iron North,  
And the high mountain, wile thee from thy mood :  
Bend down thine ear, like to a listening child,  
And hear the gay bird-song, the insect-hum,  
And let the leaping brook, with pleasure wild,  
Home to thy heart in primal beauty come,  
Up to the rocky cleft, where thou a child hast clomb.

And the frail blossom, trembling in the light,  
Shall speak to thee of love, and trust, and peace—  
Speak to thy heart ; young tears shall dim thy sight ;  
Nor wilt thou doubting ask, Who nourished these ?  
Forth from the barren rock they trusting start—  
The glad airs fan them, and the dew-drops fall :  
Deep shall their teachings sink into thine heart,  
And voices from the grove to thee shall call,  
To speed thee on thy way, released from dangerous thrall.

Call forth the manhood of thy strong right arm,  
To make thee despot o'er the unyielding earth ;  
And thou shalt find that LABOR hath a charm  
In his brown face, seducing thee to mirth.  
How shall the red blood sing along thy veins,  
And sleep come down a benison at night,  
When thou shalt listen to the summer rains,  
That fill thy harvest-home with fresh delight—  
Co-worker thou with God, who aids thee with his might !

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

## HOW TO MAKE A MAN.

BY HORACE GREELY.

THERE is very much of human attainment dependent on circumstances; let us not forget how much also—I will not say how vastly more—depends on essential man. There is a deplorably immense multitude, who live but to eat bounteously and daintily—with whom the sum of life is practically to compass the largest amount of rich viands and gaudy trappings, with the smallest outlay of effort or perseverance to procure them. This mass will be at Rome, Romans; at Moscow, Russians; and nothing more. There will be some small varieties or shadings of individual character, calculated to gratify, by their study, the minute curiosity of an entomologist, and interesting to him only. But let one of these human ephemera be awakened, however casually or blindly, to the higher impulses, the nobler ends of our being, and he is instantly transferred to a different world; or rather, the world which surrounds him takes on a different aspect, and what before was bleak waste, or dull expanse of wooded height and low herbage, assumes a deep spiritual significance. To his unfolding, wondering soul, nature is no more a poet's rhapsody, a chemist's generalization, but a living presence, a solemn, yet cheering companionship. No matter whether he be, in social position, a peer or a peasant, by birth Danish or Egyptian; one glance at the world within has placed him with those whose countrymen and brethren are mankind. He has no need now to change his daily pursuit or outward condition, for he has risen by inevitable force to an atmosphere of serenity, above the influence of merely external influences and petty limitations. He has not toilsomely, but naturally, attained a condition in which

the soul no longer blindly pants for eminence or homage, but realizes intensely that nobly to Do for the sake of nobly Doing, and its intrinsic results—rightly to Be for the sake of rightly Being, discarding “the lust to shine or rule,” is the true end of life.

And here let me hazard the remark, that our unquietness, our ant-hill bustle, is the severest criticism on our present intellectual condition and efforts. True greatness may be said to resemble the water in some perennial fountain, which rises ever and spontaneously, because in communication with some exhaustless reservoir, more capacious and higher than itself; while the effort to be great is like the stream forced up by some engine or hydrant, which towers a moment unsteadily, and then falls, to water but the weeds of the way-side. And thus our young men of promise, who would seem to be touched by a live coal from off the altar of genius—whom we are led fondly to regard as the light and the hope of our age—the heralds and the hasteners of that fairer future which our hearts so throbbingly anticipate—seem for the most part to lack that element of natural quietude, of unconscious strength, which we are rightly accustomed to consider a prediction and an accompaniment of the highest manhood. Here, in some rude hamlet—in some boorish neighborhood—there starts into view a rare youth, whom the divine spark would seem to have quickened, who bids fair to freshen, by at least a chaplet, the dusty pathway of human endeavor. But forthwith the genius must be bandaged into rigidity; some education society, or kindred contrivance for the promotion of dullness and mediocrity, must take hold of him, and place him in its go-cart; there must be tomes of word-knowledge, and the petrifications of by-gone wisdom, hurled through his cranium; he must be led away from all useful labor of the hands, and his already precocious intellect subjected to the hot-house culture of some

seminary, no matter how unsuited to his mental or social condition; thus losing his independence, essential and pecuniary, and putting his whole life upon a single throw of the dice, and they so loaded that the chances are heavily against him. And this is called developing the man, and making the most of his natural gifts; though it would seem quite as likely to blast them altogether. With new scenes, and an utter transformation of attitude and aims, come strange and dizzying excitement, extravagant hopes, inordinate ambition, along with novel temptings to dissipation on the one hand, as well as to excessive study on the other. I will not say that the results of this course may not in most instances be satisfactory; I only urge that you put at hazard the youth whom *Nature* has marked for noble ends, trusting to make of him the man of profound acquirements, who, after all, may be worth less than the material out of which he was constructed. May we not rather trust something to Nature? Would we willingly exchange to-day the Robert Burns she gave us, for his counterpart educated in a university? Would we not prefer that the poor, rudely taught Ayrshire ploughman had never seen Edinburgh and its cultivated circles at all?

And yet I have only taken hold of one corner of the forcing system. Its widest, if not its worst evils, are felt by those our *impromptu* collegian leaves behind him—in the conviction impressed upon the youth left in the hamlet, that they can never be anything but ox-drivers, because they cannot enjoy the advantages of what is termed a classical education. Thence the poison of disquiet and discontent—the irresolution to act worthily, under a mistaken impression that adverse circumstances have forbidden that anything shall worthily be done. I confess I look with anxiety on what seems to me the perverted aspiration so universal among us. There is an incessant straining for outward and visible

advantages—to be legislators, governors, professional men, teachers; there is too little appreciation of that greatness which is intrinsic, and above the reach of accident. I am not insensible to the advantages of a systematic induction into all the arcana of science—of a knowledge of languages, and a mastery of their vast treasures—the possession even of power and its honors. All these are well in their way, but they are not properly within the legitimate reach of all who feel that they have souls. More intently than even these, I would have our young men contemplate and be moulded upon such characters and lives as those of our Franklin, the penniless, active apprentice, the thriving, contented mechanic, the peerless philosopher, the idolized, yet not flattered ambassador: our Washington, carrying the surveyor's chain through swamp and brier, forming with his own hatchet a rude raft for crossing the deep-shaded, savage-haunted Ohio; long and ably defending his country at the head of her armies; at length laying aside the cares of a nation's destinies, resisting the affectionate entreaties of millions that he would continue to bear sway over half a continent, in order that he may enjoy, for the brief remainder of an active, glorious life, the blessings of the domestic fireside—the untroubled sleep which comes only to the couch of private life. There is here a sweet unconsciousness of greatness, that we realize and cling to at a glance. We recognize, under every change of circumstances, the strong and true man, superior to any freak of fortune. No culture could have made these men more or less than they appear, alike to us and to all observers. Is not the lesson they teach us at once distinct and invigorating?

Let me not be misunderstood. I value and prize learning, knowledge, culture, while esteeming self-culture and self-development the sum of them all. I would have no youth reject facilities for acquiring them which

may fairly and justly present themselves, so that he may embrace them without sacrifice of his proper independence, or neglect of his proper duties and responsibilities, as a son, a brother, a citizen. What I object to is, the too common notion that the higher education of the schools is *essential* to his development and his usefulness in life; thus making the circumstances everything, the man nothing. If I have not incorrectly observed, the effect of this prevalent impression is often to pervert and misplace the individual whom it specially contemplates, while it is morally certain to work injury to the great mass of his brethren by original condition.

What I would urge then is this; that the deep want of our own time is not a greater number of scholars, professional men, pastors, educators, (though possibly there may be some improvement here in the quality :) the need of new, strong, penetrating and healthy men, is felt rather in the less noticeable walks of life. We need to bring the sunlight of genius to bear on the common walks—to dignify the sphere as well as facilitate the operations of the useful arts—to hallow and exalt the pathway of honest, unpretending Industry. It is here that the next decided movement is needed and will be made, in the way of Human Progress—not a pushing forward of the vanguard, but a bringing up of the main body. The deep want of the time is, that the vast resources and capacities of Mind, the far-stretching powers of genius and of science, be brought to bear practically and intimately on Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, and all the now rude and simple processes of day labor; and not merely that these processes may be perfected and accelerated, but that the benefits of the improvement may accrue in at least equal measure to those whose accustomed means of livelihood, scanty at best, are interfered with and overturned by the change. Not merely that these be measurably enriched, but that they be informed and elevated, by the vast industrial transformations

now in progress or in embryo, is the obvious requirement. Here opens a field for truly heroic exertion and achievement, far wider and nobler than that of any political heroism of ancient or modern time, because its results must be deeper, more pervading, more enduring. I would insist, then, that our youth of promise shall not be divorced from the physical toil, the material interests of our and their natal condition, while qualifying themselves for the highest spheres of usefulness and endeavor. I would not have them, like geography in our atlases, contemplate that hemisphere in which the greatest advances have already been effected, to the exclusion of that wherein the greatest triumphs yet remain to be achieved. I would not have them bedeck themselves in the spoils of by-gone victories, and forget that the adversaries, Ignorance and Obstacle, yet remain formidable and imminent.

But above all, I would have no youth feel that he is debarred the opportunities of a useful and honorable, if he please, a lofty and heroic career, because the means of obtaining a classical education are denied him. I will not point him to the many who have inscribed their names high on the rolls of enviable fame without such education, for the logic therein implied might as well be used to reconcile him to the loss of an eye or an arm. I will not argue to him that circumstances are indifferent or unimportant: I have freely admitted the contrary. But I would urge to such a one, that the *essential* circumstance is the awakening of the soul to a consciousness of its own powers and responsibilities; and that this is determined in the very fact of his seeking, with eye single and heart pure, a larger development, a more thorough culture. This point attained, let him doubt nothing, fear nothing, save his own steadiness of purpose and loftiness of aim. Be not discouraged, then, awakened youth, in some lowly cottage, some boorish valley, by the magnitude of others' attainments, the richness of others' facilities for acquiring

and investigating, as contrasted with the seeming poverty of your own ; but remember, and be reverently thankful, that the same high stars which, shining so brightly upon the palace, the university, the senate-house, have kindled the souls of philosophers, sages, statesmen, in times past, now look down as kindly, inspiringly on you ; and the fact that they have touched an answering chord within you, is an earnest that their companionship shall never more be sullen or fruitless. From this hour shall all Nature be your teacher, your ministrant ; her infinite grandeur no longer a barren pageant, her weird and solemn voices no more unmeaning sounds. Though they should come to you no more at second hand from the lips of her Pindar, her Shakspeare, they can never more be hushed or unheeded ; they have passed from the realm of darkness, of doubt, of speculation, and become to you the deepest and grandest realities of Human Life.

---

## BIRTH-DAY FLOWERS.

By H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Go—whisper to the gentle one  
All that our hearts would say,  
Ye emblems of the fondest hopes  
That crown her life to-day !  
Tell her, pale Lily, as thy leaves  
Benign protection yield,  
So would our love around her cast  
A broad and verdant shield :  
Breathe prophecies of happy years,  
Thou sweet and blushing Rose—  
Years fragrant with as pure delight  
As from thy chalice flows :



And thou, meek Violet, appeal  
 Unto her guileless heart,  
 And with thy quiet loveliness  
 Celestial dreams impart.  
 Interpret thus her destiny,  
 Whose gifts of kindred birth  
 Lend sweetness to our daily life,  
 And beauty to the earth;  
 A blooming garland, softly rest  
 Upon her modest brow,  
 And may the dew-drops ne'er exhale  
 That sparkle on it now!

---

## PERSONAL BEAUTY.

BY A RETIRED DANDY.

PHILOSOPHERS reason about the beauty of ideas; poets rhyme themselves into extasies on the beauty of ideals; physicians dwell on the beauty of bones and arteries—lawyers on the beauty of fees—cockneys on the beauty of nature—fops on the beauty of clothes—aldermen on the beauty of turtle—divines on the beauty of holiness; but mankind loves the beauty of form, face and motion. Personal grace and comeliness have ever swayed in social circles, in spite of argument from ugly *savans*, and sarcasms from crook-nosed poets. There is an irresistible charm in a handsome face, which, in the end, conquers envy, melts stoicism, scatters sneers, and creeps into every heart. In gazing upon it, we feel it is right that a countenance should be agreeable to our inward ideas of loveliness; and we find no reason why men and women should ever be disfigured and meanly-faced. A fine countenance tells us what we would have become, had

we not been "cheated of features by dissembling nature." None but a fool or a fribble thinks of erecting the standard of beauty on the plain of his own ill-looking face.

The ambition for personal beauty is the strongest of all ambitions. In this matter, however, it would be better if men and women were contented with realities, and did not lavish so much time and money in concealing homeliness of feature and awkwardness of form. Such things are like murder—they will out, in spite of the most cunning disguises. Rouge, paste, corsets, hair-powders, curling-irons, are all very well as far as they go; but with the progress of intelligence, they have ceased to delude even the vernal and the humane. Artifice is ever suicidal. It oftener draws attention to defects which might have passed unnoticed, than conceals them. An uneasy consciousness of ill looks is worse than the worst ugliness. Far more pleasing is it to note those who possess the reality of homeliness with the imagination of comeliness. This class is large, being composed of persons who have become accustomed to their faces, and who are illustrations of the law of habit. We might suppose that those "poor humans" who adopt looking-glasses for companions, were persons easily satisfied—but the reverse is the case. They have grown so used to their own deformities, that they are never gruelled by any deviation from the line of beauty faithfully reflected from the mirror; yet no eyes are sharper to discern the facial impertinencies of friends, and no tongues louder in their exposure and ridicule. It is certainly a great "triumph of man over his accidents," when he can look into the glass without feeling the blood run into his face, or see his "shadow i' the sun" without a descant on his deformities. But the wind is generally tempered to the shorn lamb. Nature, when she is parsimonious of beauty, confers a sufficient quantity of self-esteem to counterbalance the deficiency.

Young ladies are commonly attracted by beauty more than talent; and there is nothing in this preference to provoke a gibe or flier. Hazlitt's bitter and bilious remarks on the fact are unphilosophical. A young man with bad features and good parts, who grumbles at the sex for preferring the companionship of some vapid water-fly to his own, is a good deal of a coxcomb himself. If he has brains, let him thank Heaven, and not launch his sneers at the girls. What miss of sixteen, with Thaddeus of Warsaw or Henry Pelham in her head, can listen with pleasure or patience to a brilliant aphorism from lips gifted with a tendency to the ears, or discern the fine frenzy in a squint eye? When she has arrived at the discreet age of thirty, and has failed to catch any Apollos in her nets, it will be time for her to cant a little about valuing mind more than beauty. A clumsy, hard-faced young gentleman, must not expect that fair eyes will beam benevolently on his visage, and rosy lips pour sentiment into his ears, because some College Professor has laid a patronizing hand on his noddle, and pronounced that therein were more brains and knowledge than nature usually deposits in such places. It is **not** the young and beautiful, but that numerous and interesting portion of the community known as ladies of a certain age, who spread their nets for Burkes and Johnsons. The facial deformities which shock the girl of eighteen, are unperceived by the old maid of thirty. The glancing rapiers with which she conducted the dazzling fence of the eyes, have been dimmed by the mists of time, and will soon rust in the scabbard of age. The vast, waste domain of Maidenhood, and the tiny-peopled land of Matrondom, are before her judgment for selection; and if she chooses the latter, she concludes that an intelligent husband would be a more pleasing companion than a handsome face. Old maids are generally the most intelligent of women. The intellect sharpens as

the affections decay. The wrinkle on the brow becomes a path whereon thought delights to travel.

If a man is to be homely, it is better that he should be so unmistakeably. Nothing is more to be deplored than a face or form which admits of free discussion. When a council of girls debate upon the features of an individual, and raise or answer objections to his claim for admittance among the Apollos, he is to be pitied. A man is ugly—that is said once, and nobody thinks of doubting or reiterating it. But a sleepy eye under a fine brow, or a fine complexion with a poor nose, or a delicately chiselled ear which the corner of the lips is in love with, is doomed to incessant annoyance. Even Byron did not escape. “He had a head which sculptors delighted to copy; and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.” This coquetry of beauty and ugliness, in man or woman, is the most galling of social disquietudes.

There are various tastes with respect to personal beauty. Some admire what others dislike. Red and white, equally diffused over a smooth face, commonly bears away the palm. A countenance, however, which appears shaped by the mind, is the most pleasing. The face of Miss Mitford, authoress of “Our Village,” is a delightful one, though it can hardly be called beautiful. She looks kind and bland, as if she were everybody’s mother.

The beauty which results more from the presence of the soul in the face, than from organization, is of two kinds—the beauty which arises from depth of feeling, and that which springs from quickness of sensibility. There is in the former a mystical charm, which blinds us to facial defects; and in the latter, there is too adroit and rapid a play of feature, to enable us to see the countenance in a state of repose. A young maiden whose face expresses depth of feeling, whose eyes are mirrors

of unfathomable thought, whose air betokens sentiment and meditation, is always viewed with a certain admiring veneration by persons of a poetic turn of mind, and with a certain fear by us dandies, active or retired. She possesses, I have been informed, that power which will beautify the humblest home with grace, intelligence and gentleness; she represents that spirit whose garner is filled with the

“harvest of a quiet eye,  
Which sleeps and broods on its own heart.”

Thoughtfulness is the atmosphere in which her soul moves. As a wife, she would sit

“Beside the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame;”

and as a girl, she is the poet's ideal—

“A modest maid, decked with a blush of honor,  
Who treads along green paths of youth and love,  
The wonder of all eyes that gaze upon her,  
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above.”

But beauties of the other class, that of quick sensibility, are the most fascinating in social life. Their companionship is intoxication to the mind. We are dazzled and bewitched by their swift vivacity and tingling laughter; and we sometimes look at their shoulders with the expectation of seeing wings fluttering there; for

“Their light and inexperienced mirth  
Is all too winged and too wild  
For sober earth.”

No man, beau or poetaster, can be insensible to beauties of this description. Their faces seem compounded of light and loveliness. Light not only flashes from their eyes, but it seems to shoot and stream from every nook

and corner of their countenances. Smiles and glances keep up a grand illumination of their features. Watch one of these beauties carefully, and you will sometimes see a glance leap gaily from one of her eyes, meet in the middle of her face a beam of sunshine from her lips, and in the encounter, both glance and beam will be shattered into countless coruscations, and scattered by a thousand avenues into the heart. Her eyes, indeed, seem to be drops of fire, or embodied and concentrated lightning. I have seen whole heaps of dandies slain in one short evening, by such perilous eyes. The voice of one of these beauties, too, has commonly a clear, merry, rapid ring, and comes flying and singing from her lips as if it had swallows' wings. And yet for all her fascination, the witch may not have personal beauty.

Men of genius have not been celebrated for beauty of person. It is rare that the brain of a Socrates or a Kant is deposited in the head of an Apollo. Among the Greeks, however, a nation who understood the science of personal beauty better than we, there were doubtless many authors whose faces corresponded to their minds. Plato was handsome, if we may believe tradition. Indeed, had his face any flexibility, beauty must have flowed into it from his mind. Sophocles was the most fortunate poet that ever lived, in being the handsomest person of his time, and the greatest tragic writer of his country. But he was a sad rake, as handsome men of genius are apt to be. Byron's face was beautiful, but Simon Pure was not Byron's ideal of a man. Wycherly was a good-looking scoundrel. Milton, again, was good as well as beautiful. Shelley's face was one of great spiritual beauty. It seems like inspiration taking form. It would be impossible to enumerate the great men who have had ugly mugs. The longest list would poorly comprehend a portion of the whole.

Beauty!—what a throng of associations, historical and psychological, sweep through the brain, at the mere mention of that kindling word! From the war of Troy down to the contests of the dandies, from Agamemnon to Beau Brummel, the annals of the race testify to its influence upon the world's affairs. It has overthrown hearts and empires, been the inspiration of the boldest deeds and finest imaginations, and conducted its worshippers to all heights of virtue and all depths of crime. It has conquered the world's conquerors. It has placed absolute power in the weakest and frailest hands. Pride, passion, glory, ambition, dandyism, have all bowed meekly to its dominion. All who are destitute of it are in Touchstone's "parlous state." All of us therefore who are homely, had better keep at home, and keep out of the way of mirrors. Those who fondly cling to the self-deception of beauty, must pay the biting penalty of presumption. If they place their portraits in picture-galleries, instead of keeping their faces to themselves, they must expect to be the target for sarcasm. The more humble will be contented with the philosophy of the poet:

"I love sweet features : I must own  
That I would like myself  
To see my picture in a frame,  
Or bust upon a shelf ;  
But nature oftentimes makes us up  
Of such sad odds and ends,  
I think 't were really quite as well  
Hushed up among one's friends."

---

**COXCOMBS.**—It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature, in her whole drama, never drew such a part: she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

BYRON'S "SPIRIT."

BY THE EDITOR.

---

"Be ours to view him when his living lyre  
Felt Nature's passion, not his own, inspire."

---

It is said that Byron wrote  
Under ~~orn~~ exhilaration.  
Grant he did—does that promote,  
Reptile spirit, thy salvation?  
Does there not remain the proof  
That the Muse, if he had sought her,  
Would have bid him stand aloof,  
After quaffing Albion water?

Did he try the other side?  
He has not professed it, hath he?  
No one says he ever tried,  
Ever heard of Hydropathy.  
I admit he drank the gin—  
And the proof, as *prima facie*;  
But 't was something more than sin  
Made his verse so fine and racy.

Probe the matter more in full:  
If 't was gin that made his glory,  
Why are Yankee sots so dull,  
Staggering on to purgatory?  
I have seen them drink, and swing—  
Cross to balance—proudly vaunting—  
And I've sometimes heard them *sing*;  
But their "Don Juans" were wanting.

Did you more than make him blue,  
Serpent Gin—and not a Poet—  
While he soared in spite of you?  
Let your bottle-reasoners show it.



Oh! the Angel in his soul—  
She who has all heaven in her!  
She it was—and not the bowl—  
Made him great, although a sinner.

Let the truth sink deep in us,  
Whether high or low our station—  
Sin of Genius is the curse,  
Never is its inspiration;  
That the noblest form of Love,  
That the very heart of Beauty,  
On the green earth, stars above,  
Is the LOVE OF TRUTH AND DUTY.

---

## GREAT IDEAS FREE TO ALL MEN.

FROM WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE worth and power of the great Ideas which exalt the mind, cannot be exaggerated. They are the mightiest influences on earth. One great thought breathed into a man, may regenerate him. The idea of Freedom in ancient and modern republics, the idea of Inspiration in various religious sects, the idea of Immortality, how have these triumphed over worldly interests! How many heroes and martyrs have they formed! Great ideas are mightier than the passions. To awaken them is the highest office of education. As yet it has been little thought of. The education of the mass of the people has consisted in giving them mechanical habits, in breaking them to current usages and modes of thinking, in teaching religion and morality as traditions. It is time that a rational culture should take the place of the mechanical; that men should learn to

act more from ideas and principles, and less from blind impulse and undiscerning imitation.

Am I here met by the constantly recurring objection, that such great thoughts as have been alluded to, are not to be expected in the multitude of men, whose means of culture are so confined? Without replying fully to this difficulty now, I wish to state a fact, or law of our nature, very cheering to those who, with few means, still pant for generous improvement. It is this, that great ideas come to us no less from outward, direct, laborious teaching, than from indirect influences, and from the native working of our own mind; so that those, who want the outward apparatus for extensive learning, are not cut off from them. Thus laborious teachers may instruct us for years in God, and virtue, and the soul, and we may remain nearly as ignorant of them as at the beginning; whilst a look, a tone, an act of a fellow creature, who is kindled by a grand thought, and who is thrown in our path at some susceptible season of life, will do much to awaken and expand this thought within us. It is a matter of experience, that the greatest ideas often come to us, when right-minded, we know not how. They flash on us as lights from heaven. A man seriously given to the culture of his mind in virtue and truth, finds himself under better teaching than that of man. Revelations of his own soul, of God's intimate presence, of the grandeur of the creation, of the glory of disinterestedness, of the deformity of wrong-doing, of the dignity of universal justice, of the might of moral principle, of the immutableness of truth, of immortality, and of the inward sources of happiness; these revelations, awakening a thirst for something higher than he is or has, come of themselves to a humble, self-improving man. Sometimes a common scene in nature, one of the common relations of life, will open itself to us with a brightness and pregnancy of meaning unknown before. Sometimes a thought of this kind forms an era in life. It changes the

whole future course. It is a new creation. And these great ideas are not confined to men of any class. They are communications of the Infinite Mind to all minds which are open to their reception ; and labor is a far better condition for their reception than luxurious or fashionable life. It is even better than a studious life, when this fosters vanity, pride, and the spirit of jealous competition. A childlike simplicity attracts these revelations more than a selfish culture of intellect, however far extended.

Perhaps a caution should be added to these suggestions. In speaking of great ideas, as sometimes springing up of themselves, as sudden illuminations, I have no thought of teaching that we are to wait for them passively, or to give up our minds unthinkingly to their control. We must prepare ourselves for them by faithfulness to our own powers, by availing ourselves of all means of culture within our reach ; and what is more, these illuminations, if they come, are not distinct, complete, perfect views, but glimpses, suggestions, flashes, given us, like all notices and impressions from the outward world, to be thought upon, to be made subjects of patient reflection, to be brought, by our own intellect and activity, into their true connection with all our other thoughts. A great idea, without reflection, may dazzle and bewilder, may destroy the balance and proportion of the mind, and impel to dangerous excess. It is to awaken the free, earnest exertion of our powers, to rouse us from passiveness to activity and life, that inward inspiration, and the teachings of outward nature, are accorded to the mind.

---

THE mind loves to be taxed. If you treat men as infants forever, they will be infants forever.—BEECHER.

## LOOK UPWARD.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

O, WHEN the world's cold face away is turned ;  
When dim have grown the altar-fires, that burned  
In the young heart so freshly ; when the soul  
Is fainting 'neath the waves that o'er it roll ;  
When the green bowers of youthful hope have grown  
Leafless and silent, cheerless, cold and lone ;  
When love is dying in the very heart  
That cherished it with such a tender art ;  
When beauty's dream is faded, and its light  
Is quenched, as in a sad and starless night ;  
O, then look upward !—that a cheering ray  
Sent from the fountain of angelic day,  
May reach thine eye, and in thy heart restore  
The sunlight of thy joys, to fade no more ;  
While a celestial peace shall o'er thee steal,  
Thy cares release, and thy tear-fountains seal.  
Touched with immortal vigor by that beam,  
Thou shalt awake as from a death-like dream ;  
And short and easy then will be thy way,  
Cheered by the glow of heaven-illuminated day :  
Although through deserts, parched and drear, it lie,  
Bright flowers shall wake to bloom before thine eye ;  
Springs break forth at thy feet ; and thou shalt hear  
An angel's voice soft-whispering in thine ear—  
Look heavenward still ! and learn that thence alone,  
From Him who sits on Truth's resplendent throne,  
Can come life's real blessedness ; and know,  
That not on trees of earthly planting grow  
Fruits that can nourish thy immortal part,  
And fill with lasting joy thy void and aching heart.

## KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

FROM LEONARD WITHINGTON.

JUST one mile, two furlongs and seven rods from my grandfather's house, on a sightly hill called Mount Pleasant, stood the abode of JONATHAN OLDBUG, my father, in whose spacious but decaying mansion I spent part of my time; for I would not have the reader imagine, that my parents were always so negligent as to leave me perpetually to write rebuses with my uncle Gideon, or to eat turn-overs from the hand of my aunt Hannah.

My father was a tall, stately man; with one good coat, which he kept to wear to meeting; one decent pair of shoes, which lasted, in my memory, seven years; one cotton shirt, with a linen collar to it—and he was sometimes compelled to lie in bed, in order that it might be washed. He dwelt in a large house, whose exterior, though not splendid, was much preferable to some of the rooms within. It was surrounded with a white fence, with some of the parts broken down; a front gate swung upon one hinge; several of the window panes were broken; on two of the front windows hung two shattered blinds, which had once been green; and before the house, as you entered the garden, grew two spacious lime trees, forming a grateful shade. As you entered the house, you came to a large, massy, oak door, big enough to be the gate of a castle, with an iron knocker on it, shaped for a lion, but looking more like a dog: and having entered the building, you saw a front entry, the paper torn and colored by the rain; on your left hand was one room covered with a carpet, containing an eight-day clock, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and telling the age of the moon; the other furniture passable; but the rest of the rooms in a condition which I blush to name. There, in this stately

mansion, dwelt my venerable sire, who might justly be denominated a *poor gentleman*; that is, he was a *gentleman* in his own estimation, and *poor* in the esteem of everybody else.

My father was a man of expedients; and had spent his whole life, and exhausted all his ingenuity, in that adroit presentation of pretences, which, in common speech, is called keeping up appearances. In this art he was really skilful; and I often suspected then, and have really concluded since, that if he had turned half the talent to procuring an honest livelihood, which he used to slobber over his ill-dissembled poverty, it would have been better for his soul and body both. He was a man that never told a lie, unless it was *to keep up appearances*.

I hope that none of my readers have been reduced to the miserable necessity of tying up their pantaloons with pack-thread, instead of lawful suspenders; of using a remnant of a pillow-case for a pocket-handkerchief; of sticking a bur on their rent stocking to cover up a hole; and after slitting their worn pantaloons on the knee, when they had got half way to meeting on the Sabbath, of being obliged to tie a pretended pocket-handkerchief over a pretended wound, seeming to be lame, and perhaps before they had walked ten rods, forgetting in which leg the lameness was seated. No, these are the incommunicable sorrows of me, of me the sad hero of a sad family—the prince and heir-apparent to the ragged generation. To me, and to me alone, was reserved the awful destiny of being invited to a party, where were to assemble the first beauties of a country village, not daring to go until evening, lest the light of heaven should expose a thread-bare coat; having no clean shirt—not even a dicky which had not been worn ten times—supplying its place with a piece of writing paper—afraid to turn my head, lest the paper should rattle or be displaced—and then, just as I was exulting in the hope that the stratagems

to be surveyor of the highways, that he might mend it for the public convenience, at the public expense. He was disappointed; and old Mr. Slider, his rival and enemy, was put into the office—who suffered the bridge to remain unrepaired, with the ungenerous sarcasm, that a man who lived in such a shattered house, might well endure to ride over a rotten bridge. There was a militia company, and my father was expecting to be chosen captain, especially as he had been in the revolutionary army, and had actually spoken to General Washington. But, at the age of forty-one, they chose him orderly sergeant, which office my father refused, declaring, with much spitting and sputtering, that he would never serve his ungrateful country again. Thus closed his military honors; and he was reduced to the necessity of finding the post of virtue in a private station.

I have heard that the only way to cure ambition, is to starve it to death; and all the world seemed to combine to remove my father's favorite passion by that unwelcome medicine. Once we had determined to have a large party at our house, and we desired to get it up in our very best style. We had invited all the grandees of Bundleborough; Esquire Wilson, and his one-eyed daughter—Mrs. Butterfly, a retired milliner—Mrs. Redrose, a jolly widow—Mr. Wallflower, a broken merchant—and Captain Casket, supposed to be a pensioner on the King of Great Britain. We had raked and scraped, and twisted and turned, to procure all the money we could. My mother had sold pickled mangoes—I was sent to pick up mushrooms in the great pasture—my father disposed of about two tons of old salt hay, the remaining wheel of an old ox-cart, all his pumpkins and turnips, and about half of his Indian corn—to make up the sum of fifteen dollars, thirty-seven and a half cents, with which we were to shine out, for one evening at least, in all the peacock feathers with which ingenious poverty could cover its hide-bound,

frost-bitten, hunger-wasted frame. We sent for all the china and glass we could beg or borrow: and Mr. Planewell, the carpenter, was summoned to repair our front gate, set up the fence, and new-lay the step before the front door; but, as there was very little prospect of his ever being paid, he could not come. Two of the legs of our dining table were broken, and I was ordered to glue them; but failing in that, I remember I tied them together with a piece of fish-line, which was to be concealed by the depending table-cloth. The table-cloth itself was of the finest and nicest damask; though unluckily, there was a thin spot in the middle of it, almost verging to a hole—but this we could conceal by the mat on which we laid the great dish in the centre. My mother had spent the previous week in preparation, keeping the whole house in confusion; washing, scouring, cleaning—adjusting the best chamber, where the ladies were to take off their bonnets—mending the carpet, and polishing the shovel and tongs: and I must confess, considering her means, she put things in tolerable order. An old decrepit negro woman, by the name of Joice, who had formerly waited on parties, but was now nearly superannuated, was to come and assist us; it having been stipulated that she should have the fragments of the feast for her pay. The evening came; the company assembled; our old barn-lantern, with one broken and three cracked glasses, was hung up in the entry for an introductory light; our turkey, our chickens, our jellies, and our cards, were prepared. Joice was busy, my mother was directing, and all were happy. But let no man hereafter pronounce an evening blessed, before the hour of supper has closed. Joice had complained already that she wanted *things to do with*; and on the narrow table in the kitchen, she had overturned a lamp, and oiled the bottom of the great dish, on which the turkey was to be presented on the supper table. It became slippery, her fingers were slippery, and she was half blind.



As she came waddling into the supper room, with the treasures of her cookery, she stumbled, and struck the poor spliced legs of our dining table. My patchwork gave way; down went the table, dishes and sauces, on the ladies' gowns; down went poor Joice in the midst of them; my fish-line was revealed; the torn place in the table-cloth was seen, torn still more disastrously: my father looked aghast, my mother was in tears, and the whole company were in confusion. My father, however, tried to jump out of his condition, like a cat out of a corner. "Plague take Mr. Hardwood, our cabinet-maker; I had just ordered a new table, but he never sends home his work in time!" In saying this, I can bear witness that my honored father did not tell a lie: he told just half the truth. He *had* ordered a new table, and Mr. Hardwood had *not* sent it to us in time; but then he distinctly told my father the reason—and that was, he should not send it, until he settled off the old score.

"O poverty, poverty!" says Cervantes, "a man must have a great share of the grace of God, who can bring himself to be contented with thee. Why dost thou choose to pinch gentlemen?" Yes, I must allow, poverty is bad enough; but not so terrible when it comes alone. It may then bring peace and resignation by its side, and even lead contentment and virtue in its train. In such cases, it is probation, instruction, wisdom, improvement, religion. The great and good, in all ages, have submitted to it; and suffering heroes have sometimes made it their boast and glory. But Heaven defend me and the souls of all my tribe, from the mingled horrors of pride and poverty, when they come upon us together! In the language of our own Wigglesworth, I may say—

It is a main great ocean  
Withouten bank or bound;  
A deep abyss, wherein there is  
No bottom to be found.

## ROUSE TO SOME NOBLE WORK.

FROM CARLOS WILCOX.

[A Poem that may be read with profit and delight, any number of times.]

---

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—  
’Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,  
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night  
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours  
To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;  
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;  
An angel’s wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit  
To light on man as from the passing air ;  
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,  
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;  
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers  
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,  
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers  
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given  
To them that idly worship hills and groves,  
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven ?  
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,  
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves ?  
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,  
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves ?  
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,  
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear  
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim  
Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not hear  
From other lips, without a blush of shame,  
Or pride indignant ; then be thine the blame,  
And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist  
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;  
'T is infamy to die and not be missed,  
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—  
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;  
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

## ABOLITION REASONS FOR DISUNION.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[A Reply to appear in our next Number.]

THE youngest of us can remember the time when it was thought an offence next door to treason, to calculate the value of the Union. Of late years, there are many who not only calculate its value, but openly declare that they would rather part with it than sanction the evil it upholds. Foremost among these are the Abolitionists. Disunion has been by no means a rare word in our history. Disappointed ambition has often, for a moment, longed for separate confederacies, in which there would be more Presidential chairs than one. Parties, in the hour of defeat, have talked of revolution, when revolution was their only chance of success. And sometimes even a State, thwarted in a favorite purpose, has seemed ready to shoot madly from its sphere. But the Abolitionists are the only men who have ever, calmly, soberly and from mature conviction, proclaimed at the outset their purpose to seek the Dissolution of this American Union: and this from no bitterness of personal or party disappointment, but solely at the bidding of principle, and from a sense of duty.

Their opponents, unable to deny the purity and disinterestedness of their motives, have sought to make the people insensible to the weight of their arguments, by representing them as opposed to all government. "These men," say they, "hate the Union, because they would do away with all law. They are no-government men, and non-resistants."

The logic which infers that because a man thinks the Federal Government bad, he must necessarily think all governments so, has at least the merit and the charm of novelty. There is a spice of arrogance perceptible in concluding the Constitution of these United States to be so perfect, that any one who dislikes it could never be satisfied with any form of government whatever!

The Abolitionist is not opposed to government, but to this government, *based upon and acting for slavery*. We proceed to point out some of the reasons which compel him to oppose it.

"Instinct is a great matter," says Shakspeare: and it is remarkable how instinctively every anti-slavery movement, for the last fifty years, has found itself arrayed against the Union; and how instinctively, also, every such movement has been branded by the South as treasonable. Both tendencies were right. The Abolitionist finds no readier foe, no greater obstacle, than the Union: and the lover of the Constitution of 1789 knows that Slavery and the Constitution will die together. All anti-slavery men have *felt* this—most of them without being fully conscious of it. But the merit and glory of the American Anti-Slavery Society have been, that they have plainly seen, and as frankly confessed, that their warfare is with the AMERICAN UNION, and that they expect success only in its downfall.

We seek the dissolution of the Union, because the inhabitants of a country must either support or oppose the Government. They cannot be neutral. Their silence is sanction. But this Government we cannot support, because it requires of its citizens things which no honest man can do; and because its chief result has been, to give greater stability, strength and extension to the slave system.

Every legislative, executive and judicial officer, both of the state and national Governments, before entering on

the performance of his duties, takes an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States. Every voter, who sends his fellow citizen into office as his representative, knowing beforehand that the taking of this oath is the first duty his agent will have to perform, does, by his vote, request and authorize him so to do. He, therefore, by voting, impliedly engages to support the Constitution. What one does by another, he does himself. Now the Constitution contains the following clauses :

ART. 1, SECT. 2. "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers ; which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, *three fifths of all other persons.*"

ART. 1, SECT. 8. Congress shall have power \* \* \* to suppress insurrections."

ART. 4, SECT. 2. "No person, held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor ; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

ART. 4, SECT. 4. "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government ; and shall protect each of them against invasion ; and, on application of the legislature, or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened,) *against domestic violence.*"

The first of these clauses, relating to representation, gives to every inhabitant of Carolina, provided he is rich enough to hold five slaves, equal weight in the government with four inhabitants of Massachusetts—and accordingly confers on a slave-holding community additional political power for every slave held among them ; thus tempting them to continue to uphold the system.

Its results have been, in the language of John Quincy Adams, to enable "a knot of slaveholders to give the law and prescribe the policy of the country;" so that "since 1830, slavery, slave-holding, slave-breeding and slave-trading, have formed the whole foundation of the policy of the Federal Government." The second and the last articles, relating to insurrection and domestic violence—perfectly innocent themselves, yet, being made with the fact directly in view that slavery exists among us—do deliberately pledge the whole national force against the unhappy slave, if he imitate our fathers and resist oppression; thus making us partners in the guilt of sustaining slavery. The third is a promise, on the part of the whole North, to return fugitive slaves to their masters; a deed which God's law expressly condemns, and which every noble feeling of our nature repudiates with loathing and contempt.

These are the clauses which the abolitionist who votes or takes office, engages to uphold. While he considers slave-holding to be sin, he still rewards the master with additional political power for every additional slave that he can purchase. Thinking slave-holding to be sin, he pledges to the master the aid of the whole army and navy of the nation to reduce his slave again to chains, should he at any time succeed a moment in throwing them off. Thinking slave-holding to be sin, he goes on, year after year, appointing by his vote judges and marshals to aid in hunting up the fugitives, and seeing that they are delivered back to those who claim them! How beautifully consistent are his principles and his promises! Surely he ought not to lift a finger in support of the Constitution of the United States.

But for the fear of Northern bayonets, pledged for the master's protection, the slaves would long since have wrung a peaceful emancipation from the fears of their oppressors, or sealed their own redemption in blood.

But for the countenance of the Northern church, the Southern conscience would long since have awakened to its guilt; and the impious sight of a church made up of slave-holders, and called the church of Christ, been scouted from the world.

But for the weight of Northern influence, Louisiana had never been bought, and then there never would have been a domestic slave trade; Texas had never been stolen, nor the Floridas usurped; nor any means of ease found for the serpent which, girdled with the fire of the world's scorn, was dying by its own sting.

The North supplies the ranks of the army. Witness the muster-rolls of the Revolution, when Massachusetts furnished more troops than the six Southern states together: witness Randolph's taunt, that all the South meant to do was to furnish *officers*: witness South Carolina's excuse in 1779, that her sons dared not quit home for the war, and leave their slaves behind: witness the South-Western press just now, dissuading from too free volunteering for the Texan war, for fear the slaves should seize the opportunity, and rise. Yet it was National troops, thus drafted, which put down the insurrection of Nat. Turner: National troops secured the Floridas, thus snatching from the over-stung sufferers of Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas, their only refuge from our Vulture's talons: National troops cover Texas, without which, Mr. Secretary Upshur told the world, the institution of Slavery would not live there ten years.

To our shame, the South confesses that to us she "is indebted for a permanent safeguard against insurrection: that the dissolution of the Union is the dissolution of Slavery: that a million of slaves are ready to rise at the first tap of the drum—and, but for us, where is she to look for protection?" We are no advocates for supporting the slave in insurrection; but we loathe still more the supporting of the master in his tyranny. "Hands off," is the Anglo-



Saxon motto. Let both parties have fair play ; and then if the master, in his fear of blood, grants the slave his freedom, go home and blush to think how many years your guilty partnership has encouraged him to refuse this justice.

We seek the dissolution of the Union, because the temptation of Southern support is too much for Northern virtue, either in church or state. Hence the ambition of the great sects hastens to strike hands with the slave-trader, and trims its creed to suit the market : while Northern statesmanship is but a competition in baseness—a bidding for the town's poor—a trial of which party will be content with least for betraying their constituents.

We curse the Constitution of 1789, because it is a cunning device to evade the laws of God ; a policy of insurance which the North gave her Southern sisters when they started on this mutual slave voyage. For Nature compels to freedom by making slavery burn up the soil on which she rests ; and the slave grows burdensome as free labor presses on his heels. But the Union says to Virginia, " Not so ; when your virgin soil is exhausted, raise men instead of tobacco, and we will protect the domestic market by that highest of all tariffs—the penalty of death against the foreign trader." But for this compromise, the whole Atlantic border would now be free.

God and Nature have made the master tremble lest his property in man take feet and vanish. The Union gives him her marshals and courts, her judges and laws, her army and navy, to quiet his fears, and bring back the fugitive, if found where the National Vulture flaps his wings.

Of this Constitution it is enough for us to know that, beneath it, the slaves have trebled in numbers, and slave-holders have monopolized the offices and dictated the policy of the Government ; prostituting the strength of the nation to the support of Slavery here and elsewhere ;

trampling on the rights of the Free States, and making the courts of the country their tools. We have the highest authority for "judging a tree by its fruits." "The preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of Slavery," says Adams, "is the VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT of the National Government." Our connection with the Slave States has kept the colored race among us under the ban of a cruel and wasting prejudice.

Beneath the Stars and Stripes, the slave pirate finds shelter from the vengeance of Christendom. And this very hour, the Slave Power, trampling under foot the spirit of the age and the remonstrances of the Free States, and scorning to observe even the forms of the Constitution, is using the whole force of the Nation for the acquisition of more territory, in order to blast it anew with the curse of Slavery, from which the higher civilization of another race and another faith had just redeemed it.

Let no one say, these things need not have been, and we may reasonably hope for better times to come. Not so. We shall never launch on another era with a more glowing love of liberty and justice than that which pervaded the Nation's mind at the close of the Revolution. We shall never try the experiment of letting Freedom, with fettered feet, run a race with Slavery, furnished with wings, under better auspices than while the spirit of Wythe and Jefferson made Virginia tremble for her right to crush and kill; while Jay covered New York with his angel wings, and Samuel Adams thundered in Faneuil Hall. All that *political man* could do, chained to the compromises of 1789, has been done: and where is the statesman vain enough to ask our confidence in trying over again the experiment, in which Jay and King, Ellsworth and Strong, Martin and Wythe, Adams and Ames, have failed?

No matter what we may think of the character or of the provisions of the Constitution; there are always *beneath*

*the parchment*, elements of political strength and activity which overrule statutes ; and these elements have been found such, in a trial of fifty years, that if you run your eye over the list of Northern statesmen, you will find them all either members of a defeated party or traitors ;—men who won success only by submitting to a baptism of treason—treason to their lineage, to their own principles, and to their birth-place ; who have lived only by speaking at Washington what they feared to say at home, and by whispering at home what they dared not meet at Washington—and whose political death has dated from the day when they were equally well known in both places. Witness Shaw of Lanesboro', Webster of Marshfield, Van Buren of Kinderhook, and Everett of Cambridge.

We abjure the Union, because we will not sail with Slavery at the helm ;—because our bayonets shall never shield the hearth, wife, or child, of any man, in order that he may safely trade in human flesh ;—because our hands shall never thrust back into hell the trembling fugitive, whom our example and the sight of our happiness has tempted to run from it ;—and finally, because we believe that if the old men of 1776 could now lift up their heads and see the ruin they have wrought, they would curse us as bastards, if we did not do them the justice to believe they would have hated such a result, and if we did not do our utmost, in mere justice to them, to blot from history the memory of this, their only, but, alas ! their momentous folly or crime.

---

OUR country has a gospel of her own  
To preach and practise before all the world—  
The freedom and divinity of man,  
The glorious claims of human brotherhood.—LOWELL.

## A HINT ON STREET MANNERS.

FROM O. W. HOLMES.

THOUGH books on Manners are not out of print,  
An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,  
To spin your wordy fabric in the street ;  
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,  
The fiend Lumbago jumps upon his back.

Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale  
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale :  
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,  
And the rude office that insures his life.

Look in his face, to meet thy neighbor's soul,  
Not on his garments to detect a hole :  
"How to observe," is what thy pages show,  
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau !  
O, what a precious book the one would be,  
That taught observers what they're *not* to see !

I tell in verse—'t were better done in prose—  
One curious trick that everybody knows ;  
Once form this habit, and it's very strange  
How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.  
Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,  
Who meet, like others, every little while,  
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,  
And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"  
Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,  
But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,  
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,  
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand ;  
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,  
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck ;  
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased  
To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed ;  
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,  
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go !

## ABRIDGMENT OF THE HOURS OF BUSINESS.

FROM THOMAS DICK.

ONE great objection to the prosecution of knowledge and general improvement, is founded on the fact that the bulk of mankind have not sufficient leisure from their daily avocations, for such purposes. This is partly true in regard to merchants' clerks, haberdashers, grocers, apothecaries, and their apprentices and shopmen, and those employed in spinning-mills and several other manufactories. In these cases, shops are kept open, and persons employed, from six in the morning till eight, and even till ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. But there is no necessity, in order to carry on the business of life, that such long hours of labor and attendance on shops should be imposed either on masters or servants. All the business usually carried on in shops and manufactories could be transacted, without inconvenience to any party, between the hours of seven or eight in the morning and six in the evening, if proper arrangements were made for that purpose. When once the public is aware that certain shops are shut up at a particular hour, every one would endeavor to supply himself with the articles he required from such shops, before that hour arrived; and though they were to be kept open till twelve at midnight, or one in the morning, we know, from experience, that certain individuals would postpone their purchases, till these hours had nearly arrived. In order to prevent any inconvenience to society, by the shops of bakers, grocers, apothecaries, or others, being closed at an early hour, an arrangement might be made to have one shop of every class kept open to a later hour, in every street or district of a town, so that, on any unforeseen emergency,

articles of provisions, groceries, medicines, &c., might be procured. Every shopkeeper of this description would, of course, have his turn, in succession, of keeping open his shop during these extra hours, and of reaping, in rotation, the additional profits that might accrue, so that, in the course of a year or less, all would find themselves on an equal footing in regard to the quantity of business transacted, and the advantages gained, by keeping open in rotation their shops till later hours.

There is nothing to hinder the immediate adoption of such arrangements, but that spirit of jealousy which prevails too much among persons of the same profession, and which prevents a friendly intercourse among them for concerting measures for the good of the whole. A few obstinate and selfish characters, in the spirit of contradiction, would, doubtless, set themselves in opposition to such regulations; but as their sordid and avaricious views would be apparent to every one, they would soon be despised and deserted by the respectable portion of the community, and would suffer the natural consequences which almost invariably flow from selfishness and avarice. There is no man who, in such a case, sets himself in opposition to the general good of a community, that ought to be regarded as a Christian; as such conduct is directly opposed to the precept which enjoins us "to love our neighbor as ourselves," and "to look not merely on our own things, but also on the things of others." Such an arrangement, while it could be injurious to none, would be highly beneficial to all. It would afford leisure for public, private, and domestic intercourse—for attending philanthropic associations, or lectures on any branch of useful knowledge—for improving their minds in wisdom and virtue—for instructing their children, and enjoying the sweets of domestic intercourse—and for taking an active part in all those schemes which tend to promote the best interests of society. In

particular, it would afford an opportunity to merchants' clerks, shopmen, apprentices, and others, of attending societies, lectures, schools, or other seminaries of instruction, for improving both their intellectual and moral powers—for want of which opportunities many young persons of this description rise up to manhood in comparative ignorance, and easily slide into the paths of folly and intemperance. But before such an arrangement is effected, it would be requisite that seminaries be established, for promoting the instruction of the classes to which I allude, so that their evening hours may not be spent in sloth or licentiousness. In regard to weavers, masons, tailors, carpenters, mill-spinners, and common laborers, eight hours a day employed in labor, instead of ten or eleven, might be sufficient for all the purposes of society. Since the invention of modern machinery, a much greater quantity of labor than formerly can be effected in the same time. It appears to me that the Governor of the world, in permitting such inventions for facilitating the process of manufactures, evidently intends thereby that the period of human labor should be abridged, in order to afford scope to all classes of society for mental, moral, and religious improvement, and in order to prepare the way for that period, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth." It ought, therefore, to be considered as a misapplication of machinery when it is employed chiefly for the purpose of enriching and aggrandizing a few individuals, while the mechanic and laborer are deprived both of the physical and moral advantages which it was intended to produce.

---

To be satisfied with a moderate fortune, is perhaps the highest test and best proof of philosophy.—Droz.

## CARLYLE'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

THE New York Tribune publishes, from the original manuscript, a letter of Mr. Carlyle to a young relative of his, (now in New York.) on the writing of poetry. Believing, with the Editor of the Tribune, that our country, even more than that of the distinguished author of the letter, "has many thousands of sanguine youth, who need precisely the counsel given in this letter, and who will hear and heed it from him sooner than from any other," we offer it to the perusal of our readers. We do not wish, however, to be considered as adopting any of the author's views which may seem to militate against the evident truth that poetry is one of the highest and most useful gifts of intellect, and worthy of receiving all the cultivation which can be devoted to it, consistently with the practical duties of life.

CHelsea, FEB. 21, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN:—I have looked over your verses, and am well pleased to observe that you possess an intelligent mind, an open, affectionate heart, and are heartily disposed to do what you can for instructing and unfolding yourself. My very sincere wish is, that these good qualities may be well turned to account, and help to make you a useful man and an effectual "doer of your work" in this world.

There can be no harm in amusing your leisure with verses, if you find it an amusement; but certainly I would by no means recommend you to prosecute it in any way as an employment, for in that sense I think it can turn to nothing but an obstruction and a disappointment. Verse-writing, notwithstanding all the talk you hear about it, is in almost all cases a totally idle affair: a man was *not* sent into this world to write verses—no! If he finds himself called to speak, let him *speak*, manfully, some "words of truth and soberness," and, in general, leave the *singing* and verse-making part of it, till the very last extremity of some inward or outward call drive him irresistibly thither. Nay, in these times, I observe there is less and less attention paid to things in verse; and serious persons everywhere find themselves disposed to hear what a man has to say *the shortest way and the directest*—that is to say, disencumbered of rhyme. I, for my share, am well content with *this* tendency of the world.



If you will prosecute the cultivation of your speculative faculties, which surely is highly laudable in all men, then I should think it would be a much likelier method that you addicted yourself to acquiring real information about the things that exist around you in this world, and that have existed here : this surely must be the basis of all good results in the way of thought, speech or speculation for a man. In a word, I would have you employ your leisure in reading instructive books, conversing with intelligent men, anxiously seeking out such, anxiously endeavoring to render yourself worthy of such. In Hawick there must be some public library—perhaps there are several. I would have you struggle to get admittance to one of these : perhaps that is not impossible for you. To read even a few good books, above all to read them *well*, this is the clear way toward spiritual advancement—a way that will become always the clearer, too, the farther one steadfastly perseveres in it.

But on the whole, it should always be kept in mind that a man's faculty is not given him, in the long run, for *speculation* ; that no man's faculty is so given him. The *harmony of soul* which would fain utter itself from you in rhymed verses—how much nobler to make it utter itself in rhymed conduct ! in excellent, manful endeavor to subdue the ruggedness of your life under your feet, and everywhere make order reign around you of what is disorder ! This is a task all men are born to ; and all other tasks are either nothing, or else branches of this.

Whether these hurried words will have any light for you at present, I know not ; but, if my wishes could avail, you should not want for guidance. Yours, very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

---

VALUE OF SPARE MOMENTS.—It is hardly credible what acquisitions in knowledge one may make, by carefully husbanding and properly applying every spare moment.—BURGH.

THE NEW ENGLISH ALPHABET.

---

To the Editor of the Young American's Magazine.

THOUGH I have probably had as little good reason to complain of the uncouthness and inconsistency of our English orthography as any one, having been able to obtain a tolerable degree of familiarity with its intricacies, without the usual discipline of school and spelling-book study, I have never been insensible to its great defects, and have much wished they could be somehow amended. When I first heard of Phonography, I regarded it with skepticism; partly because I suspected it to be one of the humbugs so common in our days, and partly because I had little reason to believe that, however great its merits might be, it could actually come into practical use. An inspection of the Phonographic short-hand, in the first place, convinced me that it was founded upon a more correct and philosophical analysis of the sounds of our language than I had ever before seen published. And experiment, furthermore, seems to afford some proof of the actual possibility of an orthographical reform. So far, so good.

Now, though it may be easy for those to find fault, who have little ability to produce remedies, it may not be without use to find fault. The Phonotypic system of characters, which have been adopted, I cannot feel so well pleased with, as with the scientific principles on which the plan is founded. The forms of the characters are such, that I feel unwilling, as yet, to see them established as the regular English alphabet. The main objection, in my view, is this: that in several instances, characters having different sounds are almost the same in form—differing by little more than a single turn of an unimportant stroke. Thus, for instance, there are *three* dotted *i*'s only differing by the shape of the bottom of the letter; two or three *w*'s and *o*'s, but slightly differing in shape from each other; and a *t* and *th* character, with much less difference in the looks than there is in the sound which they are intended to express. Now, to my view, these things are defects, which not only make it indistinct to the eye, but give it the appearance of a patchwork

alphabet. They are defects, too, which I believe might have been, and perhaps may yet be, easily remedied, so that every distinct sound should have a distinct and intelligibly different character. If such characters have been adopted merely to facilitate reading, by making the new letter suggest an idea of the old one which it displaces, the gain must certainly be too little for what appears to be so great a sacrifice of beauty and utility. If simplicity of character were sought, it could certainly be attained in a more successful way than by placing additional marks upon old forms of letters. In short, easy as the process of learning to read is said to be, by the new system, I certainly believe it could be made still more easy, by the adoption of more distinctly different and simple characters. The excellent and beautiful analysis of the language on which this reform is founded, is too valuable to be smothered in a confusion of alphabetical signs.

If, however, prejudice should have blinded my eyes to any of the real advantages of the new alphabet, or made me inordinately sensitive to its blemishes, I would thankfully receive correction from those who have taken the responsibility of recommending and propagating it.

Since writing the above, I have noticed, in the *Anglo Saxon*, some discussion of the principles of the Orthographical Reform, from which it appears that its English and American friends differ somewhat in their alphabets. The latter seem fully aware of the difficulty of their undertaking, and do not expect to arrive at once at perfection. They are however determined to go on with their work, though their plan be as yet imperfect; trusting that experience in its practice will be the best means of learning how to improve it, and that at some future time, "when the evidence is all in," the whole subject will undergo a rigid examination, for the settlement of its details, by competent scientific persons. Messrs. Andrews and Boyle, the editors of the *Anglo Saxon*, and pioneers of the Reform in this country, are certainly deserving of high commendation for the zeal with which they are laboring through the difficulties of such a novel enterprise, as well as credit for the encouraging degree of success with which their exertions have been rewarded. H.

## THE BOOK WORLD.

SONGS OF THE SEA, with other Poems; by Epes Sargent. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a very elegant edition of one of our prominent American poets. It contains a large number of songs and occasional poems, many of them well known to the public, and all bearing the stamp of an original and finely balanced mind, gifted with much freshness and vigor of thought, fancy and passion. The collection of sixteen short poems, entitled "Shells and Seaweeds," originally appeared in the New England Magazine, when Mr. Sargent was quite young, and produced at the time a marked impression. They rank among the best descriptive poems relating to the sea. The two finest poems in the book are "The Light of the Lighthouse," and "Adelaide's Triumph"—both of them very beautiful in conception and expression, and worthy to stand side by side with the best occasional poems written in the United States. From the first we extract a few stanzas, full of tenderness and grace:

"But O, Aurora's crimson light,  
That makes the watch-fire dim,  
Is not a more transporting sight  
Than Ellen is to him!  
He pineth not for fields and brooks,  
Wild flowers and singing birds,  
*For summer smileth in her looks,  
And singeth in her words.*

A fairy thing, not five years old,  
So full of joy and grace,  
It is a rapture to behold  
The beauty of her face!

\* \* \*

The Ocean's blue is in her eyes,  
Its coral in her lips;  
And, in her cheek, the mingled dyes  
No sea-shell could eclipse!"

We might select many gems of fancy and feeling from this beautiful volume, if we had space; but we must refer our readers to the book itself. It will abundantly reward perusal.

**SELF-FORMATION**; or the History of an Individual Mind: intended as a Guide for the Intellect through difficulties to Success. By a Fellow of a College. First American from the London edition. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols.

Having formed quite a favorable opinion of this work, from glancing over an English copy loaned us by a friend some time ago, we were not surprised at the appearance of an American edition. So far as we know, the editor is justified in saying in his preface—"it is, almost without question, the most valuable and useful work upon the subject of Self-Education that has yet appeared in our own or any other language. It is perfectly original, both in its plan and execution, and **MEETS THE CASE**, as no other, among the multitudinous books which have appeared with a similar design, has at all succeeded in doing." This praise will not be so likely to be called extravagant, when it is recollected that there is at present no remarkable book on Self-Culture. We do not overlook the superior essays of Channing—perfect in their way—nor the valuable productions of several other writers in this country and abroad; but **THE** work—answering with any tolerable completeness the demands of the active classes of society—is yet to come. It should emanate—as Miss Martineau has intimated in regard to books for the improvement of the mass of society—from some one, possessing the literary qualifications, who belongs to or has risen from the business class itself. It is next to impossible for any other man to produce it. We think there are persons in this community who are competent for the task, if they would set about it in good earnest; and we wish we could do something towards provoking the right man to undertake it. The work before us is well calculated to do good, and we wish it might have a wide circulation in this country.

---

**THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON**, By Wm. Hazlitt. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

The publishers are to include this work in their "Library of Choice Reading. Two parts are already issued. It is well known that this biography was with Hazlitt a labor of love. Radical as he was, the character of Napoleon held over his mind a singular fascination; and to the present work he devoted much time and care. His view of the French Revolution, and of Napoleon, is much more favorable than truth, morality and liberty will warrant. The work is deformed with many sophisms, and, if implicitly followed, is calculated to convey erroneous impressions of some of the events it narrates; but it still abounds in acute and original observations, is written with the author's usual brilliancy and vigor, and relates to a subject of exhaustless interest.

**A SYSTEM OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY**, by Rev. Asa Mahan.  
1 vol. 12mo. New York : Harper & Brothers.

Kant, Coleridge and Cousin have supplied Mr. Mahan with most of the prominent ideas in his system. The book is interesting as embodying, in an available form, the results at which modern transcendentalists have arrived, in their investigations of the phenomena of human intelligence. The separate faculties of the mind are analysed with great force and clearness, and both the processes and the results can be easily appreciated by a moderate expenditure of thought and attention.

---

**THE FIRESIDE FRIEND, or Female Student**, by Mrs. Phelps. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume, a large amount of information, on a variety of topics connected with education, manners and morals, is given in a compact form. It is calculated to inspire young ladies with higher ambitions than those which are gratified by the milliner and the ball-room. Mrs. Phelps is a practical teacher herself, and arranges her matter admirably. It is far above the average of such books.

---

**POEMS**, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston : James Munroe & Co.  
1 vol. 12mo.

This volume consists of a variety of striking poems, which the author has contributed at different periods to the *Magazines and Annals* of the country. They are characterized by that style of thought and sentiment which is usually denominated transcendental. Many of the poems are rhythmical statemnets of the author's peculiar opinions in morals and religion, and contain much to shock accredited beliefs. Others are exquisite products of fancy and imagination, replete with beauty, grace and power, and flushed with the finest hues of a pure and bright genius. We have seen no volume for many years which contains at once so much to please and to offend the mind. The author is most poetical in those pieces in which he least diverges from the heart's primitive sentiments, and the mind's deeply rooted persuasions.

---

**AMENITIES OF LITERATURE**, consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature, by I. D'Israeli. New York : Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is the fourth edition of a valuable and readable book. It consists of a series of essays illustrative of English literary history, and is full of curious information and suggestive thought.

**AN EXPOSITION OF THE APOCALYPSE**, by David N. Lord. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This large volume contains a complete exposition of the Apocalypse, with an examination of the theories of different theologians on the subject. It is an important addition to the theological literature of the country, whatever may be the opinions of different classes of readers, in respect to its general merits.

---

**CHAUCER AND SPENSER**. Selections from the Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer; by Charles D. Deshler.—Spenser and the Fairy Queen; by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 12mo.

These volumes contain choice extracts from two of England's greatest poets, accompanied with illustrative comments and elucidations by the editors. We trust the work will have sufficient success to warrant a continuation. Few general readers are aware of the "riches fineless" of imagery and thought, contained in the old English poets. The study of such beautiful volumes as these will introduce them to a new world of genius and delight.

---

**POEMS**, by T. B. Read. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol.

The author of the present volume is favorably known in this city as a young artist of talent and promise. His poetry evinces a mind of great sensitiveness to impressions, imaginative, rich in beautiful images and felicitous allusions, and of singular delicacy in the use of language. We have seen no volume from "Young America," more worthy of commendation, and more deserving of success.

---

**MEMOIR OF THE MARTYR TORREY**. By Rev. J. C. Lovejoy. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

This work, which seems to have been faithfully prepared, and is perhaps as well done as the circumstances of the case admitted, has doubtless already found its way extensively among the abolitionists of the country. Whatever may be the differing views of its readers as to the wisdom of Mr. Torrey's course, the book tells many things about the slave-system which cannot fail to interest and surprise, even that class of our community who have not yet begun to look upon the southern mode of dishumanizing humanity as the greatest, as well as the meanest, of crimes.

**URANIA : a Rhymed Lesson.** By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846. Boston : W. D. Ticknor & Co.

Although there is no very remarkable point of connection between this Poem and its title—it being made up of mere glances at various matters bearing somewhat particularly on the tri-mountain city, as the central point of New England principles and manners—yet it contains no inconsiderable number of good things, both of sober truth and in that peculiar vein of humor with which the author is so eminently gifted. The lines on another page, to which we have given the title of “Street Manners,” are from this Poem.

---

**THE LIFE OF FAITH ; in Three Parts.** By Thomas C. Upham. Boston : Waite, Peirce & Co.

This is not a common book, on a religious topic. Every page bears the impress of not only a pure but deep thinker ; while the refinement of the style—free from all cant, of course—and the interesting manner in which it is written, make it an attractive volume to every reader of good taste and sound judgment. In the author's discussion of the various relations, circumstances and duties of life, upon which his subject has a bearing, the reader will find much useful matter of a general character, which he would little expect before perusing the book.

---

**SELF-CULTURE,** by William E. Channing. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston : James Monroe & Co.

As a general essay on the subject of self-improvement, this production of the great Boston divine, probably stands unequalled. It cannot have too wide a circulation.

---

**PROBABILITIES ; an aid to Faith :** by the author of Proverbial Philosophy. New York : Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this work, Mr. Tupper seems less in his element than in his other writings. He has not the ability to handle the vast subject he attempts to grapple.

---

**WALTON'S LIVES.**—Wiley and Putnam have published, in two parts, the celebrated biographies of Hooker, Donne, Wotton, Herbert, and Sanderson, by Isaak Walton. An elegant edition of this quaint and beautiful work has long been wanted in the United States. Wherever Isaak Walton has obtained a reader, he has found a friend. No writer has so genial a reputation, and none



ever won it by a more kindly expression of a loving nature. Wordsworth says that the pen with which Walton wrote these "Lives," must have been shaped from a feather which had "dropt from an angel's wing."

---

GRISWOLD'S PROSE WRITERS.—Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, have published "The Prose Writers of America," edited by Rufus W. Griswold, in a handsome octavo, embellished with a number of finely engraved portraits. The volume contains biographies of some seventy American prose writers, with a critical estimate of their powers, and copious selections from their works. It is an important addition to the literary history of the country.

---

LIFE OF ROGER WILLIAMS.—This work, from the press of Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, will be read with interest by those who are desirous of acquainting themselves with the history of the progress of Freedom of Mind, and of the men who have hazarded all their worldly interests for the sake of securing this heaven-born liberty to their fellow men. As the founder of the State of Rhode Island, and the proclaimer of Liberty of Conscience, Roger Williams established an imperishable fame, in spite of the sectarian bigotry of his own time, and the efforts that have since been made to detract from his merits and magnify his faults.

---

SACRED POEMS, by N. P. Willis.—A very neat pocket edition of these poems—the high character of which is too well known to require comment—is published by Clark and Austin, New York.

---

THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVATORY.—This is a new Magazine of the strict Puritanic stamp, edited by Rev. A. W. McClure, whose vigorous and caustic pen is well understood in this community, and has been smartly *felt* by some of our heterodox neighbors. We are glad to see so able a gentleman occupying this important post of observation; notwithstanding he appears somewhat suspicious that we may go a little too far on the liberal track—and will be likely to be after us, if we do not behave. We are glad there were no "little foxes" to trouble him in our first number; but we fear he will find some pretty big ones, according to his ideas, before we proceed much further, though perhaps not in the theological line. We thank him for the good will he shows to our first number.

**THE ANGLO SAXON.**—This new Phonotypic paper is going on bravely. We have become responsible for fifty copies, and hope to be able to aid it still further. We shall be glad to furnish it to any of our friends. The price is \$2 a year; but any person sending us \$3, may have that paper and our own work for one year. We know of no better way of appropriating a couple of dollars to the cause of popular improvement, than by patronizing the Anglo Saxon—to say nothing of the personal benefit that may be derived from the paper.

---

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.**—This is one of the most worthy and valuable of the cheap publications of the day; consisting of most judiciously made selections from the various standard publications in Europe and this country.

---

**THE LITERARY WORLD,** a Gazette for Authors, Readers and Publishers, is a literary paper of uncommonly high and apparently upright character, recently commenced in New York. It is edited by Evert A. Duyckinck, Esq., and published by Osgood & Co.

---

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

---

**TEACHER'S AGENCY.**—It is now probably somewhat extensively known, that an office has been opened in this city by Mr. SAMUEL WHITCOMB, Jr., for the purpose of supplying Teachers, of either sex, to Schools, Seminaries, or Families, in any part of the United States. We have long known Mr. Whitcomb as an indefatigable friend, and *worker*, in the cause of popular education, and have no doubt of his fitness to render essential service to those who may find it desirable to patronize such an Agency.

---

**"RAGGED SCHOOLS."**—We have read with pleasure a Report on the establishment of one or more Union Schools, in Philadelphia or its suburbs, similar, in their general design, to the "Ragged Schools" of London. The object of these schools is, the collection of poor, vicious and abandoned children for instruction, on Sunday evenings. The work of reclaiming children from the

evils to which they are exposed in our large cities, is one that can hardly be estimated too highly. We should prefer, however, that the proposed schools should be taught in the day-time, instead of the evening. As the excellent plan of dispensing with preaching on Sunday afternoons prevails to a considerable extent in Philadelphia, we do not see why this time might not be taken for the purpose.

---

**MECHANIC APPRENTICES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.**—This well-known useful Association, which numbers about 300 members, presents the interesting phenomenon of an institution entirely composed of and conducted by minors—young mechanics—with no other motive than self-improvement, and a desire to raise their fellow-apprentices to a true estimate of the dignity of Labor in the Mechanic Arts.

In this enterprise, they have had little assistance from others. And what is remarkable, we are credibly informed that master-mechanics, who, we might suppose, would have cared most for their welfare, have been most negligent of their wants; while their most sincere thanks are due to the noble liberality of the Merchants of Boston, for succor in the hour of need. This, however, so far as respects the master-mechanics, we wish might prove untrue.

At the commencement of the Association, twenty-seven years ago, the Mechanics' Charitable Association, after much opposition, presented them with a small Library, to which the members have from time to time zealously labored to make additions: and now, through their unwearied exertions, with the help of a kind Providence, the Association is in a prosperous condition, being in possession of a small fund, sufficient, with economy, for all its necessities, and a good Library.

Every winter, a course of Lectures is given by the Association—generously made free to the public, as well as to the members. Its anniversary is celebrated on the 22d of February. On that occasion, this year, an Address was given by James W. Lincoln, and a Poem by William Studley, both past members of the Association. The usual character of the anniversary exercises, which have always been given by active or past members, is highly creditable to the intellectual ability of the Association.

W. F.

# THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

MAY, 1847.

---

## MEANS OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

To the general question, What are the means of self-acquaintance? it may properly be answered —ALL THINGS. As not only the being but the attributes of the Creator may be seen through his works, so may the same works assist us in the study of ourselves, by reason of their perfectly wise adaptation to the nature of man. The truth implied in Wordsworth's allusion to this point is too clear to be questioned:

“How exquisitely the individual mind  
( And the progressive powers perhaps no less  
Of the whole species ) to the external world  
Is fitted : — and how exquisitely, too,  
The external world is fitted to the mind.”

The universe is the medium through which our great Parent and Instructor speaks to us with innumerable voices. Its language, too, is simple, and therefore easily understood. We need only to be right-minded, of a teachable disposition, awake to our highest interests, to receive the most eloquent, though silent, instructions upon our nature and destiny, from everything with which we are

connected. All things will then, as it were, take us by the hand, and lead us onward in the path of self-knowledge, self-improvement and enduring happiness.

Purity of soul, however, although an indispensable requisite towards understanding and profiting by the lessons given us in the book of nature, will not do away with the necessity of labor in the learning of them; for the longest life is a short period to be occupied in the study of these numberless revelations. But it will change what once appeared an illimitable region of mystery — full of light and sound, but with no distinct articulation — into a sublime seminary of education, with a thousand angel teachers, and everything to cheer us onward in our noble career. Therefore the fact that the proud, the self-conceited and the vain, do not profit by these advantages, affords no argument against their eminent usefulness. Truth is too noble to be squandered upon men who, with faculties in kind, though not in degree, like those of the Eternal himself, suffer themselves to be degraded almost to a level with the brutes that perish.

It is true, that when the blasting influences of sin had made mankind blind and deaf to the teachings of the outward universe, and of the “still, small voice” of the Spirit, our Heavenly Father accommodated himself to our condition by manifesting himself to us — and thus showing us to ourselves — in the person of the Saviour: thereby rousing us from the sleep of death, bidding us turn our eyes inward upon our priceless attributes, upward to our sublime Parentage, and around upon the splendid materials for our improvement in the present life — and opening wide before us the gates of immortality, that we might see the glorious world of which this material residence is but the harbinger and the shadow. Our weakness required a helping hand, the pressure of which should be like that of a brother — the unspeakable friendship of which we could

not mistake—to lead us back to ourselves, our Creator and our high destiny. But so perfectly are all outward things adapted to the instruction of man, that the Saviour himself made the most constant use of them, to illustrate the magnificent truths of his mission.

When we consider the general circumstances of man's position on the earth, as the centre towards which all other things seem to refer themselves, with the broad heavens shining above him, we get the most exalted conceptions of his nobility, if not of his immortality. And this consideration, while it affords the strongest proof that the Originator of all things is not only "mindful of him," but has made everything to contribute to his happiness and elevation, yet, by revealing also his absolute dependence, teaches us a lesson of humility no less beautiful than profound. The reflection that we are not surrounded by the overpowering presence of our Maker, but left, as it were, in charge of the world we inhabit, subject only to the laws which regulate the universe at large, gives us the most perfect conception of human freedom. The fact that our bodies are continually wasting away, and at the same time constantly being renewed by the nourishment which they are receiving, so that, after a time, we come to possess bodies which do not contain a particle of their original matter, affords an explanation of the mystery of our becoming new creatures as to our spiritual nature, through the ten thousand means of spiritual improvement within our reach.

These are mere general specimens of the multitude of rational inferences concerning our nature and relations, to which we may come, by the consideration of the phenomena of physical existence, even without subjecting ourselves to rigid scientific investigation. Science, however, is capable of affording a world of instruction in this department. Perhaps there is not a scientific fact which

may not afford some light to the inquirer into the nature of man.

This is especially the case with that branch of natural science which relates to the animated part of creation. In matter we see the most simple form of existence. We next come to the various forms of vegetable life ; and then to the different grades of animal existence, up to man, who is the naturally constituted head of the world. By observing the characteristics of the animated tribes, with their adaptation to everything about them, and comparing their attributes with those of man, we are assisted in coming at a correct view of our nature and rank in the scale of being, and of our peculiar adaptation for a world to come.

“ Happy is he who lives to understand—  
Not human nature only, but explores  
All natures, — to the end that he may find  
The law that governs each ; and where begins  
The union, the partition where, that makes  
Kind and degree, among all visible beings ;  
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,  
Which they inherit — cannot step beyond—  
And cannot fall beneath ; that do assign  
To every class its station and its office,  
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things ;  
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.”

Here we must take ourselves up—where nature seems to leave us—and go on with self-inquiry, in the use of the other important means with which Providence supplies us.

And the ten thousand circumstances of life in the active world—what are they, but so many teachers of the science of human nature ? We cannot conceive that the Creator could have devised a better system for eliciting and teaching the true nature of man, than is afforded by the active world to which we belong. Man has always

been acting himself out; and we are in possession of his history from the earliest ages to the present time. The world still continues to be a grand theatre, where men are performing their parts in every earthly condition that can well be conceived of; so that the various traits of human character are exhibited, in the best situations for trial, constantly before our eyes. Both the achievements and failures of our race, in all ages, stand before us as so many monuments of what our nature has shown itself to be, and prophecies of what may be expected from it in the ages to come.

Nor does the fact that the natural and acquired constitution of every individual has its peculiarities, take from the usefulness and applicability of this instruction; since the elementary principles of human nature, and the primary laws of human action, are everywhere, and in all cases, substantially the same. In observing the world around us, we can see wherein we differ from others, and consequently what our peculiarities are. We can hardly possess any prominent characteristic which will not soon attract the notice of others, in such a way that we cannot fail to be reminded of its existence, however ignorant of it we might otherwise have remained. Everybody with whom we are conversant inspects and talks about us more or less; and we may learn a vast deal of what they think of us by their conduct, if not by their words.

The aid we thus receive from others assists us greatly in obviating one prominent difficulty of self-study — namely, that of judging ourselves correctly amidst the exciting scenes of life. We are then so much interested in the objects of our pursuit, that it is extremely difficult to collect our energies, and engage in the business of self-examination with any advantage. And, as Degerando observes, “do we succeed in taking ourselves sufficiently to make correct observations? —



already, by that very process, an observable change has taken place in our internal state. The personage we thought to seize upon and observe, is concealed; he has disappeared." This difficulty does not exist in our observation of others. They act with the same freedom as if they were undergoing no examination; thus affording us ample means for obtaining that general acquaintance with human nature which will be the best ground-work for a knowledge of all that is peculiar to ourselves. In this way, too, many things concerning our nature are forced, as it were, upon our notice, which we should have learned of *ourselves* alone, with the greatest reluctance. The world, also, is a grand arena, in which we have a constant opportunity to try the strength of our powers, and thereby to learn our capabilities and defects.

It is true that it depends much on our character, as to the use we make of our advantages. We need self-command, that we may be calm and self-collected amidst the tumults of life—the vigorous exercise of our reasoning powers, that we may draw correct conclusions from the facts that come within our knowledge—the habit of careful observation, that nothing of importance may escape our notice which should help make up the data of our reasoning—and, above all, that conscientiousness that will make us willing to look at ourselves just as we are. But the cultivation of these traits is practicable, if we engage in it with a due appreciation of its importance: and if we fail to take this task upon us, it will be at our peril. Especially if we suffer ourselves to be puffed up by ideas of self-importance, we shall be likely to be deceived, rather than enlightened, by everything that takes place about us:—we must become little children, before we can enter the kingdom of self-knowledge.

More particularly, when we start in the pursuit, we should be careful how we magnify the knowledge we

already possess. We should expect to have, as it were, to go all over the world — indeed, all over the universe — before we find ourselves, — before we can arrive at anything like a true and complete view of our attributes and character. When we do find ourselves, however, we find everything else. While lost to ourselves, we can know nothing aright, in all its length and breadth: we shall be carried away by every wind of doctrine, and whirled about by every eddy of impulse. We shall be always dreaming — forever learning, and never attain to the knowledge of the truth. If we undertake to lead others, we shall be blind guides. If we are led — as will most likely be the case — it will be by whatever persons or influences may chance to fall in our way.

---

HEBE.

By J. R. LOWELL.

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,  
I saw the flash of robes descending;  
Before her ran an influence fleet,  
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees  
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,  
It led me on, by sweet degrees  
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;  
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;  
The long-sought Secret's golden gates  
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp,  
Thrilling with godhood :— like a lover  
I sprang the proffered life to clasp :—  
The beaker fell ; the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up ;  
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters ?  
Can Summer fill the icy cup,  
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's ?

O, spendthrift haste ! await the Gods ;  
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience ;  
Haste scatters on unthankful sods  
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
And shuns the hands would seize upon her ;  
Follow thy life, and she will sue  
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

*Elmwood, 1847.*

---

## TRANSCENDENTAL STILTS.

*By a Gentleman from the Eastward.*

SINCE Socrates succeeded in bringing down Philosophy from heaven to earth, certain philosophers have played queer games of coquetry with the goddess, making her utter strange things in stranger jargon, and stand responsible for doctrines she could hardly have learned in her original home. Everything in thought or conduct opposed to common sense and moral sense, struts about under the name of philosophy. The ingenuity of the in-

dividual intellect has been exercised to frame a system by which dust is raised to deity. The mind, in its mad pranks in the cloud-land, has come to prattle very prettily on universal laws, to reduce creation to a little corner of man's brain, and to exalt itself to the throne of things. Now if Philosophy emigrated from the skies to teach men the deification of Self, it becomes a question whether that emigration was not accelerated in a way similar to that recorded of a certain great philosopher, who was nine days falling from the empyrean, and has since never been in high repute among some people, owing to a prejudice against a peculiarity in his foot.

The egoistic system, indeed, which makes the individual mind the originator of everything, and denies the objective existence of things, is probably the greatest joke of metaphysics—the finest instance of Hermes playing into the hands of Momus—the only system in which that demure dame, Philosophy, can be caught giggling, with a sly, humorous squint in her blue eye. There is a philosopher who carries the system to its legitimate consequences, and never mourns in cold weather, because he considers himself personally responsible for the obliquity of the earth's axis. He it is that thunders, lightens, rains, snows and shines. The subtlest intellect in New England is wedded to this theory, though we have never heard that he is troubled with that responsibility in respect to the axis of the earth, which distresses his worthy contemporary. The best statement of the whole matter is found in a couple of his short sharp sentences. "The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated." In this way we can account for that relationship between nature and human nature, which has formed the theme of poetry. We see ourselves in out-

ward things in a variety of quaint shapes. The small potato we tread upon, the humble turnip we eat, are chips of our block — brothers transmigrated from our brains, and dungeoned in inferior forms. Man is everything, and everything is man — stars, snakes, clouds, wind, hail, soils, rocks, beer, gin, thunder, lightning, and the rest. Such a system of nature as this, like many other remarkable revelations, is certainly important if true. Are we not cannibals, to eat, drink and wear ourselves? Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria* has a rhyming statement of the “Fichtean Egoismus,” which makes the whole system intelligible to all capacities.

“Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,  
(*Speak English, Friend!*) the God Imperativus,  
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:

I, I, I! *itself, I!*

The form and the substance, the what and the why,  
The when and the where, and the low and the high,  
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky;  
I, you, and he, and he, you, and I,  
All souls and all bodies are I *itself I!*

All I *itself I!*

(*Fools, a truce with this startling!*)

All my I! all my I!

He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!

Thus cried the God with high imperial tone:  
In robe of stiffest state, that scoff'd at beauty,  
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone —  
Then substantive and plural singular grown,  
He thus spake on: Behold in I alone  
(For ethics boast a syntax of their own)  
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,  
In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!  
I of the world's whole lexicon the root!  
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight,  
The genitive and ablative to boot:  
The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,

And in all cases the case absolute !  
Self-construed, I all other moods decline ;  
Imperative, from nothing we derive us ;  
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,  
Unconstrued antecedence I assign  
To X, Y, Z, the God infinitivus."

This spider's-web of the world, which we spin out of our own brains, without knowing it, is a rare place to catch flies. The house that we thus make, is at once a good habitation for the I, and a prison for the *Not I*, which Not I—or, as it has been corrupted, *naughty*—we catch and eat. Philosophy has done great things for humanity.

The original apple which tempted Eve seems to grow still in a good many orchards. "Ye shall be as Gods,"—gives a fascinating flavor to the old fruit. But it must be confessed that few are able to bear their apotheosis gracefully, after they have effected their object. We must judge these self-asserted divinities by their works; and thus judged, few will stand the trial. They would be Jupiters; but they snivel instead of thunder, and darken instead of lighten. They command the mountain to assume the shape of their thought, but the mountain very properly declines, believing probably that the change would not be for the better. Nature, very well contented as she is, refuses to rush into hazardous speculations. They are thus thwarted in their ambition at the outset. They are monarchs without subjects and without a domain. The only thing left for them is to write books stating their claims, and asserting with inconceivable assurance that the external world has acknowledged them. The truth, however, leaks out, in spite of their hardy assertions. The public turns a deaf ear to their complaints. The trunk-makers make sad havoc with their printed sheets. Nature not only will not be theirs, but grudges them the

smallest portion of her corn and potatoes. The ox looks at them in the fields, and wonders if they have a steak in the country. The calf grows mutinous at the idea of being killed for the purpose of giving business to their digestive powers. If they look upwards, the clouds growl out sarcasms on their pretensions, or mockingly mimic their writings in an extempore drizzle of mist. The stars treat them with even more provoking nonchalance, keeping up an incessant and malicious winking, which says more plainly than words could express—"You think, poor thing, that you can mould us, do ye?" There is hardly an object in creation which does not have a fling at them in some way, from the mosquito which tipples in their blood, to the horse which declines their company by giving them a throw into the mud. Nature will not be bullied by philosophy. Hard words and impudent pretensions butter none of her parsnips. It would be a curious investigation for botanists, to discover if the flowers, celebrated in some verses as exponents of the writer's thoughts, felt at all flattered by being thus patronized; or if a rumored insurrection in the vegetable kingdom, arising from rage at perversions of their qualities in certain straw-covered volumes, did actually occur. Astronomers, also, may tell us of more than one star that emigrated to the region of the nebulæ, rather than be caricatured in transcendental verse. The different kingdoms of creation, indeed, far from admitting the government of their self-elected lords, are getting to be confoundedly chagrined at being introduced to an intelligent public in perverted shapes. Even the violet and the daisy, the most modest and chicken-hearted of flowers, and therefore the most easily imposed upon, have become querulous, and exhale spite. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, never raised such a disturbance; for they humbly followed nature, insinuated themselves into her good graces, and

were taken into her confidence. They never fibbed about any of her children. They received their knowledge as a gift, instead of bragging of it as their own. The rose bloomed in their pages as contentedly as in its own garden. Everything, from the whirlwind to the zephyr, from the cataract to the rivulet, felt at home in their verse; for the nature and laws of each were respected, and no coercion was employed, no trap was laid, to lug them in to serve the purpose of caprice or perverseness. Now the complaint brought by natural objects against the transcendental poets is, that their existence is first impudently denied, and then to this insult is added the further injury, of making them stand as emblems of certain individual inanities or perversities, having no existence out of the rhymers' own head, and held by them in the utmost contempt. They feel somewhat as Dr. Johnson might have felt, had he seen himself quoted by a radical or sentimentalist, as a supporter of doctrines he despised. They say that a transcendentalist does not seek to discover their form and qualities by examining *them*, but rather by inspecting himself. This charge is a weighty one, and if there exists in the community any of the old horror against cruelty to animals and vegetables, it will have its effect.

After all, honesty is the best policy, in thinking as well as trading. If a writer presumes to dash his thin skull against the iron walls of Fact, he will do little more than expose to a grinning public the somewhat limited capital of brain he carried into the business. If the "Me" assumes the god, it must do something more than *seem* to shake the spheres, before the "Not Me" will admit its right to the distinction of man. To get disgusted with outward things, and retire into some little chamber of the brain to hatch conspiracies against the existence and order of nature, is to spend one's time in raising the smallest kind of intellectual potatoes. Besides, the ad-



venture will not succeed. One individual cannot whip the universe. Doubts must occasionally creep in. The assertion of infallibility is never free from cavil. The struggle will be something like that recorded of Dame Partington in the great Sidmouth storm, when the waves came rushing in upon the beach, threatening the overflow of houses and lands. "Dame Partington lived upon the beach, and in the midst of the storm she was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but it need not be said the contest was unequal. The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

---

## BROTHERHOOD.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

LOVE! it is the soul's anointment;  
'T is the need of every heart;  
Going forth, at God's appointment,  
To reclaim its severed part.

Pardon, then, the fault and weakness —  
Human these, though grieving thou:  
Lift the burden in thy meekness;  
Love and trust thou, even now.

Now we need the friendly brother —  
Not tomorrow, but to-day:  
Bear we must from one another;  
Love we must, and love alway:

Not the wise and the strong-hearted —  
Human hearts yearn not for such;  
Better is its love imparted  
To the tempted over-much.

Love the weak and tendril-yielding,  
Who else succorless were left;  
Who imploringly ask shielding,  
Ere they be of strength bereft.

Art thou strong, and unexempted  
From the shame, remorse and woe?  
Veil thy face, O thou unttempted!  
Only God the heart can know.

---

## THE DIVORCE OF LEARNING AND LABOR.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I WOULD not, if I could, conceal my conviction, that before Education can become what it should and must be, we must reform the Social Life whence it proceeds, whitherto it tends. To the child daily sent out from some ricketty hovel or miserable garret, to wrestle with poverty and misery for such knowledge as the teacher can impart, what true idea or purpose of Education is possible? How can he be made to realize that his daily tasks concern the Soul, the World, and Immortality? He may have drilled into his ears, day after day, the great truth that "the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment," but so long as his own food and raiment are scanty and wretched, his mind will be engrossed by a round of petty and sordid cares. (I speak here of the general fact; there will be striking instances of the con-

trary — brilliant exceptions, which do not disprove, but establish the rule I have indicated.) But the child whose little all hitherto of life has been passed in penury and consequent suffering — who lives in the constant presence, on the very brink, of want — how can he have a higher idea of Life than that it is a struggle for bread? or of Education, than that it is a contrivance for getting bread more easily or more abundantly, or else a useless addition to his toils and cares? He whose energies have been, must be taxed, to keep starvation at bay, can hardly realize that life has truer ends than the avoidance of pain and the satisfaction of hunger. The narrow, dingy, squalid tenement, calculated to repel any visiter but the cold and the rain, is hardly fitted to foster lofty ideas of Life, its duties and its aims. He who is constrained to ask, each morning, "Where shall I find food for the day?" is at best unlikely often to ask, "By what good deed shall the day be signalized?" Well did the Divine Teacher enjoin upon his followers to "take no thought for the morrow;" and difficult will be the work of imbuing the general mind with any lofty ideal of Life and its ends, until this commandment can be obeyed in verity, and till such obedience can be made to comport with the dictates of a reasonable forecast, and with that care for his own household, lacking which, the believer is "worse than an infidel."

And herein is the true foundation for that protest against the divorce of Learning from Labor, which the world has not yet begun to comprehend, or at least, to treat with decent consideration. The advocates of Manual Labor, as an essential ingredient of a true education, cherish no fanatical regard for physical toil, as alone deserving the name and rewards of labor. They quite well understand, and freely concede, that much true *work* has been done elsewhere than in the fields and in the factories; they know and cheerfully admit, that the Sage in his

closet, the Astronomer in his observatory, the Legislator in the forum, may be among the noblest and most deserving of toilers for the universal good. But it is not given to all men, nor to most, to advance the general well-being from such exalted positions. The ship Commonwealth cannot be navigated from the quarter-deck alone; she needs men at the ropes, as well as at the speaking trumpet, the wheel and the lead. It being thus certain that the many must live by hard labor, only the few by mental exertion solely, it does seem the most obvious dictate of prudence and wisdom, that all should be qualified for efficiency in that sphere which may become the lot of any, and in which energy and skill will at all events ensure a subsistence, independent of the opinion of others.

Here, for illustration, is a youth just qualifying himself to enter upon the stage of active life, who desires and expects to be a clergyman, a physician or a lawyer; and who must at all events earn his bread in some sphere of manly exertion. He cannot glide from one profession to another like a harlequin on the stage: he must choose one, and abide his fortune therein. But suppose he should find, after exhausting all his means in fitting himself for his chosen career, that he cannot succeed therein without a compromise of principle — a base deference to prejudice or falsehood. Suppose, if a clergyman, he cannot preach all the theological and moral truth that is made plain to his mind, without incurring ecclesiastical censure and general ignominy; or as a physician, he stumbles upon some discovery in advance of his age, which raises the hiss of scorn from his brethren, as did Jenner's discovery of the great antidote for the small pox, or Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood; or suppose that, as a lawyer, he find or fancy such an oppugnancy between the maxims and usages of the craft, and the dictates of a stern integrity, that he can only succeed in the practice

by kicking conscience overboard, and giving the command to circumspect, respectable knavery:—what alternative has the man educated to live only by his profession, but to take the broad road and keep it, at whatever internal sacrifice? A prime minister once, to the courtier who said to him, "I must live, you know," replied, "Pardon me, Sir, I do not perceive the necessity;" but rarely has any one so decided in his own case. Even if living be to him personally a matter of indifference, there are those dependent on his exertions, whom he cannot so stoically resign to the buffetings of adverse fortune. Hence, a life of mean compliances and self-condemned hypocrisies becomes a sort of necessity to thousands; nay, often the seeming dictate of paternal or conjugal duty. Thus the landmarks which should separate vice from virtue are broken down, defaced, obliterated; and the ends of life are lost sight of in a desperate, degrading struggle for the means of living. The most effectual remedy for this which is attainable, under our present Social System, is the blending of manual labor with education, so that they shall be inseparable by the wealth or personal distinction of the learner. Let it be settled, as a fundamental base of our Popular Education, that a stated portion of each day shall be devoted to the acquisition of skill in some department of industry—to manual labor, for the sake of the strength it imparts, the disorders it baffles, the comforts it creates, the independence it secures; and the professional man may then stand up before his flock, his patients, his clients, in an attitude of conscious self-reliance, and say to them, "Employ and requite me if you choose: the earth and the kindly elements will reward my efforts, if you do not want them; and so long as vegetation proceeds, and sunshine follows the shower, I can exist as well without you as you can without me. I have learned to labor efficiently with my hands; I am neither afraid nor ashamed

to do so ; and whenever I have no other employment, I shall joyfully earn my bread thus." Surely the opinions and inculcations of a professional man, in this attitude, would deserve and command a degree of respect, which is not now accorded to them. He could never more be rendered the slave of others' vices or prejudices ; he would be master of his own aims, if not of his destiny. The humiliating, fettering consciousness that any reckless following of conscience out of the track of prescription or tradition would almost certainly deprive him of bread, would vanish forever. In its stead would come self-respect and security ; and not *self-respect* only, but the respect of those made to realize that his livelihood did not depend on his conformity to the standard of their opinions or desires.

My profound conviction that the independence, adequate influence and proper dignity of the better educated or professional class, imperatively demands a reform in our systems of instruction, which shall render the educated men skilful as well as knowing, *handy* as well as long-headed, will not allow me to neglect any fair opportunity of proclaiming and insisting on the requisition, of manual labor as an integral part of our better Education. Not for their own sakes merely, though greatly for those, do I insist that the Thinking Class shall become a working class, in the rude, palpable sense. I demand a more brotherly relation between the man who lives by turning clods and him who strives to turn hearts. That spectacle of the Emperor of China, standing forth under the vernal sun a guider of the plow, can you think it has no worth, no meaning, but as a state ceremony — a relic of by-gone ages ? I tell you nay : it is to day, and will be while time and it endure, a most inspiring, beneficent reality, and no sham ! That single act shall lighten the heavy burden on millions of aching shoulders — shall make the poorest

and most heart-weary delver in all China more hopeful and joyous, at all events, less miserable, than he else would be. Who shall deem himself degraded or dishonored by a calling which the Sovereign Majesty takes pleasure and pride in following, if not constantly, yet statedly, as if to say that he would cleave to it daily, did not imperious duties and the welfare of three hundred millions sternly forbid? Rely on it, there is no other day in all the year when the "Brother of the Sun and Moon" does half so much towards the right governing of these millions, as on that day when he turns the sword beneath the gaze of exulting thousands! Herein does he prove himself truly a Ruler; and more—a Teacher, by indisputable example, of truths which, if once universally accepted and *lived*, would make governing easy, and outward, forcible government a quite subordinate matter. For let men but profoundly realize the dignity and true meaning of Labor—let them feel that not the fruits of it alone, but the work itself, is desirable, essential to the well-being of every son and daughter of Adam, and it is not possible that the standing Armies and Armories, Forts and Magazines, multitudinous Police and Tip-staves, would be requisite to keep men from plundering and throttling each other, mainly for sordid pelf. It is the divorce of work from the visible reward and out-come of work—of laudable exertion from the palpable need of exertion—which fills the world with knaves and dastards, almost beyond the power of authority to repress.

When that day shall have come, which must come, which sees the truth which lurks in our aphorisms transferred to our popular convictions—when men shall find the highest reward of doing good in being good—when the heir of wealth shall rejoice in his good fortune in being able, not to fare more dantly, and live more uselessly than his poorer neighbors, but to relieve more

distress and diffuse more blessing — when the Public Opinion, not of the poor only but of the rich, shall hold the consumer in idle and selfish luxury of a bounteous income, a craven-hearted object of pity, rather than of scorn — when he who in cheerful poverty and serene humility most worthily hews out, from stubborn wood or more obstructive stone, the subsistence of a numerous family, shall, unseeking, be sought out for public trusts and honors, — when, in short, honest industry and modest worth shall be sure of respect and competence, while scheming knavery and bloated pretence shall be equally sure of detection and defeat — the work of the true teacher will be easy, the progress of the pupil rapid, compared with what we now witness. The perpetual and gigantic obstacle which confronts the instructor now, is the opposition of the incessant teachings of the street, the gathering, and alas! the family fireside, to his own. Does he speak reverently of virtue, and its superiority to rank, wealth, power or any outward success — he finds his pupils puzzled, if not swerved, by the palpable, notorious truth that, tested by superficial and vulgar standards, virtue is *not* popularly esteemed and rewarded. The coterie or the club-room rings with the general laugh, at any supposition that a man has done a heroic act, has sacrificed popularity or property, from any other than a sordid impulse; and the child is taught, if not expressly, yet virtually, by the very mother that bore him, to ingratiate himself with schoolmates excelling him in station, affluence, talents, expectations — anything, in short, but essential goodness. To combat and overbear these insidious influences, to make the pupil see through the misleading mists of opinion, and test every event by eternal instead of transitory consequences, is the high duty of the true monitor and guide of the feeble, faltering steps of youth.



## THE WILD FLOWERS.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

PALE blossoms, ye appear  
Not in the pageant hues,  
Not with the fragrant breath  
The garden's favorites bear;  
But silently the dews,  
On the untrodden heath,  
Into your small bells pour the trembling tear!

How sweetly do ye look,  
When breathes the warm south wind  
Upon the budding earth,  
From every sun-lit nook  
Wherein ye lay enshrined,  
Rejoicing to come forth  
And smile by hill-side, meadow, bank and brook.

Ye make the solitude  
Glad, as ye cluster there;  
And gracefully ye bend  
In green and lonely wood,  
And through the summer air  
Your faint, sweet odors send,  
From every spot which Spring with beauty hath renewed.

Ye are like those who dwell  
Far from the busy crowd,  
To whom the books of fame  
Are sealed, yet who can tell  
Of sweetest joys bestowed  
By conscience void of blame —  
Of peace earth cannot give, nor all its storms dispel.

## ABOLITION REASONS AGAINST DISUNION.

BY S. P. ANDREWS.

THE relations of the Constitution of the United States to American Slavery, and the duty of American citizens as respects the Union, are daily becoming subjects of more intense interest. The last number of this Magazine has an article from the able pen of Wendell Phillips, displaying the argument, or perhaps, more properly speaking, stating the positions, (as little more could be done in the space occupied,) of the advocates of disunion. Mr. Phillips assumes, indeed, that all Abolitionists are such — which, in view of the facts, might be objected to as in bad taste. This assumption, however, is unimportant. The argument deserves attention.

It may well be doubted whether the dissolution of the Union, if it were effected, would prove adequate, as an instrumentality, to the overthrow of Slavery. This point need not, however, be discussed. Assuming that it would be effective, the writer of this would still object to the dissolution of the Union as an expedient, on the ground that it is more difficult, in his apprehension, to be attained, than the end itself for which the dissolution is demanded. To one holding this position, it is inconclusive to prove that if the Union were dissolved, Slavery would be abolished.

The question, however, still remains open, whether there be not something more cogent than expediency, pressing on the conscience, and demanding of honest men to dissolve their connection with the existing Government. Mr. Phillips, and those who think with him, believe that there is. They think they find it in the four clauses

quoted from the Constitution of the United States, in his article.

ART. 1, SECT. 2. "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers; which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, *three fifths of all other persons.*"

ART. 1, SECT. 8. "Congress shall have power \* \* \* to suppress insurrections.

ART. 4; SECT. 2. "No person, held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

ART. 4, SECT. 4. "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government; and shall protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the legislature, or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened,) *against domestic violence.*"

"The first of these clauses," says Mr. Phillips, "relating to representation, gives to every inhabitant of Carolina, provided he is rich enough to hold five slaves, equal weight in the government with four inhabitants of Massachusetts — and accordingly confers on a slaveholding community additional political power for every slave held among them; thus tempting them to continue to uphold the system."

This is denied on the following grounds: — The clause *gives* to the slave-holder nothing. It does not deal with an "inhabitant of South Carolina," in any form whatsoever. It deals with States, as such, and apportions their representation in the Congress of the United States. If an unequal portion of political power is given to one inhabitant within the State of South Carolina over another inhabitant within the same, it is not the Constitution of the United States which makes the gift, but the laws of

the state. If it be said that the Constitution was formed in view of the existence of the fact that the laws of South Carolina were thus unequal, it is replied, So was the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is a great mistake not to distinguish between the recognition of a fact and the approbation or sanction of a principle. It is possible to couple, in the same document, the notice and admission of a fact with the repudiation of the principle to which the fact owes its being, and even with measures devised expressly to invalidate the fact, or to put an end to its existence. The illustration is found equally in the Constitution of the United States and in that of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is admitted, nevertheless, that the Constitution of the United States has been so *administered* as to foster the growth of Slavery; and it must be admitted that it is within the range of possibility, that the Constitution of the Anti-Slavery Society, even, should have been so administered likewise, and yet that such abuse would not have changed the essential character of the document.

In Massachusetts, the political power is vested, by the laws of the state, in the males, to the exclusion of females. Should this provision be found to work out some great political or social wrong, we should hardly charge such wrong upon the Constitution of the United States, on the ground that the Constitution was adopted in the face of the fact, while the fact owed its existence to a distinct system of laws, over which the Constitution had not, and could not obtain, the control.

The Constitution, so far from "conferring on a slaveholding *community* additional political power for every slave held among them," as affirmed by Mr. Phillips, does precisely the contrary. It withholds a portion of that to which they would be otherwise entitled. Nothing is clearer than this. The community of South Carolina would immediately obtain an additional representation.

upon the floor of the House of Representatives, in the Congress of the United States, by abolishing slavery among themselves. This fact settles the question. The individual slave-holder would, it is true, lose power thereby; but it would be power for the possession of which he is indebted to State laws, and not to the Constitution. The aggregate of the Slave States would at once become entitled to nineteen additional representatives, by abolition. The basis of representation, in the Free States, is the whole number of inhabitants of all classes. In the Slave States, it is the whole of one class and three-fifths only of another class; that is, less than the whole. Hence the Constitution imposes a restriction upon the Slave States, and tenders a premium on emancipation. It is contrary to the federative plan of the Constitution, to intermeddle with the internal laws and administration of the several states, or the personal condition of their inhabitants. But in favor of liberty, and against slavery, it has ventured to do so. Can a criminal collusion with slavery be deduced from such a hostile interference? Is the *animus* of such a transaction for or against the institution of slavery?

The error of reasoning upon this subject consists in confounding the quantity of power vested in a state with the *degree of efficiency resulting from the mode of its application*. The Constitution assigns the *quantity*. The state laws determine the mode of *its exercise*. The Constitution, hostile to slavery, assigns to Carolina less power, in proportion to population, than to Massachusetts. Carolina, friendly to the despotism of the few, vests this smaller quota, thus gained, in the hands of a single class, whose action is swayed by the impulse of a single combined interest; and by this *concentration* of the power, makes it tenfold more efficient in its operation than the larger quota of Massachusetts, which is distributed among all the conflicting interests of the state. Hence the result

is an inequality in the working of the governmental machinery of the Union, not chargeable on the Constitution, but on the vicious laws and internal political order of the state of South Carolina. The argument, so far as it is good at all, bears not against this special compact with the Slave States, but against any compact whatever—against the possibility of any political federation on the part of real republics, with others whose internal political order is that of an oligarchy or a despotism. In this point of view, it has a degree of force, and is entitled to candid consideration in its own place. It is then an argument, however, based upon grounds entirely distinct from those involved in the question we are now considering, namely, the anti-slavery or pro-slavery phase of the Constitution itself. It is an argument likewise which, carried out to its logical conclusions, results in the no-government theory, which Mr. Phillips stops short of reaching.

That provision of the Constitution which curtails the amount of representation of the Slave States on account of slavery, is itself a departure from the democratic principle, which demands that all the population of each state should be equally reckoned. It is excusable only on the ground that the departure is made in favor of freedom, and against slavery; because the action relates to communities which refuse to apply the democratic principle within their own borders. If the Constitution had made no provision at all on the subject, the evils of the federation would have been greater than they are; while the opponents of that compact would have had a difficulty in finding fault with the *terms*, apparently so equitable, whatever they might have said of the essential evils of any compact or political union whatsoever between the parties. If, on the other hand, the Constitution had based representation exclusively upon free population, the departure from the democratic principle would have been carried still farther,

while the recognition of the *fact* of slavery would have remained the same as now ; and it may well be doubted whether much would have been gained to the Free States, in relative influence, since it has never been the want of numbers at the North, but of disposition and of *concentration of will*, which has prevented them from resisting the action of the slave-holding power.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Constitution gives a specific power to suppress insurrections. This power is inherent in all governments. What it *does*, is to empower the Congress "to *call out the militia* (in order) to suppress insurrections ;" i. e. in order to exercise its inherent powers as a government.

The power to protect a state *against domestic violence* might be made a most valuable one in behalf of liberty. John Q. Adams demonstrated that the war power was adequate to abolish slavery in all the states, even in case of a foreign war. How much more so in case of a domestic war, caused by the oppressions of slavery itself. What more potent means of protecting a state against domestic violence, than *a redress of grievances*. It is no answer to say that such a measure was not contemplated. Neither was a railroad nor a magnetic telegraph contemplated as a "*post-road*." It is a better way of exercising the power given, and of attaining the same end, just as a Congress of Nations may be better than the battle-field for settling national disputes. The Constitution is not an iron shoe, nor a straight jacket, to compress the mind of the country to the growth of the seventeenth century. The Government of the United States cannot interfere with the troubles of a state, until called upon. When thus invoked, she does not act under the control of the state, but under her own control, with plenary powers. She must of necessity be entitled to use the same kind of means to effect the end, that the state government itself might use ; and

nobody doubts that a state might resort to abolition, to protect herself against domestic violence.

The clause relating to "persons held to labor and service" is only applicable to slaves, so long as a sentiment favorable to slavery guides the interpretation. 1. Because it is not, in strictness, sufficient language to describe a slave, and would not be held to be so in the courts of any slave-holding state, in matters of private contract. It is of the essence of slavery, that the slave be regarded as a *thing*, and not as a "*sentient being*." All language having reference to *contract*, *obligation*, or *debt*, has no application, therefore, as respects slaves. We have had abundant evidence that courts desirous of doing so, may stretch this language over the case of slavery. What is here asserted is, that there is nothing in the words to constrain a court to such an interpretation, if an opposite sentiment prevailed. On the contrary, such an interpretation can only consist with a liberal construction *in favor of slavery*. 2. Slaves are in law, *things*. In fact, they are *human beings*. Hence slavery is a *legal fiction* — and fictions of law are not to be extended beyond their settled limits. 3. It is a well settled canon of interpretation, that the construction of law shall be rigid against the restrictions of personal liberty, and *liberal in favor of freedom*. 4. To construe this clause in favor of slavery, makes it counter to the whole tenor of the instrument. To construe it otherwise, harmonizes the instrument with itself. 5. There is no proof that this clause was, as asserted by the Supreme Court in Prigg's case, "one of the compromises of the Constitution." It was introduced at the very heel of the session of the Convention, and adopted without debate, without being referred to any committee, without deliberation or contest, and was innocent on its face. 6. There is a strong presumption against its having been understood by the people as a compromise with



slavery, at the time when the Constitution was adopted, arising from the fact that in none of the Northern State Conventions was it so much as alluded to, while the most strenuous exertions were made to get the Constitution rejected, under the charge of a pro-slavery character. It was twenty years later, and after the watchful liberty-loving spirit of the people had been lulled to sleep, before a case occurs in the books of any application of this clause to slaves by the courts. Revive the love of liberty, and the construction will be reversed. The law of '93 has no words applicable to slavery.

The Disunion argument commonly assumes three false postulates :

1. That the Constitution is whatever the framers of it secretly intended that it should be.
2. That the Constitution is whatever the Supreme Court of the United States may have decided it to be.
3. That the Constitution is whatever those who have administered it have represented it to be.

The space to which this statement is confined will not admit an argument upon these points. Strike away these assumptions, and apply the ordinary and rightful canons of legal interpretation, and we hardly need a better ægis under which to rally the people of the whole country for the overthrow of slavery, than the American Constitution. If the writer of this believed otherwise, he, too, would be a disunionist; and he honors the brave men who, true to their convictions, assail the morbid idolatry of the masses for a Constitution which they, in too many cases, neither read nor understand.

---

If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may wait forever. — MACAULEY.

## KEEP AT WORK.

BY G. W. LIGHT.

Does a mountain on you frown?

Keep at work :

You may undermine it yet ;

If you stand and thump its base,

Sorry bruises you may get.

Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?

Keep at work :

She may smile again some day ;

If you pull your hair and fret,

Rest assured she'll have her way.

Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?

Keep at work :

Whether they are wrong or right,

May be you must 'bide your time,

If for victory you fight.

Keep at work.

If the devil growls at you,

Keep at work :

That's the best way to resist ;

If you hold an argument,

You may feel his iron fist.

Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified?

Keep at work :

Greater men than you are hated ;

If you're right, then go ahead—

Grit will be appreciated.

Keep at work.

Every thing is done by Labor:  
Keep at work,  
If you would improve your station:  
They have help from Providence  
Who work out their own salvation.  
Keep at work.

---

## THE MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

FROM SAMUEL GILMAN.

THE man of expedients is he who, never providing for the little mishaps and stitch-droppings with which this mortal life is pestered, and too indolent or too ignorant to repair them in the proper way, passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, substitutes, plans and commutations, by the help of which he *thinks* he appears as well as other people.

Thus the man of expedients may be said to only half live; he is the creature of outside — the victim of emergencies — whose happiness often depends on the possession of a pin, or the strength of a button-hole.

In his countenance you behold marks of anxiety and contrivance; the natural consequence of his shiftless mode of life. The internal workings of his soul are generally a compound of cunning and the heart-ache. One half of his time he is silent, languid, indolent; the other half he moves, bustles, and exclaims — “What’s to be done now?” His whole aim is to live as near as possible to the very verge of propriety. His business is all slightly performed, and when a transaction is over, he has no confidence in his own effectiveness, but asks, though in a careless manner, “Will it do? Will it do?”

Look through the various professions and characters of life. You will there see men of expedients darting, and shifting, and glancing, like fishes in the stream. If a merchant, the man of expedients borrows incontinently at two per cent a month; if a sailor, he stows his hold with jury-masts, rather than ascertain if his ship be sea-worthy; if a visitor where he dislikes, he is called out before the evening has half expired; if a musician, he scrapes on a fiddle-string of silk; if an actor, he takes his stand within three feet of the prompter; if a poet, he makes *fault* rhyme with *ought*, and *look* with *spoke*; if a reviewer, he fills up three quarters of his article with extracts from the writer whom he abuses; if a divine, he leaves ample room in every sermon for an exchange of texts; if a physician, he is often seen galloping at full rate, nobody knows where; if a debtor, he has a marvellous acquaintance with short corners and dark alleys; if a printer, he is adroit at scabbing; if a collegian, he commits Euclid and Locke to memory without understanding them, interlines his Greek, and writes themes *equal* to the Rambler.

But it is in the character of a general scholar that the man of expedients most shines. He ranges through all the arts and sciences—in cyclopædias. He acquires a most thorough knowledge of classical literature—from translations. He is very extensively read—in title pages. He obtains an exact acquaintance with authors—from reviews. He follows all literature up to its sources—in tables of contents. His researches are indefatigable—into indexes. He quotes memoriter with astonishing facility—the dictionary of Quotations;—and his bibliographical familiarity is miraculous—with Dibdin.

We are sorry to say, that our men of expedients are to be sometimes discovered in the region of morality. There are those, who claim the praise of a good action, when they have acted merely from convenience, inclination or

compulsion. There are those, who make a show of industry, when they are set in motion only by avarice. There are those who are quiet and peaceable, only because they are sluggish. There are those who are sagely silent, because they have not one idea; abstemious, from repletion; patriots, because they are ambitious; perfect, because there is no temptation.

Again, let us look at the man of expedients in argument. His element is the sophism. He is at home in a circle. His forte—his glory, is the *petitio principii*. Often he catches at your words, and not at your ideas. Thus, if you are arguing that light is light, and he happens to be (as it is quite likely he will) on the other side of the question, he snatches at your phraseology, and exclaims, Did you ever weigh it? Sometimes he answers you by silence. Or if he pretends to anything like a show of fair reasoning, he cultivates a certain species of argumentative obliquity that defies the acutest logic. When you think you have him in a corner, he is gone—he has slipped through some hole of an argument, which you hoped was only letting in the light of conviction. In vain you attempt to fix him—it is putting your finger on a flea.

But let us come down a little lower into life. Who appears so well and so shining at a ball room as the man of expedients? Yet his small-clothes are borrowed, and as for his knee-buckles—about as ill-matched as if one had belonged to his hat and the other to a galoche—to prevent their difference being detected, he stands sideways towards his partner. Nevertheless, the circumstance makes him a more vivacious dancer, since, by the rapidity of his motions, he prevents a too curious examination from the spectators.

Search farther into his dress. You will find that he very genteelly dangles *one* glove. There are five pins

about him, and as many buttons gone, or button-holes broken. His pocket-book is a newspaper. His fingers are his comb, and the palm of his hand his clothes-brush. He conceals his antiquated linen by the help of a close vest, and adroitly claps a bur on the rent hole of his stocking, while walking to church.

Follow him home. Behold his felicitous knack of metamorphosing all kinds of furniture into all kinds of furniture. A brick constitutes his right andiron, and a stone his left. His bellows is his hearth-brush, and a hat his bellows, and that, too, borrowed from a broken window pane. He shaves himself without a looking glass, by the sole help of imagination. He sits down on a table. His fingers are his snuffers. He puts his candlestick into a chair. That candlestick is a decanter. That decanter was borrowed. That borrowing was without leave. He drinks wine out of a tumbler. A fork is his cork-screw. His wine-glass he converts into a standish.

Very ingenious is he in the whole business of writing a letter. For that purpose he makes use of three-eighths of a sheet of paper. His knees are his writing desk. His ruler is a book cover, and his pencil a spoon handle. He mends his pen with a pair of scissors. He dilutes his ink with water, till it is reduced to invisibility. He uses ashes for sand. He seals his letter with the shreds and relics of his wafer box. His seal is a pin.

O reader, if you have smiled at any part of the foregoing representation, let it be to some purpose. There is no fault we are all so apt to indulge, as that into which we are pushed by the ingenuity of indolence — namely, the invention of expedients.

## TRUE MANHOOD.

FROM R. H. DANA.

OUR sins our nobler faculties debase,  
And make the earth a spiritual waste  
Unto the soul's dimmed eye: — 't is man, not earth —  
'T is thou, poor self-starved soul, hast caused the dearth.  
The earth is full of life: the living Hand  
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand  
With principles of being made to suit  
Man's varied powers, and raise him from the brute.  
And shall the earth of higher ends be full? —  
Earth which thou tread'st! and thy poor mind be dull?  
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep!  
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirits leap  
Forth to the day; and let the fresh air blow  
Through thy soul's shut up mansion. Wouldst thou know  
Something of what is life? shake off this death;  
Have thy soul feel the universal breath  
With which all nature's quick! and learn to be  
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.  
Break from thy body's grasp thy spirit's trance;  
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse; —  
Love, joy — e'en sorrow — yield thyself to all!  
They'll make thy freedom, man, and not thy thrall.  
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind  
To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind.  
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,  
And be, like man at first, A LIVING SOUL!

---

REAL GLORY

Springs from the conquest of ourselves;  
And without that the conqueror is nought  
But the first slave. — THOMSON.

## THOUGHTS ON FASHION.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

ONE can hardly find, or even imagine, a stronger contrast than that which exists between the rigid fixedness of customs and fashions among the nations of the East, and the restless fluctuation of our own. And it is difficult to say which of the two extremes is the more absolutely absurd and ridiculous — the entailing of the particular cut of the coat, or the size of the hat, upon generations yet unborn, by laws of penal severity, or the equally arbitrary dictate of that invisible phantom, Fashion, which leads us, in a short time, through almost every imaginable change of form and style in our apparel.

Ridiculous as both appear, however, there is one point of view in which the condition of things with us is incomparably preferable. Where novelties and changes of every kind, even for the better, are illegal and contraband, the mind stagnates; and the course of centuries is but like the turning of a wheel on an immoveable axle, which, let it revolve ever so swiftly, makes no advances, leads to no new or better prospects. But where change is the order of the day, improvement may always at least be hoped for, and will, almost as a matter of course, sometimes be realized.

Apparently, indeed, the inventors and retailers of styles and modes have aimed, for the most part, at mere novelties — sometimes going even so far as to sacrifice a better style for a worse, simply because the latter was new; and though professing to have a regard for the graceful and the becoming in their inventions, it cannot be denied, that a large part of them owe the beauty they seem to have to



an artificially created taste, to which we become so absolutely lost, as the fashion goes out of date, that what we before hesitated not to pronounce charming, begins to be considered unsightly, and even hideous.

The existence of a pure taste, and a love of true beauty, is a mark of a kind of goodness and simplicity of mind which, if not itself actually spiritual, contains a germ of spirituality; and the cultivation of those qualities is the true means of attaining to it. Real beauty is an angel's garment; and though often assumed as a cloak by vice, the theft usually soon becomes manifest; the cloven foot of the demon can hardly escape being seen peeping out from beneath. Let us then learn to love chaste and simple beauty; and in the effort, shall we not find that we have made at least some advances towards the realization of that purity of spirit which alone can bear the company of the angels of beauty?

Pervert and invert the order of things as we will, we cannot destroy, nor fairly lose sight of, the connection existing between beauty and utility. If those who take it upon themselves to dictate the fashions and customs of society, would be willing to cultivate and be guided by a pure and refined taste, the step would be short, and easily taken, to the consultation of true utility and substantial improvement. Then might each change of fashion be made an occasion of some actual advance towards what nature would teach us is fit, becoming, comfortable, advantageous, useful. Then would science more fully unfold her arcana also, to instruct us as to what the best health and well-being of the body require, in the form, quality and construction of our houses, our apparel, and whatever else concerns the good regulation, not only of the mere bodily life, which is much, but of those mental conditions to the orderly preservation of which a correct external is requisite.

That the changes of fashion have sometimes brought about real improvements is freely and cordially admitted. Such instances, however, seem often rather to have *happened* than to have been intended. At best, the idea of improvement has been a secondary rather than a primary motive, for the change. Exalted conceptions of philanthropic reform have as yet had little influence upon the minds of the *marchands des modes*, on whom we have been accustomed to depend for the regulation of our outward appearance; and the natural consequence of things—I mean of things as they have been, and still to a great extent are—is, to leave this business in the hands of the more vain and frivolous portion of society, who look upon men and women as butterflies in the sun, among whom those adorned with the gaudiest wings attract the most devoted attention.

The strong and manifest tendency of the better part of the mind of society, however, now is, to rise above this condition of things, and to submit to no dictate which is not based on principles of reason and true utility. The folly of estimating men and things by the external appearance, is more deeply realized; and those who look upon the mere outside are perhaps fewer in number, and certainly less respected. The truths of physiology have begun to shed light on some of the more common pathways of life. The body is ceasing to be regarded as a thing which Fashion has a right to torture to her perverted liking, and begins to be seen as a house constructed with divine art, and all-perfect adaptation to the residence of an immortal spirit—and with whose wonderful and inscrutable operations we may not dare to trifle.

When that most difficult step of all is taken—the choosing to obey the genuine laws of life, in preference to our perverted appetites, which are constantly striving to close our eyes and ears to all truth—then shall we see

the mind of the world at large more deeply and heartily pervaded by principles of correct thought and wise action, and Fashion herself seated as a learner at the feet of Truth.

---

## FREEDOM'S BANNER OF PEACE.

By LOUIS RINGE—from the Essayist.

RAISE the banner of the free ;  
Let it float upon the breezes,  
Over earth, and over sea,  
Where the breath of heaven pleases.

Let it flash amid the light,  
Like a friendly angel's pinions,  
On its folds of stainless white,  
Bearing peace to earth's dominions.

Let the flag of war be furled,  
Slaughter's herald, rank and gory ;  
On the ruins of a world  
None but demons build their glory.

Tyranny demands a shroud,—  
Wrap its bloody ensign round it ;  
Here 's its tomb, a beacon proud ;  
Freedom with her flag has crowned it.

## PROGRESS OF REFORM IN THE OLD WORLD.

Prepared for this Magazine.

THE substance of the following brief accounts of some of the more important proceedings, during the past year, in the British kingdom, for the improvement of the condition of the Working Classes, both among the operatives themselves and among others friendly to their welfare, is derived mainly from the "Annals of Industry," which appears weekly in the People's Journal.

---

Accounts of strikes and disputes between workmen and their employers, are frequent, though unpleasant items of record, in the Journal. In some instances, the master-workmen have taken measures to coerce the workmen, by compelling them to agreements not to unite with any Trades' Unions, or other combinations of operatives for the protection of their own interests. In other cases, the results have come out favorable to the laboring classes.

---

*Distribution of Profits of Labor.* — Among the more pacific, and therefore more safe and praiseworthy means of securing to labor its adequate reward, by protecting it against the encroachments of selfish capitalists, are associations of workmen among themselves, for mutual aid. Joint stock companies have been formed, or are proposed, among the laborers in several arts and trades, in various parts of England, to enable them to secure to themselves the just advantage of the profits of their labor. An example of this kind is presented by the Joint Stock Company of Journeymen Boot and Shoe Makers in Belfast, which has been brought into successful operation, originating among those who had been thrown out of employ on refusal to work for inadequate wages.

The experiment of Lord Wallscourt, of Ireland, of making the laborers on his estates participators in the profits of their

labor, shows not only that the principle is capable of being carried into practice successfully in the agricultural department, but that it may be made highly beneficial. "I have tried the plan," says he, "for seventeen years, and have found it to answer much beyond my hopes, inasmuch as it completely identifies the workman with the success of the farm." M. Leclair, a house painter in Paris, has for some years been pursuing a similar course with his workmen, with equal success.

Not only are there combinations for mutual benefit among particular trades, but also a "National Association of United Trades." The leading objects of the Association are stated to be, "the adoption of means by which the surplus labor shall be absorbed, or kept out of the market, and an equality be maintained between the work to be done and the number of those required to do it." These objects are to be carried out "by the laboring classes expending their funds in the erection of machines that will work for and not against them, and in the purchase or rental of land, whereon they can set to profitable employment the redundant hands, who, if suffered to remain in the labor market, would reduce the wages of the whole trade to which they belong." The prevention of the necessity of strikes, is also one of the objects of the Society. This association is headed by Mr. Thomas Duncombe, an aristocratic member of Parliament, who "has nobly come forward, careless of the sneers of his own class, to act for and with the people."

---

*Homes for Working Men.*—Several societies have recently been instituted, the object of which is to enable persons of the working class to become proprietors of tenements. One of these is the Leeds Union Operative Land and Building Society. Its objects are, first, "to enable shareholders to purchase their own dwellings, or other freehold and leasehold property, by weekly payments; and secondly, to provide a better investment of weekly savings than is offered by the savings bank." The Chartist Co-operative Land Society, is another important association of this kind, which, before it had existed six months, numbered from 5000 to 6000 members, with a fund of nearly £5000.

*Improved Dwellings for the Poor.* — A general meeting of the Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes, was held in London, March 6, 1846, at which an interesting report was read, developing their plans, and exposing the miseries, and deprivation of the common blessings of nature, suffered by the poor, which it is their object to remedy. "They thought it might be practicable, by the combination of capital, science and skill, to erect more healthy and more convenient houses for the laborer and artisan, which could be afforded at no higher rent than they pay for the inferior and unhealthy houses they now occupy." In connection with this subject, the remarkable fact was stated, that, from "an examination of two tontines, one of the reign of William and Mary, the other exactly a century later," there was found to be a difference of one fourth in the duration of human life, in favor of the latter, which is attributed to the now superior advantages of cleanliness and temperance. This result, however, it is stated, was founded on calculations of the lives of the *rich*. Similar improvements would operate still more favorably on the condition of the poor.

---

*The Short Time Movement.* — On the occasion of the introduction into Parliament of a bill, to restrict the time of work for young persons to ten hours a day, evidence was adduced showing that in mills at various places, where a reduction in the hours of labor had been voluntarily made by the manufacturers, the results had been most happy. "The quantity of work done was not diminished, and it was better performed. The wages of the work-people were not less, and their health was better; while a better state of feeling existed between them and their employers."

In Yorkshire, the "Short Time Movement" has been the occasion of numerous attended meetings, in which the educational and moral points of the subject were made prominent topics of consideration.

Accounts from several other places in England report the existence of associations having in view the abridgment of the hours of labor, which, in some instances, has been favorably affected.

*Aristocratic Aid to Labor.* — Although the efforts of the laborer in his own behalf are most likely to be effectively beneficial for his elevation, the co-operation of the aristocratic classes will be a most important assistance. Lord Ashley, one of the English nobility, is chairman of a Society for the Improvement of the Laboring Classes, and is actively and zealously engaged in that work. One of the benevolent plans which he is endeavoring to forward, is that of erecting a boarding house for young men coming from the country to the metropolis, where they may be safe from the influence of the immoral and vicious company into which they almost unavoidably fall, at the places usually open for their reception.

The "Church of England Self-Supporting Village Society," is another instance of the devotion of those in high station to the benefiting of those in a humble condition — though confined within the limits of the established church.

---

*Asylum for Aged Laborers.* — Some time during the past year, a meeting was held at the Mechanic's Institution by the Journeymen Masons of London, for the purpose of establishing a fund out of which to build and endow a home for themselves in their old age. It was most numerously attended by journeymen, and also by employers.

---

*People's College.* — A school for popular education, on an extensive scale, is about being established by some members of the working population of Nottingham, to be called the "People's College." It is no small reason for encouragement, that amidst the efforts of the working people for the amelioration of their condition, the vital importance of education is not forgotten.

---

A Female Association for the employment of needlewomen, by means of which it is confidently anticipated that this sadly neglected class of persons may be provided with employment at good wages, has been formed in London.

*Co-operation between Masters and Workmen.*—Mr. J. G. Stuart, a proprietor of mills at Markinch, is endeavoring to instruct and elevate the minds of the people in his employ, by establishing for their use a library, a reading room, sabbath and week-day evening schools, and weekly lectures on various useful subjects. It is to be hoped that this truly christian example will not lack imitators in the Old World, nor in this country.

---

*Promotion of Public Health.*—This subject is one which excites much attention in England. A strong excitement prevails in London, against the practice of burying the dead within the limits of cities. Disease is said to prevail to a frightful extent, in the neighborhood of the cemeteries. The Roman Commonwealth, two thousand years ago, prohibited burial in cities.

Lord Morpeth has introduced a bill into Parliament, to provide for the welfare of the poor, in large towns and cities, in respect to air, light, water and dwellings. It is satisfactorily ascertained that no less than 50,000 persons die annually in Great Britain, from diseases induced by the unwholesomeness of their condition and accommodations—to say nothing of the vast amount of sickness and other miseries produced by the same causes.

---

A bill has been lately passed in the House of Commons, which restricts the labor of females and children to ten hours per day.

---

A Society has been established, with Lord Ashley at its head, to provide free reading rooms for the laboring classes in the city of London.

---

An Irish poor law bill, making the support of the poor obligatory upon the Irish landlords, is in progress in Parliament.



## MOVEMENTS ON THE CONTINENT.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey has abolished the public slave-market. This fact will be particularly agreeable to a large class in this country who take the most lively interest in improvements *abroad*.

---

The Constitution so long promised by the King of Prussia to his subjects, has at length been granted. If it be, as it is said, only the mere shadow of a constitution, it still shows a recognition, on the part of this sovereign, that the people *have* rights, however unwilling he may be to concede them.

The King of Denmark is decided on granting a Constitution to his subjects.

---

Prussia has recommended to the German Diet the passage of a law allowing the liberty of the press, under certain regulations. Bavaria and Wurtemberg have signified their approval of the measure.

Highly favorable results have followed the reduction of the hours of labor, in some manufactories in this kingdom, where the experiment has been tried.

---

The present occupant of the Papal chair, which we have been accustomed to regard as the most conservative seat of power in all Christendom, seems to possess the spirit of a philanthropic and radical reformer—relieving distresses, reforming civil and political mismanagements, &c.—the details of which are widely known. The Jesuits are furious in their opposition, however; and the life of the Pope is in constant danger. The writer on this subject in the London *Punch* will not find himself alone in saying, that

He who puts down abuses and pushes reforms,  
In the danger of poison and knife,  
Like a rare gallant fellow, our sympathy warms,  
And we wish him success and long life.

## SUNSET IN ARKANSAS.

FROM ALBERT PIKE.

SUNSET again! Behind the massy green  
Of the continuous oaks, the sun has fallen;  
And his last ray has ceased to dart between  
The heavy foliage, as hopes intervene  
Amid gray cares. The western sky is wallen  
With shadowy mountains, built upon the marge  
Of the horizon, from eve's purple sheen,  
And thin gray clouds, that daringly uplean  
Their silver cones upon the crimson verge  
Of the high zenith, while their unseen base  
Is rocked by lightning, which will show its eye  
Soon as the night comes. Eastward you can trace  
No stain, no spot of cloud upon a sky  
Pure as an angel's brow;  
The winds have folded up their quick wings now,  
And all asleep, high up within cloud-cradles lie.

Beneath the trees, the dark and massy glooms  
Are growing deeper, more material,  
In windless solitude; the flower-blooms  
Richly exhale their thin and unseen plumes  
Of odor, which they gave not at the call  
Of the hot sun; the birds all sleep within  
Unshaken nests — all but the owl, who booms  
Far off his cry, like one that mourns strange dooms,  
And the wild wishtonwish, with lonely din.  
There is a deep, calm beauty all around,  
A massive, heavy, melancholy look,  
A unison of lonesome sight and sound,  
Which touches us till we can hardly brook  
Our own sad feelings here:  
It cannot wring from out the heart a tear,  
But gives us heavy hearts, like reading some sad book.

Not such thy Sunsets, O New England! Thou.

Hast more wild grandeur in thy noble eye,  
More majesty upon thy rugged brow.

When Sunset pours on thee his May-time glow  
From his flush heart, it is on proud and high

Gray granite mountains — rock and precipice,  
Upcrested with the white foam of the snow —

On sober glades, and meadows drear and low —  
On wild old woods of savage mysteries —

On cultivated fields, hedged with gray rocks,  
And greening with the husbandman's young treasure —

On azure ocean, foaming with fierce shocks  
Against the shores which his dominions measure —

On towns and villages,  
And environs of flowers and of trees,  
Full of gray, pleasant shades, and sacred to calm leisure.

And when the Sunset doth unfold his wing

Upon thy occident, and fill the clouds  
With his rich spirit, on thy eves of spring,  
He is a far more bold and gorgeous thing;

He sends his flock of colors out in crowds,  
To sail with lustrous eyes the azure river

Of thy keen sky, and spirit-like to cling  
Unto its waves of cloud, and wildly fling  
Themselves from crest to crest with sudden quiver.

Thy Sunset is more brilliant and intense,  
But not so melancholy, or so calm,

As this which now is just retreating hence,  
Shading his eye with gray and misty palm,  
Lulled into early sleep

By thunder from the western twilight deep,  
Now 'neath the red horizon moaning out his psalm.

*Ark. Territory.*

## THE BOOK WORLD.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Ascension of Henry VII. to the Death of George II, by Henry Hallam. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is, perhaps, the most profound and impartial work ever written on English political history. Most of the historians of England are characterized by a partisan spirit. Mr. Hallam has freed himself from this bias, as far as it is possible, and writes as a conscientious seeker after truth. He remorselessly demolishes much of the declamation, and breaks many of the idols, both of Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Puritans. He is the safest of all guides to the student of English history. Though he somewhat assumes the character of a judge, and in his decisions of controverted points aims at impartiality, he is by no means without a heart to feel the great sentiments and passions of which English political history records the struggles, and he is a sturdy champion of free principles of government. The style of this book is altogether superior to that of his last work on the history of European literature—more nervous and energetic, and less overlaid with heavy words. The edition by the Harpers is reprinted from the last London edition published in 1845, and is enriched with numerous illustrative notes not contained in any previous issue.

HISTORY OF FRANCE, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by M. Michelet. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The publishers of this work have conducted it as far as the eighth number, making two handsome octavo volumes, and bringing down the history to the death of Louis XI, in 1483. The merits of Michelet are so striking as to be obvious to every reader. He makes history as interesting and picturesque as an historical novel. His notion of history is, that it is a *resurrection* of the past; and on his page the past starts into living persons and ap-

preciable events. His pictures of character and actions are flushed with all the hues of vital life. Persons cease to be abstractions the moment his pen touches them, and become real men. The reader gains almost as clear a notion of Charles of Burgundy and Louis XI, as he has of Mr. Webster or President Polk. Michelet, indeed, does not so much narrate as represent. We are spectators of a great drama acted before our eyes. We see the inward spirit as well as external form and costume of his historical personages. He almost paints the mind of his characters.

It is not merely as an imaginative writer that Michelet is valuable. His history displays a high power of intellectual analysis. He gives the philosophy as well as the picture of an event — shows its connection with what preceded, and its influence upon what succeeded it — and thus places it in its right place in history. His learning is also immense. His history is made up in a great measure from a careful study of original documents, which few but the keeper of the Archives of France could command. As a specimen of his peculiar manner of philosophical statement we give his profound remark on Louis XI. This monarch, it is well known, succeeded in breaking down the power of the feudal nobility — an important event in the progress of European civilization; but he performed it by using the most unscrupulous means. Michelet says of him: — “Louis XI, without being worse than the majority of the kings of this sad epoch, had given a greater shock to the morality of the period. Why? *He succeeded.* His long humiliations were forgotten, his crowning successes remembered; craft and wisdom were confounded in men’s minds. The long-abiding consequence was admiration of cunning, and the worship of success. Another serious evil, and one which falsified history, was, that feudality, perishing by such a hand, seemed to perish the victim of an ambush. The last of each house remained the *good* duke, the *good* count. Feudality, that old worn-out tyrant, gained much by dying by the hand of a tyrant.” This single paragraph will better enable the reader to understand the history of Europe from Louis’s death, than whole volumes of disquisition.

With these prominent merits as an historian, Michelet has many faults. The most obvious of these is an apparent want of unity in his narrative, arising from his habit of crowding his page with too many picturesque figures and striking reflections. Guizot has the advantage of him in this respect. There is, indeed, a real unity

in Michelet's history, but it is not readily perceived by common readers, and is only discernible after the eye has become accustomed to the glare of his style, and looks at events and persons from the position chosen by the historian himself. Guizot groups all his facts under two or three grand generalizations, and leaves the latter impressed on the mind, even if the facts themselves slip through the memory; Michelet's imagination fastens more tenaciously on individual facts, and presents these in such vivid lights, that the philosophic frame which really encloses the pictures, is liable to be overlooked. Both of these French historians are well worthy the study of Americans.

---

**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.** April, 1847. Boston: Otis, Brothers & Co.

The April number of this aged quarterly sparkles with more than its wonted brilliancy. The two most flashing articles are those on *Nine New Poets* and *The Modern Timon*. The first is a scorching piece of sarcasm directed against the poems of Emerson, Channing, Story and six other American poets. Though very pleasant and readable, the article is still presumptuous and unjust. After so severe a castigation of faults, the writer was bound to say something in praise of the merits of his victims. But his object seems simply to have been to tomahawk the bards, and hang up their scalps as trophies in his critical wigwam. The article on *The Modern Timon* is lit up by a blaze of wit. Its authorship has been assigned to James Russell Lowell. If this be true, it does credit to the versatility of his talents.

---

**THE STORY OF RAYMOND HILL**, and other Poems, by John Dennison Baldwin. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.

Contrary to the customary prudence of treating with cautious coldness the new comer into the fields of literature, we have no hesitation in giving Mr. Baldwin, though a stranger to us, a warm shake of the hand. He possesses no small degree of the poetic faculty, with a fresh and lively fancy, originality of conception, and a melodious flow of language: and though it is easy to ferret out faults in both the matter and the style of his poems, there is not the difference, in this respect, between what he calls his "firstlings" and the productions of more practised poets, that

would commonly be expected. The maturity of judgment which he will doubtless soon gain through a better acquaintance with the world, will correct his main defects. The following beautiful lines are taken from what he regards as the most imperfect portion of his leading poem :

“ The light and loveliness of Nature,  
With sweet enticement, charm and grace  
The life of every loving creature  
That feels and breathes in her embrace.  
And yet, the all o’erflowing splendor,  
Through every sight and every tone  
Forever melting, warm and tender,  
Flows not from outward shows alone.  
The landscape shineth, in its glory,  
To such as inwardly rejoice ;  
The blossom tells an angel’s story,  
To such as know the angel’s voice.”

We might quote finer passages in abundance, if our limits would permit. We are glad to see that our young author is alive not only to the sentiment of beauty and grace, but to the noble and soul-stirring impulses of the reforming spirit of the times. Witness the following nervous lines, in which he portrays the opposition with which the champion of moral truth is commonly assailed in the discharge of his duty :

“ But against him rose an army  
From To-Day’s o’erflowing marts :  
There were men with empty foreheads ;  
There were men with empty hearts ;  
There was every serf of Custom ;  
There was every priest of Ease ;  
There were all the cunning Lawyers ;  
There were all the Pharisees.

\* \* \* \*

“ In their laws, they said, was treasured  
Every syllable of Right,  
And, within their garnished temples,  
Every beam of holy Light.  
Then, they gathered round to brand him, —  
Called him infidel and liar ;  
Then their hatred thundered at him,  
Like a roaring storm of fire.”

The book is brought out in the neat style in which the publishers usually issue their editions of poets.

**LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN**, on Various and Important Subjects, by Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

This work—which has been already circulated, and strongly praised, in all parts of the country—does not treat on the general duties and responsibilities of young men; but may more properly be called a book of warning, in respect to some of the more prominent evils which beset their way. We know of no work addressed to the same class of readers in which these evils are pointed out in such masterly and forcible language, and in which the sad end of the transgressor is presented to view with such vivid and appalling reality, as in these lectures. We have no space for extracts at this time; but there are several passages which we may make use of hereafter. Masculine strength and fire, constitute the prominent characteristics of the work; but we have been struck with the rich poetic beauty which glows here and there in its pages, and cannot forbear to quote one eloquent specimen:

“Moss will grow upon grave-stones; ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised! something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the affections, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart.”

---

**AUNT KITTY'S TALES**, by Maria J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a collected edition of interesting narratives, written by a lady peculiarly calculated to present sound moral principles to the heart and imagination in attractive forms, and to benefit the readers she amuses. Her novel entitled “To Seem and to Be,” has been through several editions.

---

**FROISSART BALLADS, AND OTHER POEMS**, by P. P. Cooke. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

We recollect being delighted with the Proem to these Ballads as it was originally published in Graham's Magazine. Though the volume does not altogether come up to the standard of the opening poem, it still contains much sweet, hearty and musical verse, which tells upon the mind as well as the ear. The poetry is fresh and sparkling, bubbling up from the author's mind as from a spring, and replete with fine touches of fancy and sentiment.



**HYPERION**, by H. W. Longfellow. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

Here is a most beautiful edition of the most beautiful of Longfellow's prose works. The matter of the volume is well worthy of its elegant dress. There is hardly a page which does not contain something striking in thought, or felicitous in allusion, or rich and rare in imagery.

---

**CHAMBERS' CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.**—This admirable work, which we noticed some time since, has reached its eighth number, and, in addition to its great popularity, has met with the general approbation of those whose studies best qualify them to judge of the merits of its execution.

The following description of a book-glutton, which happens to meet our eye at this moment in the selections from Bolingbroke, teaches a lesson which many students need to learn;

"One of them I knew in this country. He joined to a more than athletic strength of body, a prodigious memory, and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day, for five and twenty or thirty years, and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into a head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? He had never spared time to think; all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch, or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory; and if he omitted any thing, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him or confined him. To ask him a question was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity and confused noise, till the force of it was spent; and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed. I never left him that I was not ready to say to him, 'God grant you a decrease of learning!'"

**THOUGHTS**, selected from the Writings of William E. Channing, D. D. Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols.

To all who are willing to look candidly at the thoughts of a great and good man, whether or not they agree in all respects with his views, this neat little work cannot fail to be acceptable. It contains some of the best aphorisms ever written.

---

**THE AMATEUR**, a Semi-Monthly Journal of Polite Literature, Science and Art, is the title of a new quarto paper recently commenced in Madison, Georgia, by Hanleiter & Wheler. Its moral tone and literary character are such as might be expected would be given to it by the excellent contributors whose names appear in the paper. It is not very strongly anti-slavery, of course; but we are agreeably surprised to find it disposed to treat our Magazine with the most cordial civility, notwithstanding our avowed sympathy with the oppressed in every part of the land.

---

**JUVENILE BOOKS.**—We have received the following works for the young, which may be safely recommended:—"The Boy of Spirit"—"When are we happiest?"—"The Cooper's Son"—and "The Olneys." All of them will interest young readers. The Christian Examiner speaks highly of the latter.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

---

**MR. HILLARD'S LECTURES.**—Geo. S. Hillard, Esq. concluded during the last month, his interesting and valuable course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, on the Life, Times, and Writings of MILTON. Throughout the course, the audiences were very numerous, and the last lecture showed no diminution of interest or of numbers. Mr. Hillard considered Milton, not only as a poet, but as a satirist, a scholar, a politician, a controversialist, a theologian, and more especially, as a MAN. The loftiness of his aims, and the purity of his motives, were recognized and enforced in

viewing each of his many labors in the service of literature and humanity. Although *Comus* and *Paradise Lost* afforded greater opportunities for setting forth the grace, beauty and grandeur of Milton's genius, the evenings he devoted to the prose works, were hardly less interesting, from the novelty and variety of the subjects, and the means they afforded of exhibiting the great poet as the friend of all that adorns and elevates human nature, as the courageous champion of freedom, as the intellectual bulwark of the republican party against the fanaticism both of churchman and presbyterian. The kindling sentences he quoted from *The Reason of Church Government* urged against Prelacy, the *Areopagitica*, *Reformation in England*, the *Defence of the People of England*, and the other prose works of Milton — sentences in which the vitality of the writer's soul breathes and burns in every word — must have convinced the audience that high as was Milton's rank as a poet, he stood also second to none among English prose writers.

Mr. Hillard delivered his lectures mostly without notes, in a clear, sweet, strong tone of voice, which sent his words into every part of the large hall of the Tremont Temple. His diction was uniformly pure and correct, sparkling with tasteful ornament, and enriched with fine illustrations. We trust that this will not be his last course of lectures before the Institute.

---

THE REV. MR. GILES. — This eloquent gentleman commenced a short course of three lectures at the Masonic Temple on April 15th. The subject of his first lecture was Patriotism, and we never heard it treated with more power and splendor of expression. Great as was Mr. Giles's reputation in Boston, this effort far exceeded even the expectations of his audience. The burning vehemence of his delivery was well adapted to the vigor of his thoughts, the elevation of his sentiment, and the fiery earnestness of his style. The whole lecture seemed poured out from his heart and brain at one full gush. Though necessarily touching on a variety of topics, and arranging his matter under different heads, the parts were so fused together in the "quick forge" of the writer's mind, as to strike the hearer as a perfect whole, and to produce unity of effect. It would be impossible to convey an impression of the eloquence of the lecture, by a quotation of particular sentences, or a reference to single thoughts. No one who was not present, could understand its effect from reading its most bril-

liant and vehement passages, even could we give them in the writer's own language, and we certainly shall not attempt to murder them by giving them in the language of another.

The lecture on the Simplicity and Dignity of True Manhood, though perhaps slightly less impassioned in the delivery, was even a better lecture than that on Patriotism. It was a kindling exposition of those qualities in character which are truly the glory of man, illustrated by apposite allusions, and enforced with vigorous and splendid eloquence. No one could have heard it without feeling a new enthusiasm for intellectual and moral excellence.

The lecture on Public Opinion, we were not so fortunate as to hear.

---

**THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.** — We are glad to learn that the edifice for this Institute is about to be erected — a contract having been made for its completion within five years. It is to be 500 feet long, and about 100 feet wide; the main building two stories high; — the whole to be built of Potomac freestone, fire-proof. It will contain rooms for a museum, for collections in Natural History, &c. (the large collection made by the Exploring Expedition, and now in the Patent office, having become the property of the Institute) a library, a chemical laboratory, and a gallery of art, with the necessary lecture rooms. The estimated cost is about \$210,000.

The Institute is to embrace two distinct departments of effort — one for the increase, the other for the diffusion of knowledge. Original research will be fostered by premiums and other forms of pecuniary aid; and the diffusion of knowledge will be promoted by lectures, by the publication of reports, and by collections of books, specimens of Natural History, and works of art.

---

**THE YOUNG MEN'S MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION** of Cincinnati, which has reached its thirteenth year, has recently provided itself with a superb set of rooms, at an expense of ten thousand dollars, which sum has been collected and paid. The Library contains nearly 5,000 volumes; and there is connected with it a reading room, abundantly supplied with newspapers and periodicals. Adjoining these rooms is a spacious and elegant hall for lectures, capable of holding 2500 persons. A course of lectures delivered the past season, yielded the Association, after deducting all expenses, a profit of three hundred dollars.

**THE DISUNION QUESTION.** — The Boston Post, with one or two other papers, complains of our suffering the value of the Union to be "calculated" in this Magazine. We regret to find ourselves at issue on any point, with a paper that has always treated us in the most handsome manner. But we must say to that print, that we consider the value of any political union or alliance a fair subject of calculation — and especially a union with a power that is not only crushing millions of human beings within its immediate dominion, but constantly seeking to tyrannize over the dearest rights of all with whom it stands politically connected. The same paper predicts the failure of our enterprise, if we do not desist from such discussions. It is not our intention to devote an undue share of space to the subject of Slavery; but if the performance of the plainest duty threatens the failure of our Magazine, we have only to say, "let it come."

---

**LEGISLATIVE AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.** — We notice with interest the Legislative Agricultural Meetings, of this state, which have recently been held, reports of whose proceedings have appeared in the newspapers. We believe they will have an important influence on the still comparatively neglected pursuit of Agriculture. At one of the sessions, where the profits of farming were under consideration, the opinion was advanced, that "if the same capital, talent and industry were employed in agricultural pursuits as in mercantile and mechanical, it might in truth be said to be the most profitable employment in the country." It was assumed by another speaker, that "one prominent reason why farmers did not succeed better, was the lack of energy, enterprise, industry and intelligence, in their business." There is doubtless too much truth in the latter statement; but it is cheering to notice the many indications of a growing spirit of agricultural reform, in various parts of the country.

---

**AMERICAN ART-UNION.** — This society was incorporated by the New York Legislature in 1840. Its object is, the promotion of the Fine Arts in this country, by the devotion of its funds to the purchase of choice paintings, and the production of fine engravings from original American pictures, to be distributed among the members. The annual report of its Transactions, recently published, presents a most encouraging prospect of its rapid advance-

ment and success, and furnishes gratifying evidence of a growing interest in, and a more correct appreciation of the Fine Arts among our citizens.

---

**DWELLINGS FOR THE LABORING CLASSES.**—A bill has been reported in the New York Senate, to incorporate an Association with a capital of \$100,000, for improving the dwellings of the laboring classes in New York, by building houses on such plans as shall more fully secure health, convenience and comfort, at low rates.

---

**THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.**—The machinists of Boston have been making an effort to obtain a reduction of their time of labor to ten hours a day. Many of the Maine papers, also, are discussing the ten hour system. Various as the opinions may be, which the discussion of this subject will elicit, we think the moral sense and sound judgment of the community cannot fail finally to acknowledge the correctness of the ten hour principle.

---

**LITERARIUM OFFICE.**—A novel literary establishment bearing this title, has recently been opened in London, for the transaction of all kinds of literary or *authorial* business, from the writing of a letter to the undertaking of an encyclopædia. It is advertised in the Times newspaper, and recommended to foreigners who are imperfectly acquainted with our language.

---

**PUBLIC LIBRARIES.**—There are two hundred and fifty-eight public libraries in twenty-seven of the United States. Of these, there are in Massachusetts and Ohio, each, twenty-four; in Pennsylvania, thirty-two; and in New York, forty.

The District School Libraries of the State of New York contain more than twelve hundred thousand volumes. These are probably not included in the public libraries mentioned above. It is presumed that more persons are supplied with the means of information by these libraries, in a single month, than by the national libraries of Great Britain and France, in a year.

---

Milton's *Paradise Lost* has been printed in phonotypes, in London.

**WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.** — This is an Association of working men in this city, for the purpose of purchasing by wholesale, goods of every kind required for family use; and also, by the payment of an admission fee, and a trifling assessment, to provide a fund for the benefit of the sick among them. It is composed of organized branches, called Divisions, with a central executive committee, called rather pompously the Supreme Division. We are indebted for the facts here stated, to a communication made by the Secretary of Division No. 9, to the *Liberator* newspaper, in which he says that the first division was formed by way of experiment, about a year and a half ago. The result, thus far, appears to have been entirely satisfactory. The present number of divisions is twenty-one, numbering from fifteen to two hundred members each, and their numbers are constantly increasing. The goods purchased by the joint capital of the Divisions, being sold to the members at an advance on the cost merely sufficient to cover expenses, (say about six per cent.) can thus be obtained at from ten to twenty per cent. below the ordinary retail prices. Persons wishing to become members of the Union, are required to be persons of industrious habits and good morals, and to abstain from the sale and use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

---

**ALBERT PIKE.** — We have in our possession a considerable portion of the poems of this writer of genius, which, though they have appeared in print, have had but a limited circulation. Most of them being our own property, we shall feel at liberty to lay before our readers a fine specimen of poetry from this source occasionally, and begin with the *Sunset* sketch in this number.

We are sorry to see this talented friend of ours lending his aid to the flagitious war in which our nation is engaged. The highest praises of General Taylor can meanly repay him.

---

**LIBRARY OF FEMALE WRITERS.** — Count Leopold Ferri lately died at Padua, (Italy,) leaving behind him an extraordinary library, consisting of nearly 32,000 volumes, all written by female authors.

# THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

JULY, 1847.

---

## DISPOSITION TO KNOW OURSELVES.

BY THE EDITOR.

*"Only engage, and then the mind grows heated."*

STRANGE as it might seem, that any one should not wish to know himself, there are thousands who are so indifferent to the subject, that, although admitting the necessity and even the practicability of self-acquaintance, they will still ask the question, how a disposition for it can be acquired. I answer, In the same way that anything else of importance must be done — by making a business of it. We must set ourselves about the study, without waiting for an inclination to do so. If we wait for it, such an inclination may never come: if we begin the study, with a little perseverance, it will be sure to come, even before we are aware of it. This is so, not only from the general fact that we soon become interested in what we get into the way of contemplating, but from the peculiar nature of the case. Our nature being incomparably superior to that of any other earthly existence, it cannot be that we are incapable of acquiring an interest in self-study, when we can and do feel an interest — excite and cultivate it, too — in so many objects of inferior and even trifling importance.



It is true, that in the study of our moral attributes — and in fact all our characteristics, so far as they are influenced by our feelings — a formidable difficulty presents itself. In proportion as we have abused our moral nature, the contemplation of it brings nothing but pain. We wish to avoid it, as we do a friend to whom we have been untrue. We wither at the glance of such a friend. "Often we go so far as to use artifices to deceive ourselves, that we may appear to our eyes other than as we are. Sometimes this is to flatter or excuse our inclinations; sometimes to please our self-love and our pride; sometimes from cowardice, sometimes from all these motives together. When the question is to satisfy ambition or presumptuous desires, we wish to suppose ourselves strong. We no longer confess our strength, when there is a difficult duty to fulfil. We exaggerate the qualities in ourselves which appear meritorious. We put out of sight those which, by affording a natural assistance, would diminish the merit of our own efforts. Is it not from this last reason, for instance, that every one accuses himself of want of memory, while no one accuses himself of want of judgment? Selfishness wishes to deck its idol. Sensuality wishes to repose, consequently to justify itself: it even wishes to exalt itself in its own eyes, to think itself less gross than it really is, in order to enjoy still more. We can with difficulty confess our faults to other men; and we do not like to confess them to ourselves. Our own censure would touch us more nearly, and pursue us more constantly. Vanity and self-love cannot consent to recognize themselves in the movements they inspire; for in recognizing themselves, they would be humiliated; they would contradict themselves. Since they are only a weakness of character, they must disguise themselves, in order to succeed in preserving that distinguished attitude to which they pretend. Often, while seeking to show ourselves to

other men under the most favorable point of view, in order to obtain their approbation or their good will, we may be so penetrated by the part we play, as to finish by thinking it serious, and to fall into the mistake we have prepared for others ; like an actor who should continue to play the comedy alone on his own account."

It must be admitted that it will be a considerable task to overcome this difficulty. But it can be done. We have only to be resolute in the use of the means with which Providence has furnished us — heartily giving ourselves up to the love of truth and duty. It is true that this implies a great deal. But what if it does? Are we to shrink from the right path, because there is a mountain to ascend? No believer in Christianity will deny that the means of our restoration to moral health have been provided for us. In the proper use of these means, we shall find ourselves awakened, as it were, to a new life: the faculties of our souls will be roused from their death-like insensibility, and clothed with the attributes of angelic life and action. Like children of a new world, there will be nothing to prevent our receiving correct impressions of ourselves and of everything else. Being at peace with ourselves, we shall take pleasure in cultivating the closest intimacy with our whole nature; because our affections will be enlisted in the very work for which self-study is the peculiar requisite — that of self-improvement. It may be proper to add, that every proposed remedy for indifference to the study of ourselves, which does not include the moral change alluded to, will prove in the end to be mere charlatanism. Nothing else will remove the grand cause of the disease: it lies too deep in the soul to be removed by anything short of the spirit of the Almighty, unresisted by us through the abuse of our privileges. After the proper remedy for our moral apathy has been applied, there will yet remain a vast deal for us to do; but

the great difficulty being out of the way, we shall have only to continue to make an earnest business of self-study, in order gradually to excite that interest in our higher nature which will be the secret of final success in the pursuit.

It is not denied that everybody is interested in himself in a certain narrow sense. As a man of the world, he may be ambitious to make as much personal display as possible. He may be interested in gratifying his uneducated propensities. But there is no other way to become interested in himself as the image of God, as a citizen of the universe, capable of endless improvement, and bound to be perfect as his Maker is perfect, but that which has been described. This is the reason why the interest men in general have in themselves, results in little more than fashionable folly, vice, oppression, military glory, and the like.

Let us but once acquire the settled disposition to know ourselves, and we shall soon cease to complain of a lack, either of ability or means. No matter what the difficulties are. No sooner will one obstacle be overcome, than we shall find our strength increased to grapple with another; and finally no difficulty can discourage us. In fact, the solving of mysteries and the overcoming of obstacles, will give the study its principal interest. Our faculties cannot be awakened and thoroughly disciplined, without sometimes being tasked to the utmost. Let us but have a WILL to know ourselves, and not only will the way soon be made plain to us, but we shall find that, although a mountain path, it will conduct us to the most sublime regions, and the most enchanting prospects. There will be wilderness, but also green pastures and still waters, and the songs of the birds of Paradise, to cheer us in our pilgrimage.

## THE FOREST TEMPLE.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

THE woodpath seemed a porch  
To one of Nature's temples, wide and high,  
Where underneath the forest's living arch  
Bright blossom-pavements lie.

Green, blooming shrubs around  
Threw incense of rich odors on the air,  
Close walling in the temple's holy ground  
With beauty wild and rare.

Amid the fragrant blooms  
The rich blue clusters of the bilberry hung,  
While high amid the maple's shadowy glooms  
The clinging wild vine swung.

There, through the leafy aisles  
A rapturous anthem each fresh dawn awakes,  
That, like heaven's music, with day's earliest smiles,  
The morning stillness breaks ;

And softer, when the breeze  
Of quiet evening through the red sky floats,  
The feathered singers from the dusky trees  
Send up their vesper notes :

For Nature's choristers,  
In the wood temples, are the singing birds,  
Whose guileless hymn as pure devotion stirs  
As solemn-chanted words.

Methinks the red man there  
To the Great Spirit bowed in solemn awe,  
And offered silently his simple prayer —  
And joyous omens saw,

In passing of wild birds,  
 In playing of soft lights among the trees —  
 Or deemed he heard the Spirit's answering words  
 In murmurs of the breeze.

O Thou, before whose sight  
 The holiest temple is the obedient heart,  
 Who in proud marble fanes hast no delight,  
 This grace, we pray, impart —

That we may ever hear,  
 Where'er we go, thy footsteps and thy voice,  
 Making the solitude and desert drear  
 To blossom and rejoice.

---

### LOOSE IMPERTINENCES.

**IMPUDENCE.**—There is something in thorough-going impudence that cannot fail to please. Gold and brass together do a good deal towards ruling the world—but brass is by far the most precious metal. An impudent person goes through life armed in triple mail. In any walk or profession of life, a mediocre man can achieve distinction and money, if he will only lay by his modesty and shamefacedness, and put on impudence as a robe. Very few decline the law, physic, or government, of the impudent pretender. The advertisements in the newspapers teach daily, that brass will carry a very little brain a very great ways. Cesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, governed each his respective country, by virtue of being the most impudent as well as ablest man therein. What is the right of the strongest but the right of the most impudent?

“What makes a law where laws are not?  
 Strength's wish to keep what strength has got!”

No statesman or conqueror condescends to give a reason or a moral for rapine and murder done on a great scale, as long as impudence will bear him out. It is curious that every high-handed act of oppression stands out in history, a monument of impudence, telling all posterity that he who did it, flouted mankind to its face, and snapped his fingers at all moral judgment. In private life, sin and impudence jog on the same road, as man and wife. Critics, probably, take a high rank among impudent men. The wits who shot squibs at D'Avenant's "Gondibert," seem in one stanza, where they inform him, in a friendly way, that he is an "insipid poet," to have excelled all others in this department. Nothing can exceed the gratuitous insolence of this kind information. Jeffrey was famous for thus volunteering his opinions to other men, and charitably disabusing their minds of vanity, by telling them they were dunces or snobs.

---

**THE BOMBAST OF LIFE.**—It is singular how much of life is a mere jest. Things which seem serious to us at one age, we grow to believe ridiculous. Most of our aspirations are essentially small, brave as they look when our imaginations swell with them. Passions, somebody says, are atheists, which believe in no future. At the time we are under their control, everything but that to which they relate, is dwarfed into littleness—yet how little we soon find the passions themselves. The moment their fire dies out, we see how foolish they made us appear and act. A man must live at least thirty years before he breaks the shining crusts of things, and begins to reckon the "glorified sugar-candy" of life at its true worth. The danger is, that when a person wakes from his mad dream, he will turn misanthrope instead of humorist. In that case, he becomes all the more insanely ridiculous. The foolery of those who rave and swear at the world,

exceeds the foolery of those who swallow all its gilded lies. A man is a great deal of a rogue, perhaps, in letting

"The serious part of life run by  
As thin, neglected sand,"

but not quite so much of a fool as he who mistakes the nonsensical for the serious, nor quite so much of a madman as he who wails and shrieks over the world's deceptions. It is difficult to bear patiently with those dunces, who accuse you of unpardonable levity, when you laugh at the solemn mockeries which pass in society for wisdom, and the thin sentimentality which passes for sentiment; but that these mockeries would justify a man of brain in rushing into heroic or Spenserian verse, to express his hate and disgust thereat, is a great error. There are some unhappy persons so constituted, that they cannot see a knavish theologian without turning infidel, nor talk with a silly girl without turning woman-hater. A very small appreciation of the ridiculous would save hundreds from becoming bigots and one-idea'd men. Once strip from things their conventional drapery, once dare to look at them as they really are, and once settle determinate boundaries to the serious and the ludicrous, and a vast deal of whimpering, fear and falsehood, would cease to vex and deceive poor humanity. "My dear Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "clear your mind of cant."

---

**MILTON AS A SATIRIST.**—Aubrey says that Milton pronounced the letter *r* hard—a sure sign, he adds, of a satirical genius. Indeed, Milton's satire, in his prose works, is almost as sublime as *Paradise Lost*. It is altogether merciless, and is saved from absolute blackguardism only by its wit, power and truth. Among the panders and liberticides of his day, he pitches his Greek fire with

terrible effect. When we consider the remorselessness of his invective against Charles I, it is singular that he escaped so easily as he did, from the rogues and libertines who "restored" the monarchy. Dr. South speaks of him as "Mr. Milton, the blind adder, who spit his venom on the king's person." The Defences of the People of England, alone, place Milton in the first rank of satirists, as well as orators and rhetoricians. How he belabors the two poetasters who celebrated, in geese tones, his adversary Salmasius. "But lo! again a dissonant and hissing cry! Shall I call it a sphinx, or that poetical monster of Horace, with a woman's head and an ass's neck, covered with motley plumes, and made up of limbs taken from every species of animal? Yes, that is the very thing! It is surely some rhapsodist or other, dressed out in scraps of verses with poetic rags, though it is uncertain whether there be one or two; for there is not the mention of a name." These pedlars and milliners of verse, he says, "heap together such a motley, indigested, and putrid mass of adulation, that it would be better to be prosecuted with contempt, than loaded with such praise." Take away, he exclaims to one of them, "take away, O ass! those panniers of airy nothingness; and speak, if you can, three words that have an affinity to common sense; if it be possible for the *tumid pumpkin* of your skull to discover for a moment anything like the reality of intellect."

---

BATHOS.—There is nothing more exquisite than good specimens of bathos. Poetry is justly considered as excellent, when very good and when very bad. A crowing chanticleer mistaking himself for an eagle, and thinking he has scaled the highest heaven of invention, when he has merely lifted his feet a little from the mud, is as agreeable a subject of philosophic meditation as the world affords. A volume judiciously compiled from the records



of bathos, would be an invaluable addition to current literature. Thomas Goff, one of the old dramatists, would afford some beautiful specimens. He concludes the first part of his tragedy, "The Emperor of the Turks," with this delightful assurance :

"If this first part, gentles, do like you well,  
My second part shall greater murders tell."

In the same play, the following important fact is stated :

"And the tall trees stood *circling* in a row."

One of his characters, a very truculent fellow, not deficient in classical knowledge, and penetrated by a high respect for the mythology, intimates a valorous determination, and its *rationale*, in this heroic vein :

"By all the ancient Gods of Rome and Greece,  
I love my daughter better than my niece.  
If any one should ask the reason why,  
I'd tell them, nature makes the strongest tie."

We do not know the writer of the couplet that follows, but would prefer the fame of its authorship to that of any other, in any poet :

"Should all the frame of nature round him break,  
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty *crack*."

There is no verse so expressive of the sentiment and indignation of a tortured lover, as this of a juvenile poet :

"No more will I endure love's pleasing pain,  
Nor round my heart's leg tie his galling chain."

The process of evaporation has been described, poetically enough, in Shelley's "Cloud;" but Sir Richard Blackmore beats him in one triplet :

"Won by the summer's importuning ray,  
Th' eloping stream did from its channels stray,  
And with enticing sunbeams stole away."

It is pleasant to think that the poets of this generation promise well in bathos, and occasionally display the utmost alacrity in sinking.

---

POETRY OF CHILDHOOD.—The recollections of boyhood, its vexations, miseries, pleasures, aspirations, more naturally fall into the moulds of humor than imagination. A languid recurrence to the past, and the absorption of the mind in the reveries it provokes, oftener indicates the snob than the bard. No great mind goes like a crab, backwards. It is foolish to sentimentalize on infancy and childhood. It can only be done by wilfully detaching from the body of incidents and feelings common to that interesting age, what is graceful and imaginative, and ignoring what in them is laughable. I pity the man who can write verses on his boyhood, and grow morbid on its memories. For my own part, the only thing that makes me patient with the verdancies and follies of my youth, is the material they afford me for a quiet laugh now and then by myself. At the age of twenty I had the good sense to bribe a garrulous nurse, who superintended my infant years, not to breathe a word of my doings and sayings, while she had the melancholy pleasure of my acquaintance. By that means I lost a reputation for precocity, but suppressed all records of my first three years of nonsense and baby-talk.

There is nothing more ridiculous to the mind of manhood, than the intensity with which small things affect the child. I recollect perfectly the day when my guardian bought me a tin money-box, for the preservation of my loose pennies. I was naturally a spendthrift, and looked upon coin as valuable only as the representative of so much gingerbread. But by dint of several long discourses on economy, seasoned with brilliant fibs of little boys who

had amassed fortunes by taking care of their cents, I was prevailed upon to accept the box, and promise to make it the bank of deposit for all the pennies that fortune and benevolence threw into my hands. The next day I obtained a cent. I pondered long and deeply on the propriety of burying it in the bank. I held the box up before my eyes, scrutinized the aperture in the top, and at last slowly and thoughtfully let the coin slip in. The moment it touched the bottom I realized the rashness of the act. Immediately I shook the box furiously to make the cent come out, but to no avail. Then I tried to coax it from its hiding place, turning the box carefully up, so that the cent could peep maliciously at me through the hole—but all my insinuating attentions produced no effect; the aperture was contrived to let coppers in, not to let them out. As soon as a careful induction had informed me of the devilish principle on which the infernal machine was contrived, I became almost insane with rage—rushed up and down stairs, rattling the box in a frenzy, and had no peace until I found some tool wherewith to pry off the cover, and let the imprisoned copper free. From that time I eschewed money-boxes. I have met with many hard knocks in life, but nothing has ever given me more agony, nothing ever appeared to me under an aspect so frightfully serious, as the entombment of that cent in the tin-box.

---

#### PARROT TALK.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from harmony divine  
The constant creaking of a country sign.—COWPER.

# UTTERANCES FROM AN OVER-SOUL.

BY A RETIRED PHILOSOPHER.

THERE 's something pressing on me here  
Which lacks, but yet demands expression :  
Come, lay to mine thy spirit's ear,  
And list thy soul to my confession.

Fair Aphrodite's birth and mine  
Were like in kind, though not in story :  
She freshly rose from Ocean's brine,  
And I from Fancy's sea of glory !

Its radiant, golden, glancing waves,  
To see me rise in splendor parted ;  
And flashing from its gleaming caves,  
Quick to the clouds I deftly darted.

To transcendental heights I soared,  
And revelled in extatic vision,  
Careless of fools that 'neath me roared,  
And piled on high their low derision.

Virgin from Thought, my stainless soul  
Is pure of Reason's rough embraces ;  
And speeding to its Orphic goal,  
Through milky ways my life-star races.

My mind has borne no thought and wit,  
No impish progeny of Reason,  
On Wisdom's mangled corse to sit,  
And 'gainst high heaven contrive high treason.

But diving to the depths of things,  
And truth in intuition gleaning,  
I've knowledge sought at Mystery's springs,  
And veiled in mist my mystic meaning.

My seer-words are no chaff and dust  
In Logic's grist-mill ground and battered;  
My thought-garb, free of antique rust,  
Is not age-worn, and soiled and tattered.

Forebodings, memories, mysteries, all  
Which stir and mock and shame me ever,  
Turning my heart's dew into gall,  
Clogging with doubt each high endeavor —

To these, my hoarded mental riches,  
I leave the world administrators;  
And, placed in one of Fame's high niches,  
I'll herd no more with small "potators."

Now list to me, all spreading ears,  
That unto truth like sun-flowers open!  
And words-I'll speak to still your fears,  
And keep your necks from dangers ropen!

Life is short and bills are long,  
Brains are soft and skulls are hard,  
Music swells in dinner gong,  
Bailiff dogs the doggerel bard.

The world is like an ancient door,  
On its hinges it is creaking;  
Dim monitions glide before  
My tranced soul while it is speaking.

Sense-partitions hem us in,  
Fooled we are by Space and Time,  
And the syren song of sin  
We mistake for sphery chime.

When the joys of youth depart,  
 When Hope's sun is waxing dim,  
 Through the long aisles of the Heart,  
 Hear the Spirit's mournful hymn!

Trust not Beauty's crimson daughters,  
 Teach thine eye to know control;  
 Like the rush of mighty waters  
 Dashes evil through the soul!

Launch thy bark on Thought's wide ocean,  
 Trim its sails in Glory's breeze;  
 Follow, with majestic motion,  
 Galleons deep which know the seas.

Hear the swelling notes of song  
 In the concert of the spheres,  
 Which through space are borne along  
 On the wings of great Ideas.

Gaze upon the planet Mars—  
 Drunk with nectar, see it driven!  
 Reeling Bacchus of the stars,  
 Lurid, blood-shot eye of heaven!

See and hear the Comet's tail,  
 O'er the sky observe it flare!  
 Listen to the eternal wail  
 Of the sinners burning there!

From the skies now topple down,  
 Note the sin beneath the sky;  
 Tact and talent take the town,  
 Genius groans in garrets high.

Folly fences all the land,  
 Faith in quacks remains unshaken,  
 Patriots' words are writ in sand,  
 Puns and pills are ever taken.

All the love-lorn Poet's pain,  
Poor it is, and basely shammed,  
And the children of his brain  
Born were only to be damned.

I have viewed, in my hot dreams,  
What would curdle blood to tell—  
Seen the gleaming mist which streams  
From the sulphurous surge of hell!

I have pierced to icy halls  
Where lean Death wields his control;  
Touched the cold frost-rime which falls  
On the spread wings of the soul!

Are not these soul-widening words?  
Courage, brother, sink despair!  
If thought's milk sour down to curds,  
What to us is all that are?

---

## ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

WE are in no danger of estimating too highly the extraordinary character of the age in which our lot has been cast, and of the influences by which we are surrounded. The Present is the proper theme of poetry, the fitting scene of romance. Whoever shall faintly realize the mighty events, the stirring impulses, the lofty character of our times, is in no danger of passing through life groveling and unobservant as the dull beast that crops the thistles by the way side. The Past has its lessons, doubtless, and well is it for those who master and heed them;

but were it otherwise, the Present has themes enough of ennobling interest to employ all our faculties, to engross all our thoughts—save as they should contemplate the still grander, vaster Hereafter.

Do they talk to us of Grecian or Roman heroism? They say well: but genius died not with Greece; and heroism has scarcely a recorded achievement which our own age could not parallel. What momentary deed of reckless valor can compare with the life-long self-devotion of the Missionary, in some far cluster of Indian lodges, of Tartar huts, cut off from society, from sympathy, and from earthly hope? How easy, how common, to dare death with Alexander! How rare to live nobly as Washington, and feel no ambition but that of doing good! Take the efforts for the elevation of the African race in our day—ill directed as some of them appear—and yet Antiquity might well be challenged to produce anything, out of the sphere of Sacred History, half so heroic and divine. Let us then waste little time in looking back to earlier ages for high examples, and deeds that stir the blood. Let us not idly imagine that the Old World embosoms scenes and memorials dearer to the lover of truth, of freedom and of man, than those of our own clime. Let us repel alike the braggart's vain glory and the self-disparagement of degeneracy; yet cherish the faith that nowhere are there purer skies, more inspiring recollections or more magnificent landscapes, than those in which our own green land rejoices.

Those daily acts, those common impulses, which, viewed individually, and with microscopic or with soulless gaze, seem insignificant or trifling, take a different aspect, if regarded in a more catholic spirit. Those myriad hammers, which, impelled by brawny arms, are ringing out their rude melody, day by day, and contributing to the comfort and sustenance of man—those fleets of hardy



fishers, now chasing the whale on the other side of the globe to give light to the city mansion and celerity to the wheels of the village factory—those armies of trappers, scattered through the glens of the Rocky Mountains, each in stealthy solitude pursuing his deadly trade, whence dames of London and belles of Pekin alike shall borrow warmth and comeliness—let us contemplate these in their several classes, unmindful of the leagues of wood or plain or water which chance to divide them. Readily enough do we perceive and acknowledge the grandeur of the great army which some chief or despot assembles and draws out, to feed his vanity by display or his ambition by carnage; but the larger and nobler armies whose weapons are the mattock and the spade, who overspread the hills and line the valleys, until beneath their rugged skill and persevering effort, a highway of commerce is opened where late the panther leaped, the deer disported—is not theirs the nobler spectacle—more worthy of the orator's apostrophe, the poet's song? Let us look boldly, broadly out on Nature's wide domain. Let us note the irregular yet persistent advance of the pioneers of civilization—the forest conquerors, before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank, come crashing to the earth. From age to age have they kept apart the soil and sunshine, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward, pours the army of axe-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday, their advance was checked by the Ohio: to-day, it has crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of a true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Cæsar, of Frederick or Napoleon, ever equalled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory?

The mastery of Man over Nature—this is an inspiring truth, which we must not suffer, from its familiarity, to

lose its force. By the might of his intellect, man has not merely made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements is made the submissive instrument of his will. He turns aside or garners up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshops; the tides of ocean bear his burdens; the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam. The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snort of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long train from lakes to ocean with a slave's docility — a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims; the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow path. His sharp, quick breathings bespeak his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects its course. On dashes the resistless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What has old Romance where-with to match the every-day realities of the Nineteenth Century?

---

Come, bright IMPROVEMENT! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;  
 Thy handmaid arts shall every clime explore,  
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
 Truth shall restore the light by nature given,  
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!  
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,  
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world.—*Campbell.*

## HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

FROM LYMAN BEECHER.

It seems to be thought by many, that the design of education is the communication of knowledge to passive mind, to be laid up for use in the storehouse of memory. But as well might all the products of agriculture and the mechanic arts be laid up for future use by the young agriculturist and mechanic. It is the acquisition of vigor and skill for a future productive industry, which constitutes a proper physical training; and it is vigor and dexterity of mind in the acquisition and application of knowledge, which constitute the object of mental training.

The habit of intellectual self-control is not innate. Human indolence abhors it, as nature does a vacuum; and the mind can be brought to it only by the power of habitual training. It is this aversion to close attention, which produces so many partial insurrections against the languages and the mathematics, and such profound and eloquent dissertations upon the inutility of the one, and the folly of plodding through the sterile regions of the other; and such warm-hearted eulogies of the literature and various knowledge which glitters on the surface, for the acquisition of which the eye and the ear and the memory may suffice, with little taxation of thought and mental power — in which the inspirations of genius are idolized, and hard study stigmatized, instead of calling into requisition the whole energy of the soul, to turn the key of knowledge.

The human mind has indeed waked up and broken loose — rejoicing as a giant to run a race; but assuredly it will never be restrained and guided to auspicious re-

sults by dandy philosophers and baby intellects. The minds that ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, must be of the first order, by nature and by discipline, and by various acquisition.

Elementary principles must be ascertained. No man can understand any science, or any thing, who cannot lay his hand on the elementary principles, and by the light of these, trace out the relations and dependencies of the whole. These are the keys of knowledge, to which all the sciences open their arcana, and without which they remain inexorably shut to all manner of demand and solicitation. Without this knowledge of first principles, a man will behold truth always in isolated fragments, and be surrounded by a wilderness of light. Such knowledge is like a mass of disordered mechanism — confusion worse confounded, and utterly incapable of use — a maze, overwhelming and inextricable.

There must be precision of thought. The mind cannot be thoroughly exercised without it; and nothing worthy of the name of knowledge can otherwise be gained. There are many who go round a subject, and pass between its parts, and verily think they understand it, who, when called upon for an accurate description, can only hesitate and stammer amid the glimmering of their undefined moonbeams of knowledge. Why is this? It is because they have acquired no definite knowledge of the subjects they have studied. They understand all subjects in general and none in particular; and for the purposes of exact knowledge adapted to use, might as well have been stargazing through a dim telescope in a foggy night.

Everything is what it is, exactly, and not merely almost; and for purposes of science or use, a hair's breadth discrepancy is as fatal as the discrepancy of a mile. Who could raise a building where every mortice and tenon only almost fitted? — or construct a useful almanac, when his

calculations were almost, but not altogether exact? It is this precision of knowledge which it is necessary to acquire; and without it, not only are the blessings of an education lost, but the multiplied evils of undisciplined minds—indefinite conceptions and fallacious reasonings, and the bewilderment of a declamatory flippancy of specious words—are poured out upon society with an overflowing flood, sweeping away the landmarks of truth and principle, and covering the surface with brush and leaves and gravel.

No wonder that scepticism is rife, which proclaims knowledge to be unattainable, and all things doubtful. What other result could be expected from minds reared without first principles, and reasoning without precision of conception, in respect either to words, thoughts or things? No wonder that all disputes are regarded as unproductive efforts of vain jangling; for what else than profitless declamation can result from discussions without first principles, definitions, or precision of any sort? No wonder that theology should be regarded as the region of chaos and old night—starless and dreamy, fanciful and feverish—where the atoms of truth and error hold everlasting conflict of attraction and repulsion, and fermentation, and revolution, without the possibility of system, or knowledge, or obligation to know the truth, or accountability for error.

Looseness of mental discipline, and slowness of head and heart to acquire elementary and accurate knowledge, is a matter of deep concern. The original lack of foundation and method, in the governing minds of a community, cannot fail to produce a loose, conflicting, chaotic state of things, in all the departments of society. Lawyers will jangle, physicians will quarrel, politicians will contend, and theologians will dispute, and the public mind be darkened and distracted by the very orbs appointed to guide the day and rule the night. Our republican insti-

tutions and the church of God demand a greater efficiency and variety of mind; and the desideratum can be supplied only by a more universal, energetic discipline, upward from the common school to the halls of legislation, the pulpit and the bar.

The art of independent investigation is of primary importance. The student should be accustomed to explore every subject—to analyse and take it apart—ascertain and define its elementary principles, and all its dependencies and relations, and label the whole with letters of fire, and put it together again; then he will understand it—then he will never forget it—and then, everywhere and instantaneously, it will be ready for use. Now this can never be accomplished by lectures and oral instruction, from the simple consideration, that the act of receiving knowledge, and the act of acquiring it by personal efforts, are entirely different in respect to mental exertion and thorough attainment. In the one case, the mind is passive, and records upon the tablets of memory only a few fragments of what is said, soon to be effaced, and recovered only by recurring to imperfect notes; while in the other, the mind's best energies are employed in unlocking and dissecting the subject, and the mind's own eyesight in inspecting it, and there results the mind's accurate and imperishable knowledge of it. I do not mean that lectures are useless, or to be dispensed with; but they are to be only the important aids of original investigation. The young adventurer must have some stock in trade to begin with—some raw material for his mind to work upon; and on some plain subjects perhaps he has it. Let him experiment then first on the most familiar subject. Let him reconnoitre his own mind, and ascertain how much and what he knows, exactly, on the subject, and put it down in definite memoranda: and if they are the elementary points, it will be easy by their light to follow out

their relations and dependencies, from centre to circumference; and if they are remote inferences and relations, it will be easy to follow them up till they disclose the elementary principle of which they are the satellites. When this has been done, and all that his own ingenuity can disclose is found out, he may consult authors, and enlarge and connect his views by their aid. When called to investigate subjects which are beyond the sphere of his incipient knowledge, conversation and lectures may open the door of the temple, and put in the hand of the young adventurer the golden thread which may lead him out of darkness into open day.

The advantages of this personal and primary investigation of subjects are, the augmentation of mental vigor and acute discrimination — the pleasures of mental action and discovery — the confidence of knowledge, dexterity in its application, and that originality of manner which imparts freshness and variety and undying interest to oft-repeated truths — protracted health of mind, and vigorous intellectual action. Especially, it is the remedy of indolence, and all mental sloth, protracted through life, and the guaranty of diligence and mental action and acquisition, down to the very frost of age. Mind which has opened the fountains of knowledge will thirst and drink, and thirst and drink forever. It is discipline which doubles its capacity, its economy of time, its energy of application, the amount of its acquisition, and the duration and amount of its active usefulness. Few minds uninitiated in the habit of investigation pass, without faltering, the meridian of life, or move on after it, but in the common-place repetition of common-place ideas; while to minds exercised by use to analyse and decompose and reconstruct the elementary order of things, the work is ever interesting, ever new — and the product ever fresh, original and bright as the luminaries of heaven.

The results of such training will be eloquence in the pulpit, eloquence at the bar, and eloquence in the halls of legislation—such as none can sleep under nor resist, and whose victories, when achieved, will, like the battle of Trafalgar, leave the world in a blaze.

On the art of speaking in conversation, in oral instruction, and in public lectures, sermons and speeches in deliberative bodies, I shall only say, that by a popular and powerful mode of speaking, a man's success is sure, whose mental training has corresponded with the preceding rules; while, for the want of it, multitudes of minds of vigor and general training, with refined taste and copious stores of knowledge, have passed through life but little appreciated, and exerting on society but a feeble power. What were the science of war, and what were all its implements and munitions, without fire, and the power of striking home? There is nothing by which the power of mind on mind is so augmented, as by the exercise of a native, powerful, popular, argumentative eloquence; and no defect in public training by which so much capacity for usefulness is neutralized and lost, as by unskilful and inefficient speaking. There must be a power of presentation—or good sense, and vigor, and well-balanced mind, and precision of thought, and accurate definition, and full proportions of knowledge, and condensation, and taste, and beauty, and the battery of logic, and the electric fire of metaphor, will all be a dumb show, in the popular collision of mind with mind.

Popular, powerful, efficacious elocution, is the result of the best order of mind, with all sorts of the best training. There must be mental vigor, precision of thought, a comprehensive knowledge of men and things, condensation, taste, beauty and power; and then a subject, and an object, and a soul on fire, in high and arduous effort to accomplish an end.



What produced the immortal eloquence of Demosthenes? A mind which heaven created; the culture of it by his own efforts; the stimulus of it by a popular government, and the provocations of Philip of Macedon.

Instruction may correct faults, and reduce to order the excess of exuberant feeling; but you might as well teach artificial breathing as artificial eloquence. Teach men how to think, and how to feel, and, with good linguistic culture, you cannot prevent their being eloquent: you could as well stop thunder storms and volcanoes, as the electric out-burstings of soul, with fervid, overflowing energy.

O! if Mind *has* waked up, and broken her fetters, as they say, I hope she has got her blood warm, her mouth open, and her tongue loose, that Nature herself may speak with her own tones, look and gesture, instead of the miserable imitations of art. Let the head be furnished, the tongue be well skilled in the use of language, and the soul filled with high patriotic and religious feeling, and when the occasion comes demanding eloquence, it will be there: and men will not need a looking-glass to practise before; but the soul will take possession of the body, and inspire intonation, and look, and gesture, and Nature will be justified of her children.

---

#### SMATTERERS.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert  
Than those who understand an art;  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals that give them light.—BUTLER.

## KEEP COOL.

By G. W. LIGHT.

ARE your matters all awry?  
Keep cool;  
But consider well the reason:  
If you are but right yourself,  
Things will come right in their season.  
Keep cool.

Though your case be desperate,  
Keep cool:  
Desperate evils may be cured—  
They cannot withstand a MAN!  
What have true men not endured?  
Keep cool.

Has a villain cheated you?  
Keep cool;  
He's the loser—do n't despair:  
Now your eye-teeth have been cut,  
Keep your temper; grin and bear.  
Keep cool.

Has a maiden proved unkind?  
Keep cool:  
If you'd have your heart's desire,  
Teach young Cupid's golden bow  
You can stand its keenest fire.  
Keep cool.

Can you not reform the world?  
Keep cool:  
Only one thing you can do—  
Give a brave heart to the work;  
Heaven wants no more of you.  
Keep cool.

Does the prince of serpents hiss?

Keep cool:

Show your stiffest upper lip:

When he sees that you are firm,  
You will find that off he'll slip.

Keep cool.

Let your ills be what they may,

Keep cool:

Seize this truth with heart and hand—

He that ruleth well himself,  
Can the universe withstand.

Keep cool.



## BE CHATTY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

IN the scripture record of the miracle of casting out a dumb devil, it is said that after the ejection, the man spake. Far be it from me to tamper with forbidden arts—to descend into the arcana of the sorcerer, for the material whereby to exorcise the sullen fiend; yet, when I have seen the good cheer of a whole household shrouded by the sulky humor of one, I have forgotten the scruples of my piety, and have found myself instinctively uttering the words of the exorcist, “Te adjuro per”—and have stayed my speech in terror at the profane presumption. There are those that will not be charmed, charm we never so wisely; and it were well to leave them till such time as a miracle shall be wrought in their behalf.

But to all others, to those who can feel the freshness and the buoyancy of heart which are the best evidence of a

strong, healthful and honest humanity, we would say — Be chatty. Talk, even if you fail to say brilliant or profound things: for the great thought is for the few, while the harmless, pleasant one is appreciated by the many. The eagle lives in the cold mountain region, amid the glacier and the tempest; but the birds that sing nestle in vales and woodlands, close to earth, and thence bear their music towards heaven.

Give way to moods — be they whimsical, grotesque, or even “funny:” — and when these are past, be wise — but not over-wise — grave, earnest, and whole-hearted. This is the way to build up a true humanity — a being of fibre, of resource and reliability — instead of becoming, what education is apt to make us, cut and angled, pasteboard and painted images — such good conventionalists that we can be warranted “safe,” “not liable to break out of harness,” &c.

Never trust your silent man with long, thin, compressed lips. He who is afraid to give his thoughts an airing, has those not safe to be trusted out. Do not mistake his owl-dom for thought. It is out of “abundance” that the mouth speaks; and where it is silent, there is either bankruptcy or something worse. Thought grows stagnant when not coined to utterance. Young has said some really fine things upon this subject, which show in the morbidness of his “thoughts” like stars of “night.” The life turns inward upon itself, when expression is denied, and generates intolerable evils; just as damp caverns produce the toad, the lizard and the bat. None are so nearly allied to the angels that they can dare sit and commune only with themselves, trusting, in sublime egotism, to the scheme of truth thus elaborated — which, being mixed with the passions and prejudices from which none are exempt, will be but a distorted, earth-made idol, instead of the pure effulgence which we are bound to

seek. The danger, too, is great, lest by this solitary brooding, we become like those deadly serpents, of which it is said that sometimes, having no means of relieving themselves of the poison which they generate, it accumulates and is re-absorbed again and again into the system, till at length they swell and die, from their own venom.

It is too much the disposition among our people, to defraud the home circle of the treasures of thought and fancy, for the purpose of casting them before the public. He or she who should feel that the dearest offering, the brightest garland, is the very one, above all others, to grace the shrine of the Penates, will sit in solitary abstraction, concocting a story or rounding a paragraph which is to appear in a Magazine, there to be read by indifferent and careless eyes—perhaps not read at all, and forgotten—while the same things, given with a glowing heart by a voice dear to the few, might be long remembered and treasured in the affections, as gems of worth and beauty. It is weak and foolish to leave the good ever at our feet, to pursue a will-o-the-wisp.

“I am not ambitious in my love,”

said the simple hearted Miranda:—the prettiest thing she could have said; for love, to exist at all, must have a lodgment fixed, such as ambition does not afford, and there be cherished: it must have smiles of tenderness, and words of affectionate fondness, which sink into the soul's utterance of sympathy and perfect peace.

There is nothing more subtly fascinating than a graceful tone of conversation. I will not say that all may excel in this most desirable and elegant accomplishment; but I do say that, with an ordinary share of attention, by readiness of sympathy, the absence of self, and the presence of a pleasant voice, all may become chatty, agreeable, and so essential to the social circle, that its

members will feel as if a limb were lost when one is absent. And here let me remark, that where the character is harmonious, the voice is always in keeping.

Let us talk, then ; talk, and not write — or write to give new charms to home. Talent is so universal among us, that almost any one of ordinary ability may construct a respectable story, may do the second-hand work of translating, or, with a tolerably musical ear, measure language into verse. But let not such imagine that it is incumbent upon them to go forth, and unfurl the banner of twaddledom in the face and eyes of a whole community.

Genius, unlike talent, is an especial dowry from the hand of God, missioned forth direct and truthful ; and sorrowful likewise — its office being not one of enjoyment merely, but also of suffering. For this cause was it given to the world, that it might be a mouth-piece for the many — a great beating heart — not a half, not a distorted, but a full humanity. It treads the wine-press that others may drink, and become strong and joyful. It has neither staff nor scrip for its journey : alone, and pierced by the archers, it yet goes onward, impelled by a power which, though felt, is but imperfectly comprehended.

Genius has its errors. Manifold they may be ; but they are the errors of impulse, and not the gross, hypocritical ones of a cold, unimpassioned intellect. And through these very errors, it sometimes, in its recoil, grasps at a great truth which the world will embrace and honor. The man of genius *must* act, write and speak ; because it is a great necessity of his being. Cromwell, who stands as the embodiment of democracy, acted from the stirrings of his great, rough, strong manhood, which was too earnest to be still ; and Milton wrote his cathedral song in blindness and neglect, because the swelling anthems of the spiritual world so vibrated in his own soul that he could not be silent. And John Wesley, who com-

bined the politician and the preacher, felt himself circumscribed, and suffocated, in houses built with hands; and he led forth his people to woods and rocks, re-converting the universe into God's own temple. He founded a new order of things, because of the primitive urgency of his own strong being.

Such are the Mount Blancs of our race, standing apart as points by means of which we measure the infinite distances of inferior minds. The dreamy eloquence of Coleridge will long be remembered; but what is said of his talent in conversation, is the best tribute to his genius, giving it the stamp of earnest, unaffected truth—the impulse of thought without the stirrings of vanity. “It was his subject that inspired him, not his auditor; and he talked as well to a plough-boy as to a philosopher.”

There are many of whom it might be said, that however beautiful may be their written thought, their conversation is far more excellent and effective. All may have affectionate and endeared listeners in their own circle: and it is amid the congenial only that the truly gifted find themselves “enlarged,” as the old Pilgrims used to say; that is, find a free utterance—the rein given to thought, fancy and humor. They cast themselves upon the protection of love, and sing forth the melodies of a harp of a thousand strings. Well for such it is, that they feel themselves protected by taste and conventionalism. Otherwise they would be silent: for who could talk, in a case like that of which the poet speaks, where he says,

“There’s a chiel amang ye takin’ notes,  
And faith he’ll prent it;”

or plunge into all the vagaries of a lively and varied intellect, with a Boswell by his side, wrapt in silent admiration? The unpremeditated out-pourings of thought, where friend meets friend, are the most beautiful utterings of language; the inspirations of recognized and appre

ciated thought—the highest and holiest of all human inspirations: and these are pleasures in which all may share, in a greater or less degree.

Be CHATTY, then. Live not as if seeking some far off, unattainable good, but open your eyes to the blossoms lying at the threshold of the nearest door. Give the tongue its work to do, as usher to the soul. Talk, and make glad the hearts about you. Dread a silent household; for where gladness is, (and gladness cannot be long banished from innocent hearts,) it will sing forth its secret harmonies, just as the brook, the bird and the young child, find a voice. It is the stagnant and slimy pool that is silent; while the clear fresh stream sings rejoicing on its way.

---

## THE NECESSITY OF KEEPING ONE'S FRIEND IN ONE'S POCKET.

ONE OF MADAM MIDNIGHT'S PAPERS, REVISED.

That all bodies gravitate or incline to the centre, is a proposition philosophically illustrated and mathematically proved, by the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton. It is on this principle only that we can account for our being fixed and confined to the earth, that we are circumscribed by the atmosphere, and that we are constantly attended by, and constantly attend, the planets that seem to roll round us. Any one that wants farther demonstration than has already been given us by that great man, let him but step to that part of the globe directly opposite to where I reside, and he will find himself firmly fixed to the earth there, notwithstanding the soles of his feet are over against



mine ; and though he may fancy, from the structure of the globe, that I am turned topsy-turvy, and placed on my head, yet I shall have the satisfaction to consider him in the same situation. To carry the experiment still farther, and make it more demonstrable, while you are there, if you please, let there be a hole bored directly through the globe from you to me : I will drop an apple in here, and you a lime there ; and the apple and the lime shall meet exactly in the centre, and there remain absolutely and unalterably fixed. But if, after all, there should be any man faithless enough to doubt of this matter, let him only leap from the top of some monument, and he will die by the truth of the experiment.

But what has this to do, you will say, with the thing you was to prove ? I will tell you. From a due consideration of this very principle, you will see the necessity of a man's keeping his money in his pocket. The pocket, I consider, and always have considered, as the centre of friendship, where I would have this most valuable, this most faithful of all friends placed. Now if he be a friend of any magnitude, being placed there, he shall collect a number of other friends round you, who will continually point themselves to you from every quarter, like needles to the pole—friends who will smile at your prosperity, bask in the sunshine of your glory, dance to the tune of your hornpipe, and be your most humble servant down to the very ground. But if by sickness, misfortune, generosity, or any other means whatever, this friend happens to be removed out of your pocket, the centre is destroyed, the equilibrium is lost ; away fly your other friends, and, like ungrateful, voracious pelicans, turn their beaks at your breast, whenever you offer to come near them. It is your own fault ; you might have done well if you would ; but you are a fool, and could not keep a friend when you had him ; so you may take care of yourself, and die in a ditch, if you please.

A man in affluence, squandering away his substance, may be aptly enough compared to a porpoise sporting in the ocean. The lesser fish play around him, applaud his dexterity, and admire his prodigious gambols; but so soon as the spear of misfortune shall strike him, his admirers begin to look after themselves; and perhaps he that sawned under his fins will be the first to fall afoul of him.

But this subject may be farther illustrated, and the necessity of keeping such a friend in your pocket, more evidently proved, from a due consideration of the advantages that may arise from it, and the disadvantages resulting from its neglect.

The man that has secured this friend in his pocket may go when he pleases, and where he pleases, and how he pleases; either on foot or on horseback, in a coach or by water; and he shall be respected, and esteemed, and called Sir, and made welcome at every time and in every place; and no one shall say to him, Why dost thou these things? But a man that has not a friend in his pocket, may not go when he pleases, and where he pleases, and how he pleases; but must go when, and where, and how, he is directed by others. Moreover, he shall not have the benefit of a horse, or the water, or of a coach — but must travel on foot, and perchance without shoes; and he shall be called sirrah, and not Sir — being neither respected, nor esteemed, nor made welcome; and they shall say to him — Don't be troublesome, fellow; get out of the way, for thou hast no business here!

The rich man shall be clothed in scarlet, and purchase whatever his heart can desire; and the people shall give him the wall, and bow before him to the ground: but the poor man shall be clothed in rags, and be obliged to walk in the dirt; nor shall he be able to purchase himself anything — no, not even a good name, though the composition of it consist only of air.

This is the way of the world ; this is the state of modern friendship : and since it is so, who that has a grain of common sense, would not take care of a friend while he has him, especially if he be so portable as to be placed in his pocket.

---

## THE STRANGER MAIDEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, FOR THIS  
MAGAZINE.

Among poor shepherds, in a vale,  
With every new returning year,  
When first the lark began his song,  
A maid of wondrous beauty came.

A stranger to the shepherd band,  
Her home and birth-place none could tell :  
And when her farewell word was said,  
So soon her foot-prints disappeared.

Her presence was a blessing there ;  
And every heart was wide enlarged :  
And yet her lofty dignity  
Too intimate approach forbade.

With fruits and flowers her hands were filled ;  
Fruits ripened on a purer soil —  
Flowers that beneath another sun,  
And in a happier climate, bloomed.

To each that came she dealt a gift ;  
Blossoms to some, to others fruit :  
The youth and old man with his staff —  
Each with full hands went joyful home.

Before her all were welcome guests ;  
But when a loving pair came near,  
She crowned them with her choicest gifts —  
Flowers most beautiful and rare.

So Charity and sweet Content,  
With heavenly gifts, to men descend :  
But they, alas ! too soon depart,  
And we forget the angel guests.

O, might no winter-storm destroy  
The summer that they bring — adorned  
With happy fruits and smiling flowers,  
And gladdened by the singing birds.

---

## THE ROSE FAMILY.

By D. H. HOWARD.

With what fresh grace before our eyes  
The opened book of Nature lies,  
While Science stands to read  
Lessons that charm us and refine,  
While they instruct in works divine,  
And sweetly heavenward lead.

THE natural family of plants to which the rose belongs, and which is known by the general title of rosaceæ, or rosaceous plants, is a large and important one. Taken in its widest extent — in which it embraces three well distinguished tribes, which some botanists consider as forming three distinct families, or orders — it includes the larger part of the fruits of our climate, together with

several plants esteemed for the beauty of their flowers. It is worthy of observation, also, that while this order affords so many useful productions, it is not known, except in a single instance, to contain anything that is positively poisonous or injurious.

The rose, which enjoys the undisputed rank of queen of flowers, is an inhabitant of all the regions of the northern temperate zone, where its beauty has been celebrated by the poets of almost every land and tongue; but it is said to be an entire stranger to the southern hemisphere. The number of natural species is large, especially on the eastern continent, from which most of our cultivated roses were originally brought; and the varieties which cultivation has produced in many of these species, are almost innumerable. The color of the rose, as is well known, varies from a dark red to pure white: two or three species only are known to have yellow flowers; while blue is a color not found either in the rose or in the blossom of any other rosaceous plant.

In its simple, native state, the rose has but five petals: the fullness of the double flower, which is so much admired by florists and gardeners, is owing to high cultivation, the effect of which is, to convert a part or sometimes the whole of the stamens into petals.

But notwithstanding the preference so generally shown by lovers of flowers, for full double blossoms, I have sometimes been inclined to think that this taste was owing to a superficial apprehension of the real beauty of nature, somewhat akin to that which leads the lively and uncultivated fancy of a child to prefer a gay, high-colored daub of a picture, to a fine and delicate one. And though maturer reflection makes me unwilling to employ, without qualification, so harsh a criticism, or to wish in any way to undervalue the peculiar kind of beauty which art has enabled nature in these instances to bring forth for

our innocent gratification, I would nevertheless enter a protest against the idea that the perversions and distortions of nature's model forms which we sometimes see — as in some of the "fancy" tulips, for instance — are in any sense improvements on the originals. And I think that in general, a refined taste would perceive the finest grace and most delicate beauty, in those flowers which are permitted to retain their simple native forms and proportions. When looking at the immense double pinks and peonies, which glow in the sunny borders of some gardens, they seem rather like encumbering loads than graceful decorations to the foliage which supports them, whose beauty they should crown and enliven, without eclipsing: and though they make the flower-beds look more gay and cheerful, a nearer examination deprives them of a part of their beauty; and I turn to the more unobtrusive single-flowers of their species, for a beauty which better repays the examination which its modest coyness invites.

In the same section of the rose family to which the rose itself belongs, are found the blackberry, and the raspberry, of each of which there are several species whose excellent fruits are well known. One of these, called cloud-berry, furnishes the inhabitants of the frozen arctic zone with a delicious fruit. The shrub called the flowering raspberry, which is found wild in the hilly districts of the western part of this state, is cultivated for the sake of its large red, fragrant flowers; but its fruit is nearly worthless. In the same order is also found the strawberry, the earliest fruit of northern climates.

A second division of the rose family furnishes our orchard fruits — the apple, the pear and the quince, together with the thorn, and several less important berry-bearing shrubs. No fruit of northern latitudes is of so universal and varied use as the apple. It was much cultivated and highly prized by the ancient Romans, who were accus-

tomed to distinguish their choice varieties by the names of distinguished men. They seem to have received it from the East, where it is at this day cultivated, and where it probably originated, like a variety of other useful productions, which, while they have been borne in the track of civilization from one end of the earth to the other, are hardly anywhere to be found in a wild state. It is a common opinion, indeed, that the cultivated apple originated in the wild crab, which is indigenous, according to botanists, not only in Europe but in America also; but I have much doubt of the correctness of this view, in the absence of any absolute proof.

Both the apple and the pear are cultivated in China, but the fruit is said to be much inferior to our own. The wood of the pear tree is used by the Chinese for the blocks with which their printing is performed.

The third section of the rose family contains the stone-fruits; namely, the peach, plum, cherry, &c. The almond, which also belongs to this tribe, may be described as a kind of dry or fleshless peach. The leaves and seeds of these trees contain prussic acid, forming the only known exception to the entire harmlessness of the rosaceous family. The delicious fruits of this order are too well known to need description in this place. Of the plum and cherry, we have some valuable native American species.

Several plants of this family are also of repute for their medicinal qualities. They are mostly of the astringent or strengthening kind, (so called.)

Plants of the rose family are distinguished by having alternate leaves, accompanied by stipules, and by their regular flowers, with five distinct petals, which, with the stamens, are inserted into the calyx. By this latter mark, this wholesome and useful family is distinguished from plants of the buttercup family, which are almost uniformly either suspicious, or positively poisonous — and which,

while it produces a variety of elegant flowers, affords hardly a single plant of any essential service to mankind.

Most of the rosaceous plants flower in the spring or the early part of summer. The creeping five-finger, or cinquefoil, spangles the ground with an abundance of golden flowers, even in April, when the season is favorable. The successive flowering of the peach, the pear and the apple, whose blossoms so delightfully perfume the vernal atmosphere, constitute an invaluable element in the spring landscape — giving, if we may so speak, a kind of angelic beauty to a cultivated country, and impressing us with a conception of heavenly beneficence, which the most beautiful, but fruitless flowers of the wilderness, always fail to impart.

---

## GENTLEMANHOOD.

ABRIDGED FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE LITERARY WORLD

---

THE GENTLEMAN is a psychological invention of modern times. We have indeed sporadic cases of gentlemanhood among the ancients. Plato, for instance, who says that the genuine humanity and real probity of a man are brought to the test by his behavior towards those whom he may wrong with impunity. Confucius, too, left some golden rules of true gentlemanhood behind him; and St. Paul, (we speak it with all reverence,) had a bearing about him as true to the ideal of the character, as marks the most thorough-trained or in-bred gentleman of our



own times. The ancients, however, and indeed our forefathers of a hundred years ago, had not generally a more distinct idea of the genus gentleman, than has a North American Indian.

The English of the present day claim not only to have the finest type of "the gentleman" among them, but even to have originated the character. This may indeed be so; but it only proves that the race of gentlemen has yet by no means reached the perfection it is destined to attain. A country where fixed rank is the law of the land, cannot, in the nature of things, test half the requisites of a gentleman, much less, give him his full degree as a graduate of the great republican college of wide-world comity. An Englishman is booked for a certain berth or state-room in the great steamer Society; and he has only to learn and practise the conventional rules belonging to his peculiar position, in said berth or state-room, to pass muster as a well-bred cabin passenger. He learns how to behave to those who are above him, to those who are below him, and to his equals: the position and claims of these are all easily enough ascertained in a country of "fixed ranks." But take him out of his go-cart of prescriptive order, and place him where nature, and not the institutions of society, fixes the ranks, and how does he do there? The truth is, John Bull, although he turns out some of the finest models of gentlemen that the world has yet seen, begins wrongly in studying the mystery of gentlemanhood; and we fear he never can be taught that, although the race, as we have said, is comparatively new, yet that the *type* of the gentleman was given by Nature herself, long before the race of tinkers, tailors, baronets and viscounts were invented by men; in a word, that the character is as independent of fixed occupation as it is of fixed rank, and that the truest test of its genuineness, is the freemasonry by which one gentleman recognizes another, under all possible circumstances

in life. We believe, therefore, that a hundred years hence, the genus gentleman will have attained a perfection in this country that is yet undreamed of in England.

The following passages from Dr. F. Lieber, on the character of the gentleman, are well worthy of study :

“I believe it signifies, that character which is distinguished by strict honor, self-possession, forbearance, generous as well as refined feelings, and polished deportment — a character to which all meanness, explosive irritableness and peevish fretfulness are alien ; to which, consequently, a generous candor, scrupulous veracity, courage, both moral and physical, dignity and self-respect, a studious avoidance of giving offence to others, or of oppressing them, and liberality in thought, argument and conduct, are habitual and have become natural. Perhaps we are justified in saying that the character of the gentleman implies an addition of refinement of feeling and loftiness of conduct, to the rigid dictates of morality, and the purifying precepts of religion.

Where so many important qualities and distinct attributes, held in high and common esteem, are blended into one character, we must be prepared to meet with corresponding caricatures and mimicking impersonations of it, by persons of faulty, vicious or depraved dispositions. We find the sensitive honor of the gentleman counterfeited in the touchy duellist ; his courage, by the arrant bully ; his calmness of mind, by supercilious or stolid indifference, or a fear of betraying the purest emotions ; his refinement of feeling, by sentimentality or affectation ; his polished manners, by a punctilious observance of trivial forms ; his ready compliance with conventional forms, in order to avoid the pain of giving offence to others, or his natural habit of moving in those forms which have come to be established among the accomplished, by the silly hunter

after new fashions, or a censurable and enfeebling love of approbation ; his liberality, by the spendthrift ; his dignity and self-respect, by conceit, or a dogged resistance to acknowledging error or wrong ; his candor, by an ill-natured desire of telling unwelcome truths ; his freedom from petulance, by incapacity of enthusiasm, and his composure by egotism. But these distorted reflections from a deforming mirror, do not detract from the real worth and the important attributes of the well proportioned original ; nor can it be said that this character has been set up as a purely ethical model, in spite of religion. I am convinced that it was possible to conceive this character in its fullness, only by the aid of Christianity, and believe — I say it with bowing reverence — that in him to whom we look for the model of every perfection, we also find the perfect type of that character which occupies our attention.

There are millions of actions which a gentleman cannot find the heart to perform, although the law of the land would permit them, and ought to permit them, lest an intermeddling despotism should stifle all freedom of action.

The forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the true gentleman. Indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social, or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over his wife, (in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her,) the father over his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young and the young over the aged, the strong over the weak, the officer over his men, the master of a vessel over his hands, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the rich over the poor, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches, the gifted over the ordinary man, even the clever over the silly — the forbearing and inoffensive use of all

this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveller knows at once whether a gentlemanly or a rude officer is searching his trunk. But not only does the use of power form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others, is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when in hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let a man who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen, criminal fellow-being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character, which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others."

---

ANGELS are men of a superior kind;  
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,  
High o'er celestial mountains winged in flight;  
And men are angels, loaded for an hour.—YOUNG.

## SCHOOL FOR THE PRACTICAL SCIENCES.

## MR. LAWRENCE'S DONATION.

THE public are well informed of the liberal donation of Fifty Thousand Dollars to Harvard University, by the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, for the establishment of a school of practical science. We think the University could not, at the present time, have received a more appropriate and useful donation.

It is encouraging to find our citizens becoming more deeply impressed with the importance of the application of science to the uses of life. The services of the scholar who labors in his closet at the solution of an abstruse problem, are indeed indispensable; but without the aid of the practical man, who finds in his solution the means of performing a useful work in a better manner, in a briefer time, or with less expense of human health and strength, his labors would be deprived of more than half their value to the world. And we think there is hardly anything which more strikingly distinguishes the present age as one of improvement, than the fact that so great an amount of useful scientific knowledge, which, less than one hundred years ago, was locked up in Latin folios, or still more deeply concealed in the unexplored books of nature, has come to be a matter of every-day school instruction, and part and parcel of common every-day thought.

There is scarcely an art or trade, which is not either directly founded upon the application of some scientific principle, or more or less indirectly dependant upon science. And there are few who are engaged in the various arts and trades, who would not be rendered more intelligent and skilful workmen, as well as more useful members

of society, by a more extensive acquaintance with science, especially with those branches which concern their several avocations, than is generally possessed by the mechanic and agricultural classes.

In his letter to the Treasurer of the University, proffering the donation to which we have referred, Mr. Lawrence makes the following important remarks :

“For several years I have seen and felt the pressing want in our community, (and in fact in the whole country,) of an increased number of men educated in the practical sciences. Elementary education appears to be well provided for in Massachusetts. There is, however, a deficiency in the means for higher education in certain branches of knowledge. For an early classical education, we have our schools and colleges. From thence, the special schools of Theology, Law, Medicine and Surgery, receive the young men destined to those professions; and those who look to commerce as their employment, pass to the counting-house or the ocean. But where can we send those who intend to devote themselves to the practical applications of science? How educate our engineers, our miners, our machinists and our mechanics? Our country abounds in men of action. Hard hands are ready to work upon our hard materials: and where shall sagacious heads be taught to direct those hands? Inventive men laboriously re-invent what has been produced before. Ignorant men fight against the laws of nature with a vain energy, and purchase their experience at great cost. Why should not all these start where their predecessors ended, and not where they begun? Education can enable them to do so. The application of science to the useful arts has changed, in the last half century, the condition and relations of the world. It seems to me that we have been somewhat neglectful in the cultivation and encouragement of the scientific portion of our national economy.

Our country is rapidly increasing in population and wealth, and is probably destined, in another quarter of a century, to contain nearly as many inhabitants as now exist in France and England together.

We have already in the United States a large body of young men who have received a classical education, many of whom find it difficult to obtain a livelihood in what are termed the learned professions. I believe the time has arrived when we should make an effort to diversify the occupations of our people, and develop more fully their strong mental and physical resources, throughout the Union. We have, perhaps, stronger motives in New England than in any other part of our country, to encourage scientific pursuits, from the fact that we must hereafter look, for our main support, to the pursuit of commerce, manufactures and the mechanic arts—to which it becomes our duty, in my humble judgment, to make all the appliances of science within our power. We inherit, and are forced to cultivate, a sterile soil; and what nature has denied, should be as far as possible supplied by art. We must make better farmers, through the application of chemical and agricultural science.

We need, then, a school, not for boys, but for young men whose early education is completed, either in college or elsewhere, and who intend to enter upon an active life as engineers or chemists, or in general as men of science, applying their attainments to practical purposes—where they may learn what has been done at other times and in other countries, and may acquire habits of investigation and reflection; with an aptitude for observing and describing.

I have thought that the three great practical branches to which a scientific education is to be applied among us are—1. Engineering; 2. Mining, in its extended sense, including meteorology; 3. The invention and manufacture

of machinery. These must be deemed kindred branches, starting from the same point, depending in many respects upon the same principles, and gradually diverging to their more special applications. Mathematics, especially in their application to the construction and combination of machinery; Chemistry, the foundation of knowledge, and an all-important study for the mining engineer, and the key to the processes by which the rude ore becomes the ductile metal; Geology, Mineralogy, and the other sciences investigating the properties and uses of materials employed in the arts; Carpestry; Masonry; Architecture and Drawing — are all studies which should be pursued to a greater or less extent, in one or all of these principal divisions.

To carry out this course of education in its practical branches, there should be the most thorough instruction in Engineering, Geology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Natural Philosophy and Natural History. In the last two branches, instruction might perhaps be given by the present College professors. In addition to these, it would be necessary to obtain the services, at stated periods, of eminent men from the practical walks of life. The Law School is taught by distinguished lawyers of the highest reputation; the Medical school, by distinguished physicians. In like manner, this School of Science should number among its teachers, men who have practised and are practising the arts they are called to teach. Let theory be proved by practical results."

In order to the execution of this plan, Mr. Lawrence proposes the establishment of three permanent professorships; — one of Chemistry, (which he considers already provided for by the appointment of Mr. Horsford Rumford Professor,) one of Engineering, and one of Geology.



Though we cannot anticipate, from an institution of the kind here proposed, that general benefit which we regard as desirable to be enjoyed by all classes of citizens to whom a practical scientific education would be advantageous, we still regard it as a most important step towards bringing the stores of science into wider and fuller usefulness. And though only a few may be direct partakers in its benefits, it will, through them, extend its advantages to still greater numbers, and perhaps be the precursor of still more liberal opportunities for scientific improvement to the people at large.

---

## SUMMER MORNING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FRESH in the morn is the living breeze,  
 And the sun beams bright  
 Through the swaying arms of the dark fir trees;  
 And the tops of the mountains,  
 The forests, the fountains,  
 Redden and glow in a purple light:  
 The lark is abroad on her airy wing,  
 And the wakened woods with melody ring.

Blessed be the hour of early light,  
 When meadow and stream  
 With beauty gleam,  
 And the grass is touched with a silver white;  
 When the smallest leaf on the fruit-tree top  
 Is a beautiful nest, where a pearl reposes;  
 When showers of gems from the branches drop,  
 And the zephyrs chat and play with the roses.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**—We avail ourselves of the able essays on this subject by the Editor of the *Chronotype*, as a basis for a few remarks explanatory of the Life Insurance principle. By the yearly payment of a premium of from one to three dollars to a life insurance company, a person may secure to his family, at his death, one hundred dollars; or a larger sum, by the payment of a proportionally larger premium. The premium varies, according to the time which the insurer may be expected to live—the probable duration of life being deduced from calculations made from tables of longevity; the rate being lower, when the probability of life is greater, and vice versa. In no way can a person who has a family or others dependant upon him, and who enjoys only a small income, make so sure a provision for their future benefit, as by a life insurance. A sum which many years of prudent saving would be required to accumulate, and for the acquisition of which, life and health might not be granted, would, on the insurance plan, be effectually secured to the family of the insurer, at his death, however soon it might occur after the taking out of the policy. Thus the advantage of the associative principle is secured, without any sacrifice of personal independence. It needs only to be observed, that the plan of *mutual* insurance is decidedly preferable to insurance by stock companies; since whatever advantage might accrue to a stock company, by the receipt of premiums over and above the amount of insurances paid out, would, on the mutual plan, be returned to the insurers themselves.

**COMPETITION BETWEEN FREE AND SLAVE LABOR.**—A remarkable illustration of the oppugnancy of the free and slave labor systems, is presented by the recent strike at the Tredegar and Amory Iron Works, Richmond, Va.—the free white laborers refusing to work, so long as slaves were employed in

the establishment. It is claimed, on the part of the owner, that he has a right to employ whatever species of labor he chooses; and he calls upon the public to assist him in resisting what he calls the boldest attack upon slave labor and the rights of the citizen ever before made in a slave state. Since, however, slavery is a degrading system, it is not strange that it should be felt by free laborers as a degradation, to have slave labor put in competition, and thus on a par, with their own. Such facts respecting the peculiar effects of the peculiar institution, may open the eyes of some people who find it difficult to see its incompatibility with free institutions. It is perhaps hardly necessary to state, that the Richmond affair was settled by the dismissal of the whites, and the substitution of slaves in their places.

---

**MECHANICS' MUTUAL PROTECTIONS.**—This is the title assumed by bodies of practical mechanics who have organized themselves, in several towns and cities in Ohio, for the purpose of mutual benefit and relief. On the seventh of May last, they held a General Convention at Cleveland, at which delegates were present from seven different "Protections." Resolutions were passed advocating the natural freedom and equality of men, and the right of the laborer to a proportionate share of the wealth his labors go to create. Delegates were also chosen to attend a General United States Convention, to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., on the third Tuesday of the present month.

---

**AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.**—Efforts are making in the State of New York, under the patronage of the American Institute, to establish seminaries in which the theory and practice of Agriculture and Gardening shall be the prominent studies, in connection with other branches of useful knowledge.

---

**ORDER OF UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.**—An Association with this title has recently been formed in this city. Its objects are thus specified:—1. To assist each other in obtaining employment. 2. To encourage each other in business. 3. To establish a sick and funeral fund. 4. To establish a

general fund for the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members. 5. To aid members who have become incapacitated from following their usual avocations, in obtaining such employment as their situation will admit of their pursuing.

---

**ABOLITION ABROAD.**—We are glad to learn that the exciting discussion on the subject of slavery, in the French Chamber of Deputies, occasioned by the presentation of a petition for the emancipation of the slaves in the French Colonies, is likely to result in the overthrow of slavery in the French territories. It is said that more than half the signers of the petition were proprietors of slaves.

We observe also that a proposal has been made to put an end to slavery in New Grenada, on the first of January, 1850—the government engaging to pay to the holders of slaves five per cent interest on their value. A plan of gradual abolition, which is on trial, is thought not to work well.

The Egyptian government, with the customary promptness of the administration of justice by Oriental tribunals, has decreed the abolition of slavery in its dominions, within fifty days.

---

**CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN SERFS.**—The serfs, who constitute the bulk of the agricultural population of Russia, are bought and sold with the land which they cultivate, and for the use of which they pay a tax to their owners. They can, however, acquire property, and there are instances of those who have become rich; but they cannot compel their masters to sell them their freedom. Efforts for their emancipation, however, of which the Emperor is highly desirous, are not wanting. A nobleman, who was one of the largest proprietors in Russia, has recently not only set at liberty eight thousand serfs, of both sexes, but relinquished to them, for a trifling rent, the lands which they occupied.

---

**SOCIETY FOR THE BENEFIT OF SERVANTS.**—Among the recent benevolent movements in London, is the establishment of a General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, the

object of which is, to provide for the support of servants who have become incapacitated for service by old age or infirmity. An annuity of from twenty to twenty-five pounds will be secured by the annual payment of five shillings by a man or three shillings by a female servant. The Society has received valuable donations of money from many wealthy families. Although a state of society in which any useful class are considered as degraded by their occupation, must be a vicious one, this fact renders none the less praiseworthy an act of charity towards the degraded class. Besides, such acts of benevolence may lead to more extensive efforts in their behalf.

---

**POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**—The English Parliament have recently been devoting special attention to this subject—giving occasion to a powerful speech from Mr. Macaulay, on its necessity. “He showed,” says the foreign correspondent of one of our papers, “that the duty of educating the people had been advocated by the political legislators and philosophers of all ages;” and he adduced evidence to show how much of the crime and misery in the country were owing to the low state of popular education. He quoted Dr. Adam Smith’s opinion, “that if the State did not attend to the religious education of its people, great disorders must ensue;” and observed that that illustrious philosopher had hardly written this sentence, before the riots of 1782 took place, and exemplified the truth of it—when a hundred thousand men rose up in London, at the call of a mere madman, and the city was for six weeks in the power of a mob.

---

**ABOLITION OF THE IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.**—A bill has been brought before the English House of Commons, to provide a substitute for the barbarous system of pressing men into the naval service, which, it is well known, has heretofore prevailed. The new plan is similar to the mode of enlistment in the militia. The procuring men by impressment is said to be no longer practicable.

## THE BOOK WORLD.

---

### HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

By William Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Harpers have issued these fascinating volumes in a style of great elegance. The illustrations, by Hewet, add considerably to the attraction of the work, and are executed with much neatness. The chief object of the book is to give descriptions of the homes and haunts of the principal English poets, from Chaucer to the present day. This is admirably done; but with this is connected quite a detailed biography of each poet, replete with interesting anecdotes, many of which are quite new. The chapters on Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, and other writers of the present century, are especially interesting, and contain numerous facts which must be unfamiliar to the large majority of readers. The book has faults; but they are almost lost sight of in the attractiveness of the materials, and the general excellence of the execution. It is a work which will bear more than one perusal without losing its charm.

---

A YEAR OF CONSOLATION. By Mrs. Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is Fanny Kemble's last production, and is stamped on every page with the striking peculiarities of her mind and character. The tone of the thought is that of a bold, strong masculine nature, rendered somewhat petulant and querulous by suffering and world-weariness. The descriptions both of persons and objects are graphic and powerful, but "sicklied o'er" too much by her individual feelings. The observations on art, character and manners, are often very acute. The poems which are interspersed through the prose body of the book, are of various merit, some of them of touching excellence, while others sink to mediocrity. Altogether, the volume is one of the raciest published during the season.

object of which is, to provide for the support of servants who have become incapacitated for service by old age or infirmity. An annuity of from twenty to twenty-five pounds will be secured by the annual payment of five shillings by a man or three shillings by a female servant. The Society has received valuable donations of money from many wealthy families. Although a state of society in which any useful class are considered as degraded by their occupation, must be a vicious one, this fact renders none the less praiseworthy an act of charity towards the degraded class. Besides, such acts of benevolence may lead to more extensive efforts in their behalf.

---

**POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**—The English Parliament have recently been devoting special attention to this subject—giving occasion to a powerful speech from Mr. Macaulay, on its necessity. “He showed,” says the foreign correspondent of one of our papers, “that the duty of educating the people had been advocated by the political legislators and philosophers of all ages;” and he adduced evidence to show how much of the crime and misery in the country were owing to the low state of popular education. He quoted Dr. Adam Smith’s opinion, “that if the State did not attend to the religious education of its people, great disorders must ensue;” and observed that that illustrious philosopher had hardly written this sentence, before the riots of 1782 took place, and exemplified the truth of it—when a hundred thousand men rose up in London, at the call of a mere madman, and the city was for six weeks in the power of a mob.

---

**ABOLITION OF THE IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.**—A bill has been brought before the English House of Commons, to provide a substitute for the barbarous system of pressing men into the naval service, which, it is well known, has heretofore prevailed. The new plan is similar to the mode of enlistment in the militia. The procuring men by impressment is said to be no longer practicable.

## THE BOOK WORLD.

---

### HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

By William Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Harpers have issued these fascinating volumes in a style of great elegance. The illustrations, by Hewet, add considerably to the attraction of the work, and are executed with much neatness. The chief object of the book is to give descriptions of the homes and haunts of the principal English poets, from Chaucer to the present day. This is admirably done; but with this is connected quite a detailed biography of each poet, replete with interesting anecdotes, many of which are quite new. The chapters on Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, and other writers of the present century, are especially interesting, and contain numerous facts which must be unfamiliar to the large majority of readers. The book has faults; but they are almost lost sight of in the attractiveness of the materials, and the general excellence of the execution. It is a work which will bear more than one perusal without losing its charm.

---

A YEAR OF CONSOLATION. By Mrs. Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is Fanny Kemble's last production, and is stamped on every page with the striking peculiarities of her mind and character. The tone of the thought is that of a bold, strong masculine nature, rendered somewhat petulant and querulous by suffering and world-weariness. The descriptions both of persons and objects are graphic and powerful, but "sicklied o'er" too much by her individual feelings. The observations on art, character and manners, are often very acute. The poems which are interspersed through the prose body of the book, are of various merit, some of them of touching excellence, while others sink to mediocrity. Altogether, the volume is one of the raciest published during the season.



aid in their spiritual meditations. Our own opinion, however — if we may venture it — is not altogether favorable to this method of minutely marking out “exact observances.” We wish to see the least possible formality connected with religious affairs of any description — and the great stress placed upon CHARITY, which is the soul of the Christian system, but which is too apt to be sadly overlooked by those who are the most punctilious in formal religious devotions.

---

CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY: a Review of Doctors Fuller and Wayland on Domestic Slavery. By William Hague. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 18mo. pamphlet.

It would certainly seem high time that the question should be put at rest, whether that Gospel which inculcates universal brotherhood, proclaiming liberty, peace and good will to all men, is in favor of or against the practice of holding one portion of the human race in perpetual servitude to another; and it is a singular moral phenomenon of our times, that two of our most distinguished professed teachers of that Gospel, should find ground for disputation upon this matter. Not having seen the correspondence of the learned divines which occasioned the production of the tract before us, we are unable to judge of the thoroughness of Mr. Hague's review; but it affords us uncommon pleasure to find him taking a firm stand on the truly christian side of the question he discusses. His ground is, that nothing could have been farther from the intention of the Saviour and his apostles, than teaching or conniving at pro-slavery doctrines; that what is called their silence on the subject of slave-holding, which was in their time prevalent among the heathen nations around them, was owing to the fact that, in those days, the hearty reception of gospel truth was well understood to involve the laying aside of all the wicked practices of heathenism, slave-holding among the rest — and that there was consequently no need that the apostles should enforce upon the members of their churches a duty which they had already complied with in becoming members of the christian community. He does not flinch at the more difficult points of the argument, but meets them with directness and fairness, as well as with the distinguished ability which he is known to possess.

We have only to regret that Mr. Hague does not show himself, in this pamphlet, more thoroughly decisive in placing the sin of

slave-holding in the same catalogue with other great crimes. There is a sense in which he may be correct in what he says on the eighth page about discriminating between different classes of slave-holders; but if horse-stealing were as popular in this country as slavery, we think he would not consider it worth while to make concessions about the possibility of a man's being a good christian, although unfortunately a horse-thief, in consequence of bad education, or a bad condition of things. He says truly on the forty-sixth page, that "those who now hold in their possession the descendants of the first captives, have not, in the sight of God, any more right to their persons as property, than our fathers had to the first captives themselves, whom they purchased from the bloody slave-dealer, fresh and reeking from the coast of Africa." Consequently slave-holding must be a great deal worse than horse-stealing, whether or not Mr. Wesley was right in calling it the "sum of all villainies." Then why hesitate to give it its proper place in the list of crimes?—and why not leave it to those who are involved in it, to show that they do not know any better, or cannot help it? Besides, do intelligent members of southern churches consider themselves complimented, when we tell them they have not the light or the wit to judge whether slave-holding is right or wrong? As to the plea that a man may hold the legal relation of slave-holder "against his own consent"—suppose this to be true. If it is true, it must be so only in respect to the best men of the south. And can the best men of the south be justified in giving the whole weight of their influence in favor of a system which—in the words of one of Mr. H.'s quotations—"hell itself might shrink to own," for the purpose of benefiting the slaves under their care? If so, what means can be so bad that a good end will not justify them? We do not make these remarks in a fault-finding spirit. There is scarcely a page of Mr. Hague's tract with which we are not heartily pleased; but we believe the concession we have alluded to calculated to do immense mischief, although made with an opposite intention.

---

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER. By Rollo Springfield. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

We hardly know whether this little volume has more attractions for men or boys. It is full of information and anecdotes regarding the horse, expressed in a style of delightful freedom and simplicity.

The Primary Phonotypic Reader. The Phonographic Reader. The Complete Phonographic Class Book. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New York: Phonographic Institution.

The absurdities of the present English orthography are so obvious, that plans for correcting it, and making the spelling accord with the sound, have many times been proposed heretofore. None of these plans, however, seem to have been undertaken on so thorough a scale, or carried on with such resolute perseverance, as the present Phonographic and Phonotypic reform. Whatever may be the fate of this enterprise, as to the form in which Phonography and Phonotypy are now presented to the public, we have no doubt that the vigorous efforts for the propagation of these arts, will result in a real and permanent reform, in which the philosophical *principle* on which they are founded will be completely followed out. And even now — as the works before us clearly show — there is no imperfection in the mode of teaching them, of so radical a character as to afford the least discouragement to any student who may wish to master them. After learning what is now taught, there will be no difficulty in keeping pace with any improvements that may hereafter be made. It is desirable that the learner should have a teacher, when practicable; but a sufficient number of books have been published to answer all indispensable purposes in pursuing the study without such aid. We cordially recommend the above works to all who are desirous of understanding and encouraging the orthographical reform in the English language, which they are designed to teach.

---

MEMOIR OF ROBERT SWAIN. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The biography of a young and unpretending individual in the private walks of life, like the subject of this memoir, cannot be expected to make good any extensive claim upon the public attention. Still the little volume before us will be found quite as attractive as many works of the same class which have met with considerable favor.

# THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

OCTOBER, 1847.

---

## THE ROMANCE OF RASCALITY.

THAT this is a great world is a maxim forced upon the attention by the moral aspect of every-day events. It is especially apparent, when we consider the room it affords for the operations of knaves. That great brotherhood of rogues, who live by cheating and corrupting their species, now occupy some of the most important posts in society, science and letters, and, as missionaries of the devil, are threading every avenue to the heart and brain of the community. Sin, every day, takes out a patent for some new invention. One of its latest and most influential, is the Romance of Rascality. To a man who knows what it is to have his pocket picked, or a knife insinuated into his ribs, there may appear little that is romantic in the operation; but to a large and increasing portion of society, it is otherwise. Thieves and cut-throats have come to be considered the most important and interesting of men, and virtuous mediocrity to be valuable only, as affording them subjects for experiment. There is a certain *piquant* shamelessness, a peculiarly ingenious dishonesty, in some of the forms of literary chicane, which nothing can equal in impudence; for it is practically assumed


The Primary Phonotypic Reader. The Phonographic Reader. The Complete Phonographic Class Book. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New York: Phonographic Institution.

The absurdities of the present English orthography are so obvious, that plans for correcting it, and making the spelling accord with the sound, have many times been proposed heretofore. None of these plans, however, seem to have been undertaken on so thorough a scale, or carried on with such resolute perseverance, as the present Phonographic and Phonotypic reform. Whatever may be the fate of this enterprise, as to the form in which Phonography and Phonotypy are now presented to the public, we have no doubt that the vigorous efforts for the propagation of these arts, will result in a real and permanent reform, in which the philosophical *principle* on which they are founded will be completely followed out. And even now — as the works before us clearly show — there is no imperfection in the mode of teaching them, of so radical a character as to afford the least discouragement to any student who may wish to master them. After learning what is now taught, there will be no difficulty in keeping pace with any improvements that may hereafter be made. It is desirable that the learner should have a teacher, when practicable; but a sufficient number of books have been published to answer all indispensable purposes in pursuing the study without such aid. We cordially recommend the above works to all who are desirous of understanding and encouraging the orthographical reform in the English language, which they are designed to teach.

---

MEMOIR OF ROBERT SWAIN. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The biography of a young and unpretending individual in the private walks of life, like the subject of this memoir, cannot be expected to make good any extensive claim upon the public attention. Still the little volume before us will be found quite as attractive as many works of the same class which have met with considerable favor.



clamation thundered against the enormity of allowing the rich precedence in catching at the delectable baits of sin, and not giving the poor man an opportunity of having Satan's hook fast fixed in his own bleeding gills. They wished to elevate the laboring classes, but it was by allowing them a fair competition with the lazy classes, in the great object of getting hanged. The force of this argument for cheap wretchedness and ruin, will depend much on the natural disposition of those to whom it is addressed. Some men, doubtless, have a theory of human life, in which happiness is synonymous with lowness, and a journey on the road to ruin is considered a performance of the whole duty of man. On such a road it is important to have cheap fares, in order to increase the travel.

It may be objected by the patrons of this cheap Romance of Rascality, that criminals appear in legitimate romance as much as they do in rascally romance, and that it is unfair to stigmatize their department of fiction as pre-eminently wicked. It must be confessed that a line of distinction should here be drawn between romances which have villainous characters, and romances of which villany is the characteristic. A dramatist, poet, or romancer, is doubtless to accommodate his creations to the truth of things. His fictions should have a basis of reality, and present a true exhibition of life, actual or possible. Now it is unfortunately true that no exhibition of life can be accurate, unless it exhibits a large portion of rascality; for rascality is an important element of life. The romancer, perhaps, might be justified in making most of his characters more or less wicked, without running the risk of having his production condemned as unnatural. But there is a great difference between exhibiting criminals as they are in themselves,

object of which is, to provide for the support of servants who have become incapacitated for service by old age or infirmity. An annuity of from twenty to twenty-five pounds will be secured by the annual payment of five shillings by a man or three shillings by a female servant. The Society has received valuable donations of money from many wealthy families. Although a state of society in which any useful class are considered as degraded by their occupation, must be a vicious one, this fact renders none the less praiseworthy an act of charity towards the degraded class. Besides, such acts of benevolence may lead to more extensive efforts in their behalf.

---

**POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**—The English Parliament have recently been devoting special attention to this subject—giving occasion to a powerful speech from Mr. Macaulay, on its necessity. “He showed,” says the foreign correspondent of one of our papers, “that the duty of educating the people had been advocated by the political legislators and philosophers of all ages;” and he adduced evidence to show how much of the crime and misery in the country were owing to the low state of popular education. He quoted Dr. Adam Smith’s opinion, “that if the State did not attend to the religious education of its people, great disorders must ensue;” and observed that that illustrious philosopher had hardly written this sentence, before the riots of 1782 took place, and exemplified the truth of it—when a hundred thousand men rose up in London, at the call of a mere madman, and the city was for six weeks in the power of a mob.

---

**ABOLITION OF THE IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.**—A bill has been brought before the English House of Commons, to provide a substitute for the barbarous system of pressing men into the naval service, which, it is well known, has heretofore prevailed. The new plan is similar to the mode of enlistment in the militia. The procuring men by impressment is said to be no longer practicable.

## THE BOOK WORLD.

---

**HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.**

By William Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Harpers have issued these fascinating volumes in a style of great elegance. The illustrations, by Hewet, add considerably to the attraction of the work, and are executed with much neatness. The chief object of the book is to give descriptions of the homes and haunts of the principal English poets, from Chaucer to the present day. This is admirably done; but with this is connected quite a detailed biography of each poet, replete with interesting anecdotes, many of which are quite new. The chapters on Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, and other writers of the present century, are especially interesting, and contain numerous facts which must be unfamiliar to the large majority of readers. The book has faults; but they are almost lost sight of in the attractiveness of the materials, and the general excellence of the execution. It is a work which will bear more than one perusal without losing its charm.

---

**A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.** By Mrs. Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is Fanny Kemble's last production, and is stamped on every page with the striking peculiarities of her mind and character. The tone of the thought is that of a bold, strong masculine nature, rendered somewhat petulant and querulous by suffering and world-weariness. The descriptions both of persons and objects are graphic and powerful; but "sicklied o'er" too much by her individual feelings. The observations on art, character and manners, are often very acute. The poems which are interspersed through the prose body of the book, are of various merit, some of them of touching excellence, while others sink to mediocrity. Altogether, the volume is one of the raciest published during the season.



edification of nobility and gentry, was Bulwer. A man of great talents, and master of a style of singular fascination, he still was deficient in health and robustness of mind. His nature was morbid, and like all morbid writers who are devoured by an ambition for fame, he sought to produce effects, not by skilful combinations of realities, but by striking exhibitions of rascalities. His romances are accordingly filled with characters, almost every one of whom deserves to be hanged or whipped, but who, in the opinion of the writer, are evidently very clever people. He endeavors hard to make rascality genteel, by converting rascals into coxcombs. He compounds a hero from Beau Brummell and Dick Turpin. He must have him flat enough to please Bond Street, and brave enough for Hounslow-Heath. At one time his hero reminds us of that exquisite, who had brought his charms to such a pitch of perfection, that he was compelled to carry a club in the streets "to keep off the women;" at another, he seems just the man to make a picturesque appearance on the gallows. Through incident, description, character, there runs one perceptible vein of rascality. Let a reader of healthy mind, judge of Bulwer's books by particular portions or by the impression of the whole, and he will see a radical defect in the writer's mode of looking at life. He distorts objects instead of representing them, and at best achieves but eloquent falsehoods.

Bulwer introduced romantic rascality into drawing-rooms, and aimed to make it the companion of people of rank and fashion. He cared little for the poor mob of readers. It remained for Ainsworth, and other novelists of a lower order of talent, to debauch the popular mind, and manufacture romance for the vulgar. Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, were the results of an attempt to give the people a romance of rascality for

themselves. Their success stimulated a study of the records of the hanged to obtain heroes for "intense" novels, and the romancer emerged from his researches rich in the spoils of the prison and gallows. The result was a general jail delivery into literature of the convicts of centuries. The popular imagination was laden with the exploits of robbers and murderers. It was stimulating the intellect of the people with rum and gin, and it succeeded. The romances were eagerly reprinted here, and eagerly purchased. There was but one thing wanting to complete the evil, and that was a morality which justified rascality, and made it philosophical as well as romantic. This was supplied by France.

The vice of the French mind is its tendency to run into extremes. It abhors a just medium between opposite faults. With regard to religion, it rests in superstition or atheism; in government, it flies from servility to license; in literature, it passes from cold correctness to convulsive deformity. France is almost the only country which could have produced the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the writings of the Encyclopedists. It is either in the repose of despotism or the frenzy of revolution. It adored Louis XIV, and butchered Louis XVI. It is the politest nation in the world, and the nation in which the greatest brutalities have been practised. In literature it once worshipped Corneille and Racine, and called Shakespeare a barbarian. With a revolution in government came a revolution in literature, and it rushed into every extreme of license. The old idols were dashed to pieces to be replaced with monsters. For the cold, sculptural figures, reproduced from classic models, were substituted furies from the mad house, or wretches from the prison. The French romance of rascality has a peculiar recklessness of its own, which the Anglo-Saxon mind is not capable of reaching. In its subjects, the worst excesses

of the English school are exaggerated to hideous caricature, and its representations provoke a kind of shuddering laughter.

The improvement, however, which the French romancers have added to the English school, is in connecting immorality with an ethical system. The leading idea of French romance is, opposition to law and obedience to desire; and its mode of proceeding is to exaggerate the defects of social institutions, in order to obtain plausible arguments for the violation of social duties. Thus it practically sides with every form of criminality, and holds up crime, not to hatred but sympathy. Sometimes it apologises and extenuates, sometimes defends, but in all cases it attempts to confuse our moral perceptions. As it is very inconvenient for some minds to violate conscience, conscience must be smothered in sophistries, compounded of the Satanic and the sentimental. As these sophistries give a degree of respectability to wickedness, and allay the irritation of moral wounds and bruises, they at last convince the mind which framed them, and what originated in hypocrisy ends in faith. The French romancers pretend to see deeper than others into the sources of sin and error; and have discovered the cause of the misery they produce, in legal and moral restraint. They accordingly argue that it is the duty of philanthropists to remove these restraints; and invite all men and women to commence the enterprise, and not be disheartened by the martyrdom it calls for at first; for to assail prejudice naturally draws down obloquy upon the assailant. Great souls must not mind such annoyances. We perceive in this the French tendency to extremes. From the defects or imperfection of social institutions, they argue for their total overthrow. Marriage, for instance, is often a fertile source of misery to husband and wife. If either party chooses to break

the connection, let the act, they would say, not be stigmatized as adultery, but hailed as indicating a mind superior to common prejudices. It is the same with other institutions. Because they are abused, they would dispense with their use. But robbery, adultery, blasphemy, and the like, are disrespected, and being under the social ban, they occasion other vices. Make them respectable, and you make them beneficent. The object of these French romances is to exhibit characters who practise all that society calls sin, and yet are better than the society by whom they are denounced. This is the perfection of sentimental rascality.

Now this literary compound of English ruffianism, and French ethics, has invaded the United States in large force ; and it comprises at present a considerable portion of the literature which the people read. This literature would not be read unless it were attractive, and what is attractive is influential. Its effect upon character can hardly be estimated. Doubtless such matters as cheap literary rascalities may be of small moment to the smooth scholar ; but they should be of more importance than any other form of literature, to the patriot and statesman. Good books are the most precious of blessings to a people ; bad books are among the worst of curses. The romance of rascality in the imagination, will be followed by the reality of rascality in the conduct. It contains in itself principles of demoralization which will inevitably be felt in action. This country is the only country where every body reads. It is of much importance to know what every body is reading. How much of this reading is ninepenny immorality, ninepenny irreligion, ninepenny stupidity, ninepenny devilry ? It might not be gratifying to the national pride of "the most enlightened people on earth," to answer that question.

## STUDY FOR A HEAD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

HEAR him but speak, and you will feel  
The shadows of the Portico  
Over your tranquil spirit steal,  
And modulate all joy and woe  
To one subdued, subduing glow.  
Above our squabbling business-hours,  
Like Phidian Jove's, his beauty lowers ;  
His nature satirizes ours :  
A form and front of Attic grace,  
He shames the higgling market-place,  
And dwarfs our more mechanic powers.

What throbbing verse can fitly render  
That face — so pure, so trembling-tender ?  
Sensation glimmers through its rest,  
It speaks unmanacled by words,  
As full of motion as a nest  
That palpitates with unfledged birds ;  
'T is likest to Bethesda's stream,  
Forewarned through all its thrilling springs,  
White with the angel's coming gleam,  
And rippled with his fanning wings.

Hear him unfold his plots and plans,  
And larger destinies seem man's ;  
You conjure from his glowing face  
The omen of a fairer race ;  
With one grand trope he boldly spans  
The gulf wherein so many fall  
'Twixt possible and actual ;  
His first swift word, talaria-shod,  
Exuberant with conscious God,  
Out of the choir of planets blots  
The present earth, with all its spots.

Himself unshaken as the sky,  
 His words, like whirlwinds, spin on high  
 Systems and creeds pell-mell together ;  
 'T is strange as to a deaf man's eye,  
 While trees uprooted splinter by,  
 The dumb turmoil of angry weather ;  
 Less of iconoclast than shaper,  
 His soul, safe-housed behind the reach  
 Of the tornado of his speech,  
 Burns calmly as a glow-worm's taper.

So great in speech ; but ah, in act  
 So overrun with vermin troubles !  
 The coarse, sharp-cornered, ugly Fact  
 Of life, collapses all his bubbles.  
 Had he but lived in Plato's day,  
 He might, unless my fancy erra,  
 Have shared that golden voice's sway  
 O'er barefooted philosophers :  
 Our nipping climate hardly suits  
 The ripening of ideal fruits ;  
 His theories vanquish us all summer,  
 But winter makes him dumb and dumber.  
 'To see him 'mid life's needful things  
 Is something painfully bewildering :  
 He seems an angel with clipped wings  
 Tied to a mortal wife and children,  
 And by a brother seraph taken  
 In the act of eating eggs and bacon.

Like a clear fountain, his desire  
 Exults and leaps toward the light ;  
 In every drop it says, "aspire !"   
 Striving for more ideal height :  
 And as the fountain, falling thence,  
 Crawls baffled through the common gutter,  
 So, from his speech's eminence,  
 He shrinks into the present tense,  
 Unkinged by foolish bread and butter.

Yet smile not, worldling ; for in deeds  
Not all of life that's brave and wise is :  
He strews an ampler Future's seeds,  
'T is your fault if no harvest rises.  
Smooth back the sneer ; for is it naught  
That all he is and has is Beauty's ?  
By soul the soul's gains must be wrought ;  
The Actual claims our coarser thought,  
The Ideal hath its higher duties.

*Elmwood, 1847.*

---

## HEAD-WORK AND HAND-WORK.

THOUGH it is plain that all men need not, and indeed cannot become scholars, (using the word in the restricted sense of persons exclusively devoted to the pursuits of learning,) yet all ought to become students. So broad are the fields of knowledge, so boundless are their treasures, that every one, whatever may be his station, condition or occupation, may find something there which will not only instruct but benefit him — something which he can and ought to use. The sciences, in particular, have so important a bearing upon almost every pursuit of civilized life, that no one can be considered as well educated, especially in a country like ours, which calls equally upon all its citizens to be MEN, without at least some general acquaintance with them. So much has indeed been already said on this subject, by able writers, that the importance of knowledge is confessed, in a general way, by almost every one. But there are many, it is believed, who have, after all, only an indistinct notion of what is implied in this confession, and who still indulge a degree

of scepticism as to the advantages of learning to common people : a few practical illustrations of the subject, therefore, it is hoped, will not be without their use.

The bare fact, that most arts and trades involve the application of some scientific principle, is sufficient to prove the practical value of an acquaintance with science to the mechanic. An ingenious and skilful man may, it is true, be comparatively successful in his art, and yet very ignorant ; but it would be unreasonable to deny that his skill and ingenuity might be greatly assisted and developed, by an understanding of the science of his business, while at the same time it would give him an additional degree of interest in it.

One important advantage which a knowledge of the sciences will afford to the practical man is, that it will lead him to an acquaintance with, and enable him to understand and make use of, a large amount of valuable information to be found in books, which would often be either quite unintelligible, or comparatively of little available utility, to the unscientific reader. Nothing is more apparent than the benefit which an artist or mechanic may derive from the experience of others in his profession, more learned and skilful than himself, especially of those who have examined most extensively the various phenomena of nature in the light of science. And yet that we may make proper use of information of this kind, as we find it in books, and profitably compare the results of others' experience with our own, it is of importance that we should be well acquainted with scientific principles ; else we might act on the presumption of analogies, which a few simple facts of science would show to be entirely unfounded.

It is argued, by some, that unless one can learn a science pretty thoroughly, it will be of little benefit to him ; and the trite saying of the poet, that " a little learn-



ing is a dangerous thing," is adduced as sound proof of the inutility of study, to those whose means do not allow them to make a business of it. Those especially, whose minds are not comprehensive and well-balanced, it is alleged, are apt to be led by it into useless speculations, and absurd and visionary schemes. I have heard a person of liberal scientific education, while gravely arguing in favor of confining the sciences entirely to a learned aristocracy, because the people at large were incapable of making good use of them, point to cases of scientific farmers who had sunk their fortunes in unsuccessful experiments, as proof of the soundness of his opinions.

Now there may be, it is true, here and there a visionary schemer, who knows just enough to undertake plans, of which an advance of a few steps more in science would demonstrate the impracticability. Sometimes, too, a man may grow crazy from study. But he who does not allow his studies to withdraw him from a conscientious perseverance in the discharge of the duties of his avocation, will be in small danger of becoming a monomaniac. And the facts, wherever they may occur, of fortunes ruined by experiments, should warn us, not to neglect study, but to be cautious in attempting to practice what we do not well understand. And even the loss of some money may sometimes be more than made up, by the acquisition of some useful experience not otherwise to be gained.

The danger, however, of a little learning, is not so much that it is little, as that its possessor is apt to suppose it to be a great deal, and thus to speculate on merely imaginary intellectual capital. If a man can learn one useful truth, and but one, let him store it up. One truth acquired, makes easier the acquisition of others—brings us nearer to the means of learning others. No knowledge, be it little or much, is without its value; and he who knows but little, if it be well mastered and

thorough, as far as it goes — which is, after all, the thing of greatest importance — will be in little danger of being led astray by it.

Let us then glance at a few of the ways in which a knowledge of science becomes of importance to practical men.

The CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL, justly esteemed the most important of all pursuits, is one to which the researches of science are daily bringing the most valuable aid. No sensible farmer will think it beyond his vocation to study the improvements which are introduced by this means. And he will be the more capable of understanding and applying them, and especially of judging of their real value *as* improvements, when he has a knowledge of the sciences themselves. No source of error, in such matters, is more common, than that of failing to trace effects to their real causes, and thus entirely mistaking the bearing of the facts under consideration. An understanding of the established principles of science, though it does not always save even the professedly scientific from this error, will greatly assist in the formation of correct judgments.

It should be the object of the farmer, in the first place, to understand the nature of the soils he has to cultivate, and the proper methods of improving them; for each kind of soil requires a peculiar treatment. In this department, a knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy is required, that he may be able to recognize the various minerals which the soil contains; and capable of analyzing it, in order to ascertain what useful ingredients enter into its composition, and what it will be necessary to supply, to adapt it to the crops it may be desirable to raise.

In no department, however, is chemistry capable of being applied with more advantage, than that of manures. The reason is, that the whole matter, both of their

preparation and their operation, is a chemical process — to understand which, it is necessary to know the nature and effects of the elements of which manures are composed.

The objection cannot be urged with reason, that enough may be learned of these matters to answer all common purposes, without a systematic knowledge of chemistry ; for it is precisely this knowledge which is needed, to enable us to improve in things wherein every intelligent observer sees we are deficient. Without science, we are constantly left to depend upon mere appearances, which are often deceptive. The notions by which unlearned men supply the place of science, are almost always mixed with more or less of error and false philosophy ; and the study of exact science is necessary, that we may have at hand the means of testing their correctness, and exposing their unsoundness.

A second requisite for the farmer is, to understand what crops are adapted to particular soils, what to follow each other in rotation, and what treatment each requires. These subjects are so fully discussed in the numerous agricultural publications of the day, that it is needless to enlarge upon them here. This department of agricultural knowledge constitutes, in fact, a science by itself. One important branch of it is that which considers the effects of artificial treatment — such as pruning, grafting, manuring, exposure and shelter — upon the growing powers of plants, and the application of these means to the improvement of fruits, grains and vegetables. It is evident that the investigation of this department cannot be pursued to any advantage, without a knowledge of botany and vegetable physiology.

Equally important, in the management of cattle, whether for labor or for the market, is a knowledge of animal physiology. Who is fit to be entrusted with the care of animals, that does not understand what is requi-

site for their health and comfort? And yet, how are domestic animals everywhere abused, not merely from intentional cruelty, but from pure ignorance of what they require, either in health or when diseased. Especially with regard to animals destined for food, is it all-important that they should be so treated as to furnish flesh of the most healthy quality. In order to this, the requirements of their nature ought to be carefully and scientifically studied; and, so far as possible, the providers of the markets should be made interested in doing justice to their calling in this respect. How can we be assured of having wholesome animal food, unless raisers of stock shall understand, and be willing to practise honestly, the principles of physiology according to which animals should be treated?

The rapid multiplication and bold depredations of the insect tribes, render an acquaintance with their nature and habits a matter of increasing importance to the cultivator. The science of Entomology, which treats of insects, useful as it is, is comparatively unknown: its range is immense, and its study laborious. And yet, without some investigation of the subject, we can have but little success in protecting our orchards and gardens from the insect armies. So numerous is this class of animals, and so closely does one species often resemble another, that no mistake could be more easily made, than that of destroying the innocent instead of the guilty, (of which examples are given by Kirby and Spence in their interesting work on this subject,) — perhaps of the useful instead of the injurious. Even after we have identified the enemy, so artful and secret are his operations, that the utmost skill of science is often called into requisition almost in vain, to devise the means of attacking him successfully. And if so, what can the common and unobservant mind expect to be capable of doing? The single

circumstance, that insects undergo states of transformation, in which their appearance is so entirely changed that it would be impossible to recognise them, in their new dress, renders some scientific knowledge of the subject absolutely necessary.

The importance of science in the Mechanic Arts and Trades, is equally apparent.

THE BAKER — so long as bread is made an article of merchandize — is one on whom we have the strongest claim for doing his business well. Still it is notorious that in this trade, deceptions and impositions more or less hurtful are practised. And what is more particularly to the present purpose, there are not only wilful frauds, but injuries committed, by this class of workmen, from mere want of scientific knowledge. A variety of drugs are used in the manufacture of bread, some of which are unquestionably injurious — others perhaps nearly harmless, or even useful. The use of these drugs is carried on, and taught to new apprentices, one generation after another, as a mere matter of course, without any thought or inquiry concerning their nature, or their effects upon the consumers of bread.

The following are some of the substances which, it is well known, have been and still are used by bakers : — alum, sulphate of zinc, sub-carbonate of magnesia, sub-carbonate of ammonia, sulphate of copper, ammonia, and pearlash or saleratus ; all of which are more or less medicinal, and some of them dangerous poisons. — The writer is not aware to what extent these articles are used by bakers among us ; it is sufficient for our argument to know that the fact of the employment of the worst of them, by bakers, has been more than once judicially proved. The less, however, of any mineral or acrid substances we employ in bread-making, the better it doubtless is for the health. Serious disorders are attributed, by

some intelligent physicians, to the prevalent use of saleratus. Hence the practice of fermenting bread to an excessive degree, in order to improve its apparent quality, inasmuch as it necessitates the use of a larger proportion of saleratus, or some other alkali, is to be discouraged. In addition to this evil, also, it actually destroys some of the nutritive properties of the flour — the starch being changed first into sugar, and then into acid, which the alkali is required to neutralize. Thus we see, how important the knowledge of chemistry is, in the art of baking, to insure the well doing of the business.

In a similar manner might be illustrated the necessity of science in prosecuting the business of the Brewer and the Distiller ; though it would seem almost a waste of time to point out means of improving branches of business which are, in their nature, capable of conferring so little benefit on the community — and which lead almost inevitably to so much mischief, that we could hardly expect them to be reformed, except by being abolished. The use of poisonous substances, in these manufactures, especially in England, is carried on to a frightful extent — thus rendering the poison of strong drink tenfold more injurious. The following fact, from Whitlaw on Fever, will illustrate the kind of imposition sometimes practised in these manufactures even in this country : — On a certain time, uncommon and severely distressing effects, and even death, were found to result from the use of a quantity of whiskey distilled at some place in the Southern States. Dr. Whitlaw undertook a thorough investigation of the matter, and requested to see the grain used in the manufacture. He found it to contain large quantities of what is called ergot, or spurred rye, which is caused by a species of blight or mildew affecting the rye, and rendering it a deadly poison.

The operations of the SUGAR-MAKER and REFINER, the SOAP-MAKER, &c., seem to require, in their very nature, a thorough understanding of chemistry. Some particular person's method of conducting these operations may be learned and practised with some degree of success; but in such a case, the whole art cannot be said to be acquired; nor does it appear reasonable that the same operations can be conducted with so much skill without as with a knowledge of the principles on which they are dependent. He who is ignorant of the science of whatever part of nature he has to deal with, must labor more or less in the dark; and whenever any peculiar or unforeseen-phenomenon occurs, he will be brought to a non-plus; for in learning by rote, nothing is provided for which has not been foreseen; and no mere quackery in such arts is capable of foreseeing and providing for all possible emergencies. Hence guessing is resorted to; and luck or chance is called into requisition to supply the lack of knowledge.

These remarks are in nothing more amusingly exemplified, than in the common business of soap-making, as it is, or at least sometime ago was practised, in almost every country farmer's family. "Going and coming like the old woman's soap," is a very proverb for inconstancy itself; and in its origin, bears witness to the uncertainty in the knowledge possessed in regard to this manufacture. In fact, many seem to have supposed the business of soap-making to be as truly under the influence of blind chance as a game of dice; whereas it is an operation which may be conducted with as great a degree of certainty, by an observance of the laws of chemistry, as any other trade or manufacture whatever. It is, however, remarkable how much faith is attached, not only in this, but in many other operations, to expedients which science, or even a little commonsense, may sometimes suffice to show to be

useless and ridiculous. For instance, when the butter fails to come in the churn, the farmer's wife begins to conclude that it has somehow or other got bewitched; and a piece of silver, put into the churn, it is expected, will soon set the matter right.

The improvements which have been effected in modern times, in the arts of DYEING and CALICO-PRINTING, are entirely due to the scientific study of the principles of coloring. It is well known that most dyes require something to *set the color*, which is called, in chemical language, a mordant. The reason is, that, in order to have a permanent color, there must be a chemical affinity, or attraction, between the substance to be colored and the coloring matter. As this is in most cases wanting, a third substance is added, which has an affinity for both the color and the stuff to be colored, and thus causes them to unite. Most country housewives, especially those of the old school, are familiar with the use of copperas and alum for this purpose, in the dyeing of such colors as the domestic manufacture of clothing, once so universal among us, required. Many other substances are used as mordants, by professional dyers, whose ability to produce good and permanent colors depends, in a great measure, upon their skill in the application of them, and their knowledge of the effects they produce. The dyer, therefore, who would be thorough in his business, ought by all means to be a chemist.

As a single specimen of the bungling nature of unscientific modes of conducting this business, it may be mentioned that an investigation of the process employed in dyeing a color called Turkey red, showed that only three out of twenty-five different operations practised, were of any use whatever towards producing the color.

The trade of the TANNER is another of those which are founded on chemical principles. The following correct



observations on this art, are from a recent account of the extensive tannery at Prattsville (N. Y.) :—" The tanning of leather, more than almost any other manufacture, is a chemical process, the success of which depends almost wholly upon the skill and judgment with which its complicated manipulations are conducted. 'To attain the requisite skill in the laboratory of the chemist is evidently impossible; it can only be acquired in the tanning itself, by long and careful attention and observation; and perhaps there is no description of manufacture, where so much depends upon practical knowledge, and so little upon mere theory, as in tanning.' It is also stated that in few arts have there been effected greater improvements, and that "from a quarter to a third more leather can now be obtained from a given quantity of hides," than could be done when the trade was "conducted in the old-fashioned way."

There is a large class of manufactures, in which chemical and mechanical operations are combined. In this class are included the working of metals, the manufacture of the various articles from them, and the making of glass and porcelain ware.

The mechanical operations are the forging, turning, blowing, and whatever other methods may be employed in fashioning the rough materials into the shape required for use. The chemical operations consist in the smelting, refining, soldering and alloying of metals; and the preparation, melting, baking, glazing and coloring of the materials used in the manufacture of glass, porcelain and common pottery.

From this enumeration, brief as it is, it will be seen that this class of the arts includes numerous operations in which a knowledge of chemical principles is essential. The arts of enamelling, and staining glass, also, are among those which, without a knowledge of chemical science, cannot be carried on to extensive advantage

The art of staining glass, as well as several other curious arts, which were practised with a wonderful degree of skill by the ancients, was for a long time lost; and though it is now practised, it is doubtful whether it has yet arrived at its former perfection. Its restoration was wholly a result of scientific study.

The art of painting earthen-ware and porcelain depends, in like manner, upon the nice application of chemical principles. The coloring materials consist chiefly of metallic oxides. They are put on before the article is baked; and in this state, the design is wholly without beauty. Being subjected to the heat of an intense fire, the matters are melted and vitrified, and the colors are thus brought out. Thus it is apparent that the operation of fire upon these paints must be known, in order so to prepare the design that the proper color shall be given; and it must also be known what degrees of heat ought to be applied, so as not to injure the work by too much or too little baking.

Even were the perfection of art already attained, in these departments, and the modes in which scientific principles are to be applied definitely settled, the argument for the understanding of those principles would hold good; for mere mechanical rules of proceeding, as we have already shown, cannot supercede the necessity for the exercise of a scientific judgment, which requires a correct understanding of the nature of the operations to be performed, and of the materials to be subjected thereto. But when we recollect that experience is progressive, and that science is constantly opening to art new doors of improvement, this necessity presents itself in a still stronger light. This point cannot be better illustrated, than by referring to the laborious processes of reducing metallic ores, which, as any one may see, it must be highly important to effect in the cheapest and easiest way. Hence the

labors of scientific men have constantly been directed towards these ends, often with important success. The recent discovery of a mode of smelting copper ore by electricity, is an instance of this, in which an immense saving of time and expense promises to be realized. It is even not improbable, that it may be but the beginning of an entire revolution in metallurgy.

The arts of DESIGNING and MODELLING are essential aids to many of the trades above-mentioned. Without good designs, neither scientific skill nor mechanical ingenuity will be of avail in executing anything but clumsy productions. According to certain English parliamentary reports, the inferiority of several branches of art, in that country, which depended upon modelling and designing, was owing to the want of scientific education in the practitioners of those arts. Good models and designs will of course be required, by persons of taste and refinement; but in order that this demand may be answered, it is necessary that those who engage to supply it should have a corresponding measure of judgment and taste, such as can only be acquired by the scientific study of those objects of nature which furnish the artist with his designs, as well as of the principles of the arts themselves. But to attempt to prove the necessity of scientific attainments, in order to the perfect practice of these arts, seems like undertaking to show that a printer ought by all means to be able to set types.

The business of ENGRAVING is so well understood to be inseparably dependent on the art of design, as well as on the application of more or less of chemistry, that it needs no more than barely to be mentioned; especially as it seems less likely than many other kinds of business, to fall into the hands of those who do not appreciate the value of a scientific preparation for it.

TO WORKERS IN WOOD, especially in the ornamental branches, such as Carving and Turning, the remarks above made concerning modelling and designing, apply with equal force. They require not only mechanical skill, but a cultivated taste ; and being imitative arts, they demand, in like manner, the scientific study of the objects to be imitated. Advantages will also doubtless be found to result from a scientific study of the properties of the different kinds of wood, and the effects of the atmosphere, of water, of paints and varnishes, &c. upon them, by those who are employed in working them — especially carriage-builders and cabinet-makers, and workmen in all departments where nicety of finish is deemed a matter of consequence.

Drawing and designing, being directly founded on geometrical principles, require to be studied in connection with geometry. This study is indispensable in quite a number of trades. That of the CARPENTER, for instance, is truly a calculating one. He must perpetually work by rule and compass. He must make his joints so true, that though the pieces are fashioned out of sight of each other, they will accurately fit. Of still greater importance, if possible, is the science of calculation to the ARCHITECT, the MILL-WRIGHT and the MACHINIST ; while it is absolutely necessary that those who engage in these professions should be draughtsmen — inasmuch as their business is essentially one of planning and designing, as well as of executing.

The manufacture of machinery has come to be one of the most important branches of industry. It is also one which is constantly requiring the services of men who are thoroughly versed in the sciences — especially of calculation — together with those which teach the nature and uses of the materials employed. The planning of the intricate apparatus of a large cotton mill, though it may not require as much mathematics as the calculation of the orbit of a

new planet, demands at least as thorough an acquaintance with such branches of the science as have relation to the business. Again, take the case of those who have the care of machinery. Who would for a moment hesitate to say, that the care of a complicated machine, could be more safely entrusted to one who was acquainted with the science of its construction, its nature, and its mode of operation, than to one who was entirely ignorant on these points? Should we not at once say that an engineer who knew nothing of the nature of steam, was unfit to take charge of a steam-engine? A piece of machinery, it is hardly necessary to say, will last much longer, and be much more serviceable, in the hands of one who knows how to clean it and keep it in order, and who understands the effect of the different causes of injury to which it is exposed, and the means, if any there be, of remedying these injuries. The farmer can indeed plough his fields, mow his grass, and dig his potatoes, with the highest degree of skill, without knowing how to forge hoes, scythes and ploughshares, or even to repair them; but with respect to instruments of a more delicate and complicated kind, the comparison fails of being just. Those who best understand the nature and construction of their tools, will generally be found to be the best workmen: and some of the most celebrated astronomers, chemists and opticians, have been those who constructed with their own hands the instruments which they used. A well known scientific man says that he considers it important to know how to make and repair every instrument he has occasion to employ.

The argument has been thus far chiefly confined to the uses of science in the mechanic arts. But in almost every pursuit, even where science, strictly so called, would appear to be the least requisite, it may frequently yield an important advantage; as, for instance, to the

Merchant. 'The two following, though perhaps well known anecdotes, are directly to the point :

A dealer in dry goods observed, to his great surprise, that his silks were discolored, and his gilt buttons tarnished, or deprived of their gilding. On stating the case to a scientific friend, he was informed that it was owing to the chlorine with which the papers in which he had laid away his goods had been bleached ; and that if he would use brown unbleached paper for the purpose, the damage would be avoided.

A young man from Boston, who had paid considerable attention to geology and chemistry, was travelling in Maine as a newspaper agent, where, in passing through the town of Newfield, he noticed some bricks of a very peculiar color. He examined the clay from which they were made, and found it to contain an article which proved to be of unequalled value for cleaning and polishing metals. He purchased the farm in which the clay bed was situated, for fifteen hundred dollars ; and sold one half of it, in Boston, for four thousand dollars.

Let another case be mentioned — and a familiar one, too — in which a knowledge of science is of importance to everybody. How often do we read in the papers, of persons being suffocated from charcoal gas, or from descending into wells, where impure air is accumulated : and yet it would seem that much of this disaster might have been prevented, were people convinced, in an intelligent way, of the scientific fact that an invisible vapor or gas is produced by all burning substances, whether they emit any perceptible smoke or not, which is a deadly poison when taken into the lungs in any considerable quantity. 'The bare statement of this fact, as it is frequently made in books and newspapers, is often read with no definite apprehension of its precise nature and bearing — perhaps for want of any distinct idea of what is meant by gas. In

consequence, it makes but little impression, and is forgotten, before the occasion for a practical use of the information occurs. But only a little acquaintance with the fundamental principles of chemistry, would place the mind in a condition to learn with interest, not only this, but a hundred other facts, which it might be profitable for us to know.

It will probably be said, that the study of science is, after all, of but little utility, except to masters and superintendents, to those who have means and leisure to follow out the application of it to new inventions and improvements, and to those who are engaged in the higher branches of art. And when we take into consideration the almost universal division of labor, which constantly tends to separate and place in different hands the intellectual and mechanical processes of an art, there is, it must be confessed, considerable foundation for the assertion. Still, the reasoning which has all along been used, will apply to a considerable extent, though it may be with less force, to the cases of journeymen and apprentices, as well as master-workmen. Especially is it unjust, that the apprentice should not be instructed in all that is required to give him a mastery of his business, and prepare him for a master's place. Although a man may fill the place of a journeyman in a tolerably respectable manner, with little or no scientific understanding, the lack of it will probably render him entirely unfit for a higher station. And even though comparatively few should become masters, the most capable and intelligent will at all events be the most successful competitors for the master's situation. In a country where changes are frequent and rapid, and the road to preferment open to every one, as it is with us, it would seem not only the part of a laudable ambition, but a duty resulting from a decent self-respect, for every one to be prepared for whatever situation his business may call him to occupy.

Let each one rest assured, that he alone is truly a master, who has a masterly knowledge of his business ; and that he who combines science and intelligence with practical skill, will always be the one who will rise to justly deserved esteem, as well as success in his pursuit : while the ignorant and incapable occupant of a responsible station, even if he should be permitted for a time to retain it, must of necessity fail of securing either its honor or advantages.

---

## GO AHEAD.

BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

WHEN your plans of life are clear,  
Go ahead —  
But no faster than your brains :  
Haste is always in the rear ;  
If dame Prudence has the reins,  
Go ahead.

Do not ask too broad a test :  
Go ahead ;  
Lagging never clears the sight :  
When you do your duty best,  
You will best know what is right.  
Go ahead.

Never doubt a righteous cause :  
Go ahead ;  
Throw yourself completely in :  
Conscience shaping all your laws,  
Manfully, through thick and thin,  
Go ahead.



Do not ask who'll go with you ;  
Go ahead :  
Numbers ! spurn the coward's plea !  
If there be but one or two,  
Single handed, though it be,  
Go ahead !

Though before you mountains rise,  
Go ahead :  
Scale them ? — certainly you can :  
Let them proudly dare the skies ;  
What are mountains to a Man !  
Go ahead.

Though fierce waters round you dash,  
Go ahead ;  
Let no hardship baffle you :  
Though the heavens roar and flash,  
Still, undaunted, firm and true,  
Go ahead.

Heed not Mammon's golden bell :  
Go ahead ;  
Make no compromise with sin :  
Tell the serpent he looks well,  
But you cannot let him in.  
Go ahead.

Better days are drawing nigh ;  
Go ahead :  
Making duty all your pride,  
You must prosper, live or die,  
For all Heaven's on your side.  
Go ahead.

## THE HOPE OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

ALAS for us! we are a dwarfed, distorted race! We are but the fragments and pigmies of what we might and should be! Here and there we see a judge, a general, a ruler—perchance a poet, an orator, a pastor—how seldom a whole and complete Man! Our excellence, what there is of it, runs in veins, in seams, in zig-zags; seldom is it found diffused and equable. Could a mental daguerreotype be held up before us—one on which the fulnesses and deficiencies of the character should vividly appear—what deformities and defects should we not be surprised to discern! far beyond any ability of paint and patches, of whalebone and padding, to disguise or conceal. What indiscreet philanthropists! what godless patriots! what uncharitable devotees! Must we abandon in despair the hope of a truer manhood? Must human virtue be ever a tiny rivulet meandering through a boundless bog of prejudice, selfishness and passion? Let us hope otherwise.

And yet I derive less encouragement than many are enabled to do, from the brilliant aurora in their eyes. In mine, it has some suspicious likeness to a meteor, a will-o'-wisp—which they grandly propound as the “Progress of the Human Race.” High sounding words these, and most flattering in their sonorous iteration to our insatiable vanity and conceit. If they were intended only to assert that human nature has a *capacity* for vast improvement—that it *ought* to be wiser and better with each successive generation, or even that the small portion

of our race which has enjoyed the greatest advantages of position, climate, traditional wisdom and of divine enlightenment, have improved, are improving — I accept it most heartily. But this is by no means all that the flowery orators of our time, the philosophers of the latest French school and their admiring followers among us, assert and dilate on. They affirm, (if I do not greatly misapprehend them,) the existence of a principle of progress in man — a constant improvement founded in the very laws of his being; and one of their latest essays declares, that in those eras when the race has appeared visibly, palpably to recede into deeper darkness — as in the centuries which witnessed the decline and subversion of the Roman power — that even then the light was not diminished, but obscured, as when a new load of fuel is thrown upon the roaring fire, concealing for a season the brightness of the blaze, but increasing the intensity of the heat within.

But not so have I learned history — not so regarded the monuments or the story of human advancement. Whether the early Egyptian civilization and culture were in any sense the fruit of growth and progression, and not rather the result of some carefully treasured and guarded traditions of the primal state of man, may, I think, be well doubted, and I believe has been successfully disputed by philosophic and critical observers. The means of positive solution to that deep enigma, are doubtless buried forever with the priesthood of that mysterious realm. Greek elevation and refinement sprang so directly from a few mighty master-spirits — say Homer, Pythagoras, Plato — that even under the inspiring influences of clime and scenery, of sea and skies, which will ever make the dwellers by the *Ægean* and the *Adriatic* a people eminent for genius and daring — without these, we can scarcely imagine the Greece of Miltiades and Leonidas, of Epaminondas and Pericles, to have had an existence. From the

humble cot of the peaceful and unregarded student of nature and votary of truth, from the tremulous and famine-enfeebled chant of the blind old beggar of Scio, went forth the power which hurled back into the Hellespont the legions of Xerxes, and changed the destiny of a world ! Roman culture, what there was of it worth recalling and commending, was so directly an imitation of the Greek, that it deserves no special consideration. And so far is continued progress, higher and higher attainment, from being, in my view, a law of human nature, that I believe the civilization of antiquity had attained and passed its zenith, before the influences of Christianity began to be intensely felt ; and that but for that influence, so high a point of culture would never within the range of natural causes have been reached again. Only through some new infusion of the Divine could the smouldering embers of manhood have been kindled to a more genial warmth, a brighter radiance, than had already been manifested.

No — vain is the conceit, mischievous the illusion, that the human race progresses by some law of its being, and that the far future, merely because it is future, shall be better and loftier than the past. Let the dreamer of this flattering theory survey the vain-gloriously styled Celestial Empire, and trace back its mouldy chronicles through thirty centuries of utter stagnation — let him stand upon the ruins, (if he can find them,) of mighty Babylon, above the fallen and imbedded pillars of her temples, theatres and palaces, which no longer afford a shelter even for the wolf and hyena, and look abroad on the scattered hordes of miserable and famished robbers of the desert, who roam unconscious that a great city ever existed there — let him explore, if he would rather, the crumbling monuments, the still towering pyramids and delicate sculptures of Palenque and Uxmal, and inquire their origin and his-

tory of the degraded savages who dwell around them, after three centuries of *Christian* teaching — and then judge of the fallacy which affirms progress to be a law of our nature, and its unebbing tide the landmarks of time.

No, friends of Man ! only through ardent and patient effort, by heroic endurance and high-souled endeavor — aided, impelled by the good Providence of God, and led by those whom *it* leads and vouchsafes us — does the capacity of our race for improvement and elevation evolve itself. Imperative is the obligation which rests upon us, to stand not idly by, expecting the foaming current of human ignorance, error and wrong to exhaust itself — but to embark earnestly in the great work of resisting and overcoming it, assured that only through systematic exertion will it ever be diminished in volume or in force.

---

## BOOKS, AS AIDS IN SELF-STUDY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a difficulty, with many persons, after they are convinced that self-study is of the highest importance, and have acquired some disposition to pursue it, to know how and where to begin. They have only to learn that the reading of the right sort of books will soon relieve them of all perplexity on this account. By placing before the mind definite subjects for consideration, they will afford a *clue* to the study. At the same time they will impart a vast deal of actual knowledge, which may be depended upon, and which it is indispensable to have. True, they should not be relied upon too much. The reader should

not neglect to exercise his own reason in relation to every position advanced by an author. He should read, not only to see what a writer says, but also to learn, if possible, whether he is right: and he should never imagine that he can get a complete knowledge of himself from any single source. To read thus will, of course, require much thought, and perhaps references to other authorities — to say nothing of the exercise of considerable patience and liberality, with a sincere desire to know the truth. But all this is practicable, and we should not shrink from it. If we do, it might even be better not to read at all; for we shall be in constant danger of being confused or led astray by every sophistry that comes in our way.

To those who have not much respect for “book knowledge” of any kind, it ought to be sufficient to say, that the works towards which they are advised to direct their attention, are the results of the efforts of some of the best intellects the world has produced, in the study of that nature which it is so indispensable we should know. If these results are to be treated with contempt or negligence, in what light shall we look upon our own unaided and feeble exertions in the same study? We ought thankfully to accept all the instruction the master-minds of the world are capable of imparting to us; and to cultivate a disposition to receive truth from whatever source it may come.

Among the few books which treat professedly on the subject of self-acquaintance, the well-known work of Mr. Mason occupies the most prominent place. This work well deserves to be read by every one; though it was especially intended for religious students — being more particularly of a religious cast — and omits the discussion of several important branches of the subject, which the author, were he now living, would doubtless introduce. There is, however, an abundance of books, in plain and

simple language, to which almost any one can obtain easy access, which treat, directly or indirectly, on almost every topic of the vast field of self-knowledge — although its exploration can be said to be but little more than begun. The talent of great minds has been for ages, in one way or another, brought to bear with all its power upon the illustration of man's nature, relations and destiny.

A particular list of books deserving recommendation, it would be difficult to make out judiciously, were it necessary; and from the fact that so many books are tinctured with party views and individual prejudices, it might not be expedient. More or less of controversy has always been going on, in relation to the spiritual, moral and intellectual attributes of man, as well as in regard to physiological principles; and every person will be obliged to judge for himself on these matters, after he has gone through a proper examination of the opinions of others. It is hardly necessary to observe, in respect to these controversies, that they are such as might naturally be expected to arise, on subjects upon which there will forever be room to learn something new — while a vast amount of information on the human constitution may be found in books, which these controversies have no tendency to disturb. The fact that doctors may always disagree upon difficult points, affords no reason why the generality of men should be satisfied to remain in the grossest ignorance.

Even if I should mention so unexceptionable a book as Combe's Constitution of Man, some might be found to object to it, on account of Phrenology; although the work is based on such settled principles, that there is little or no ground for this objection, even with those who do not believe in that science. Let it suffice to say, that all popular works treating on the HUMAN BODY, under the titles of Anatomy and Physiology, and all popular

treatises on the **MIND**, under the names of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy — provided they have a standard reputation — are directly adapted to assist us in our pursuit of self-acquaintance. Works treating on those branches of Natural History which relate to man; books of civil and political history, not overlooking that of science, art and literature; biographical works; books of travels; poetical works, so far as they illustrate human nature; and religious treatises on our spiritual nature and condition; all come under the head of books which it is either indispensable or highly important to read and study. Nearly all useful works of standard reputation, intended for general reading, will afford us more or less aid in self-inquiry.

However common the observation may be, it is still all-important to be remembered, that the Bible is, beyond all other books, the best teacher of self-knowledge. It gives us clear and definite information upon those subjects connected with our nature, relations and destiny, most important to be well known, but which, in consequence of our spiritual degradation, would otherwise be veiled in the grossest obscurity. The Bible shows us, as in a glass, our relationship, not only with the angels, but with the Father of all things; and thus exhibits, in their true light, the uses of all our faculties. The information it communicates of the wonderful care and providence which our Heavenly Father is exercising for our restoration to moral purity, should be more to us than a volume of demonstration on the worth and greatness of the human soul, or of arguments to urge us to bestow on its cultivation the attention which it demands.

Let us not, then, complain of any want of instructors in self-knowledge. We may have the first men of all past times as our teachers. They are within our reach, embalmed, as it were, in the fruits of their labors. There is no exclusiveness here. The highest intellect of any



age stands ready to take the hand of the humblest inquirer after truth, with the same cordiality as that of the proudest monarch or the profoundest scholar. In the hardest intellectual struggle, he will be found standing by our side, not only to refresh us with the crystal waters of encouragement, but to exhaust the rich store-house of his mind, if need be, to aid us in the conflict. Let us thank God for the invaluable aids thus afforded us in his providence; and above all, that he has given us the words of him who "knew all that was in man," and who "spake as never man spake," to guide us in safety through the conflicting currents and whirlpools of human opinion.

---

## THE OLD ORCHARD.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

TREES, whose green and blossom  
Cheered my childhood's eye,  
In whose cooling shadows,  
When the sun was high,  
Playful toil beguiled me  
Through the summer hours —  
Once again I greet ye,  
Old and friendly bowers.

Here, the sweetest music  
Of the matin bird,  
At the early coming  
Of the spring was heard;  
Here, the loveliest blossoms  
Field or forest knew,  
Bathed their tender leaflets  
In the summer dew.

And the yellow Autumn  
Here before us spread  
Her delicious treasures,  
As, with rustling tread,  
Came she by with garlands  
Of the vine and sheaf,  
And entwined her tresses  
With the last green leaf :

But a tone of sadness  
All our joy came o'er,  
As red leaves were mingled  
With the golden store ;  
And the frosty Winter  
Followed in her train,  
And his snow flakes scattered  
Where her fruits had lain.

Venerable orchard !  
Verse delights to tell,  
In thy green recesses  
What sweet memories dwell ;  
Like the birds, that fondly  
To thy cool retreat  
Cling for kindly shelter  
From the summer heat.

O how many, like us,  
Thy green shades beneath,  
Have of Hope's gay blossoms  
Twined the smiling wreath,  
And, delighted, hung it  
On some friendly bough,  
But to see it shattered  
By the storm ere now !

Be it so : all scattered  
Childhood's gathered flowers ;  
Leafless, torn, uprooted,  
All its greenest bowers ;

Nay, its friends departed,  
Dearest, kindest, best,  
In whose happy presence  
Our young hearts were blest.

Grieve not at their passing;  
Look not wistful back  
From thy manhood's prospects  
To the narrow track  
Worn by childish footsteps:  
Idly shalt thou there  
Shrines of joys departed  
Labor to repair.

Pleasures glow and vanish  
As the seasons wane;  
Joys, earth-born, like flowers,  
Earthward turn again:  
Think not to retain them  
With a miser's hand—  
All their gold shall moulder  
In thy grasp to sand.

But know well, one sunbeam  
Ne'er is taken away  
From the crystal heavens  
Of thy summer day,  
But to gild the morrow  
With a happier light:  
Rest, then, calm and trustful,  
Through the stormy night.

## A BALL-ROOM SKETCH.

*By a Lady under Fifty.*

I AM an old maid. It was a hard thing to assume voluntarily the indispensable appendages of age — caps and spectacles ; but years have gone by since I have ceased to look grave at the title I have so well earned — and it is not one now that I am ashamed to acknowledge, even in print. I am not about to give a recital of some doleful love adventure of my early days, nor a lecture against the pleasures of youth. Those who have shared these pleasures will own they have felt their bewitching excitement while they lasted, and their vanity when they were past. I have had my part in them. I have fatigued mind and body in a ball-room, and called it happiness : I have sat mewed up for hours in a splendidly furnished room, listening to the affected, commonplace observations of vanity and folly, and called it the refined conversation of good society. And through all this I *was* happy, as I then understood the term. I should have been the same, had custom bid me saw wood instead of dance — or sit in a cotton-factory instead of a well furnished parlor.

I had youth. Ah, fond deluder ! I have been flattered, giddy and imprudent — as who has not, who has been young ? I have done my best to win love, esteem and admiration — as what woman has not ? I have loved, hoped, trusted — as what inexperienced heart has not ? I have been disappointed — as who has not, who has nourished fond hopes and airy visions ? There has been no time in my life when I would not have married, had I found one worthy and willing. I have met those whose appearance corresponded very well with the being my imagination

had early drawn as my fellow traveller, and who seemed equally satisfied with mine:— but they always went away, or I came away, and so the matter ended. So far as I could see or *hear*— (for when vanity would blind us, there is generally some kind soul near to whisper our failings in our ear) — there was nothing very repulsive in my person or manners. Still, here am I, at the age of— of— why do I hesitate? O, thou spark of old-maidism, let me extinguish thee at once!— at the age of forty-nine; by chance, mere chance, a single woman, with a tolerable fortune, rather increasing than diminishing.

Chuckle not, young gentlemen!—you who have no talent but for spending, and no industry but in seeking out evil: exclaim not to yourselves that you have found the object of your wishes—an estate, with the encumbrance of a wife for a few years. I am no patch for ragged fortunes. I will have none of you. Even if I would, I doubt whether you would not soon repent your bargain: for with my cheerful disposition and regular way of living, I should not despair of shooting Cupid's arrows from beneath a widow's weeds. No; jesting aside, I have seen enough of the married state to make me contented, at least, as I am. Of the thousand troubles I have witnessed, however, a great part had their origin in the dispositions of the parties: they would have made themselves wretched in some other way, had they remained single. Those that arose from the state itself, had, perhaps, their counterbalancing joys: but on this point I am not duly qualified to judge—so I say nothing.

I am cheerful in my situation; prepared to do good when I can, and avoid evil when I see it. Yes—though an old maid, I am contented. I have long ceased to be an actor in the amusements of the gay and thoughtless; yet I sometimes mingle in them. I am a looker-on: like most persons of my age, I am fond of studying human na-

ture. Some may smile with contempt at the idea of an inhabitant of a small country village talking of this study. But, learned friends, divide the world into as small portions as you will, and each portion will still contain all the constituent parts. In a village of a thousand people, you will find the same characters and passions as in a city of a hundred thousand. You will find the higher, the middling and the lower classes; the knave, the fool, and — the author.

I have taken this trouble to introduce myself to the readers of this Magazine — ( in which I may possibly show myself again ) — so that from a knowledge of my peculiar situation they may know when to allow for the whims, oddities and prejudices inseparable from it. I shall write of what and whom I choose ; and if any be weak enough to be offended, why let them retaliate, if they are not ashamed to assail a poor lone woman, who, like a porcupine, has only a quill with which to defend herself against her adversaries.

I am standing at the entrance of a ball-room — a looker-on, where all beside are actors. I am wrapt in my shawl, alone and unnoticed, like a solitary beetle among a host of fire flies, dancing, flashing, sparkling before me. All the youth, grace, beauty, and animation of our town are brought together : — the student from his book, the clerk from his desk, and the mechanic from his shop — each with his fair partner, her form clothed in its most becoming dress, and her face in its most becoming smile. Lights, single and in constellations, are shedding their radiance from above, and eyes brighter still are shedding their radiance around. Music is sending animation to the feet, and voices to the hearts of the dullest. What a brilliant scene ! It looks as the world did, when I stood on its threshold thirty years ago, and saw it as one moving whole. Will mingling in it dispel the bewildering en-

chantment now as then ? ' It is strange that the sight of happiness should make us sad — happiness we neither envy nor wish to share. But I am moralizing in a ball-room ! among so many happy faces, where thought is as much out of place as — an old maid in the *Young American's Magazine* !

Happy faces ? So they seemed when I first looked at them ; but now that I have seated myself in this snug corner and scrutinized them singly, methinks jarring passions show themselves on those bright countenances, like spots on the sun's disc. There is yonder gent from the city, whispering in the ear of our village coquette the worn out compliments he has somewhere picked up, while she is smiling acquiescence, and at the same time stealing side-glances at her slighted partner to mark the effect. *His*, at least, is not a happy face. Why does not this petty artifice teach him to feel contempt instead of mortification ? Again she smiles : — but having exhausted his scanty fund of talk, the dandy turns from her to another — and *her* face is clouded. And whom has he addressed ? The parson's pretty but rather plump daughter ; and really, the girl does look bewitchingly as she replies to his address. But a self-complacent glance from his own compressed waist to hers, compressed in vain, and a murmured " too much *enbonpoint* " — has left another shadowed brow. There, in a recess, sits my own sweet Clara — my favored of all favorites, because she has beauty without vanity, learning without pedantry, wit without malevolence, and refinement without affectation — looking as lonely as Boone on the banks of the Kentucky,

" In such a wilderness of mirth  
The only thinking one."

The dandy approaches her ; but a look of unmingled contempt sends the pliant thing of cloth and velvet to the

lower end of the hall, frowning and disconcerted. Clara's eye is fixed on the dancers again. It follows one of the gayest among them. That one whispers something to his blushing partner — and as Clara quickly turns away her head, there is a moisture on her cheek that ill accords with merriment. She has anticipated much : — she has dressed to please the eye of one only ; that eye seeks her not — and what is the admiring gaze of the whole crowd to her ? Tears in a ball-room ! Ah, the keenness of disappointment, before the heart is hardened ! How slight the stroke, yet how deep the wound. Live a few years, and she will have learned to smile as she thinks of its trifling importance : but she will also have learned to smile while her heart is breaking. It needs no sybil eye to read her destiny. That anxious glance spoke her deep-rooted affection — that tear, her bitter disappointment. The impulse that bid her cheek hide her emotion, while she gaily joined the dance with another, betokened a proud spirit that has already taught her the first lesson in the art of disguise.

Dancing is an innocent amusement in itself ; but who will say that it is not injurious in its effects, as generally managed, and with its usual accompaniments ? It is like — but there beside the door stands a better illustration than I could possibly give. It is George Edwards. Not many years ago the Old Colony boasted not a more promising young man. At the age of twenty one, he became possessed of an estate worth ten thousand dollars — a fortune amply sufficient in New England to lead a young man to wealth and respectability, or to want and ruin, as he chooses. The first time I saw him after this era, he was in this very hall ; and I wondered not, as I looked on his fine manly figure, and open, engaging countenance, that many a maiden's heart beat visibly at his approach. He saw himself admired — and his vanity was awakened :



yes, vanity — for, trust me, hearts swell as often from this cause beneath a coat of broadcloth as beneath a muslin kerchief. Who does not aspire to be an object of attention? There is not a more universal ambition. It is the secret cause of half the revolutions, reformations, and party divisions in the world. Ambition troubles the waters: if benefits result, it is by means of those who improve the hour to heal the diseases of society. Surrounded by flatterers, George Edwards must needs do as others did. He could not be niggardly — and he was not. He became more liberal in money matters — and also in principles and conduct. He soon learned that there were other innocent amusements, so called — such as laying down painted bits of pasteboard according to certain rules. A game of cards, to while away an evening now and then, was more agreeable than his own thoughts, disordered by a previous night of amusement. To do as others did, he must partake of such beverages as were offered to him at his places of resort. He discovered, after a while, that drinking somewhat freely invigorated his spirits, gave his cheek a healthy glow, and added a new charm to his freedom of manner. He finally acquired the reputation of being one of the finest, care-for-nobody fellows in existence. But why trace a progress that almost every eye has watched? There stands Edwards now; his countenance bloated and discolored — his coat torn half in two, the effect of a recent wrangle in a bar-room — wretchedness in his heart — profanity on his lips. His estate is stripped to pieces by executions; his mother is in her grave, without a stone to mark where she lies; he has a heart-broken wife and coarse-clad child, supported by the public funds; and he is a day-laborer — still haunting places of amusement from habit, a waiter where he was once a leader. Does he think of all this? — he had once a heart to feel, and a mind to reflect. No! vice has made him as low in soul

as he is in society. He is gone ; and I am glad to be relieved from so painful a subject of reflection.

How have my thoughts wandered ! The dancers are gone, or going ; the musicians are nodding as they scrape ; the decorations of the walls decorate the floor. The lights are fast dropping into darkness ; every thing looks tired, dusty and heated. Let me be gone.

What a contrast, to come out into the clear morning air ! Lights are glimmering here and there from the windows of the retiring dancers. They are casting aside their soiled dresses and ornaments, which seem to defy the pettish attempts of their drowsy fingers to unloose them ; while they think upon the events of the night — the night of anticipated pleasure, which, whether enjoyed or not, is over. Would that I knew how many, as, weary and exhausted, they fling themselves on their couches, can say with truth that it has been a night of happiness.



## TRANSCENDENTAL MURMURINGS,

*From an Over-Soul, or Soul Turned Over.*

RACKED with wild thoughts that made me gritty,  
I wandered up and down the city,  
A singing of a doleful ditty.

And every "over-soul" I met  
Bade his green eyes with pity wet,  
As I my groans to music set.

I sadly sung of mystic gleams,  
Of soaring thoughts, of Stygian dreams,  
Of paper blotted by the reams ;

Of shapes all dainty, dumb and dim,  
That through Imagination swim,  
With solemn, low unearthly hymn ;

Of askings, doubtings, questionings,  
Problems which stir the soul's deep springs,  
And deaden Faith's aspiring wings ;

Of minds that in inaction rust,  
Of Falsehood's feast and Virtue's crust,  
Of Tailors who refuse to trust.

Then Love my fancy's fuel fed—  
The cream o'er Life's skim-milk that 's spread,  
Buttering the soul's unbolted bread ;

The silver light whose glancing motion  
Sparkles the heave of Passion's ocean,  
And radiance sheds on Thought's commotion ;

A light that falls without a stain,  
Through the dim lattice of the brain,  
And drives the poet half insane.

"Young man!" said one who heard my song,  
"I think you go it rather strong,  
Thus ringing Pleasure's dinner gong :

Tell me how Sorrow came to pat  
Your shoulder, and take off your fat,  
And I'll put ninepence in the hat."

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

---

**MONUMENT TO STEPHEN DAYE.**—On the twenty-sixth of July last, a meeting of Printers was held at the Tremont Temple, to devise measures for erecting a monument to the memory of Stephen Daye, the first printer in this country, whose remains now lie interred in the Old Cambridge burying ground, without a stone to designate their location. An Association, to which the carrying out of the proposed design was entrusted, was organized, on a plan drawn up by a committee appointed at a preliminary meeting. The officers of the Association consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and seven Trustees; and we have confidence that the gentlemen appointed to fill these offices will perform their duties in the most efficient manner. The expense of the monument is to be provided for by subscriptions of three dollars from master printers, one dollar from journeymen, and fifty cents from apprentices. The credit of the first movement in this affair belongs to Mr. George Livermore, of Cambridge. At his instance the first meeting in reference to the subject was called, by the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, who was afterwards chosen President of the Association above mentioned.

According to Mr. Thomas's History of Printing in America, Mr. Daye was born in London, and there served an apprenticeship to a printer. He emigrated to this country in 1638. The press which he here superintended was sent over by the Rev. Jesse Glover, a non-conformist minister in England, who became responsible for his passage-money, and for whom he was under agreement to work at the locksmith's trade, (which it appears he then followed,) for the payment of the same. Mr. Glover died on his passage to America, and the press was entrusted to Mr. Daye, who set it up in Cambridge, (it is said, in one of the College buildings,) in 1639, "by direction of the magistrates and elders, and under the superintendence of President Dunstan." He was the only printer in New England for

nearly ten years, and doubtless the first English printer in America. The Spaniards had previously set up a press in Mexico.

The first things printed by Daye were the "Freeman's Oath," and an Almanac calculated for New England. The first *book* was "The Psalms in Metre," an octavo of three hundred pages, which, it may be worth observing, was not a reprint of English authorship, but an original American production.

Mr. Daye's pecuniary affairs were never very prosperous. In 1641, the General Court made him a grant of three hundred acres of land, in consideration of his being the first to "sett upon printing," which he obtained only after much difficulty and delay. He resigned the management of the press about 1649, and died December 22, 1668, at the age of about fifty-eight years.

---

**FIRST PUBLICATION OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.—**According to the conditions of the Smithsonian bequest, which require the Institution to promote the dissemination of useful knowledge, it has recently obtained and published a work on the highly interesting subject of American Archæology, being an account of researches lately made into the antiquities of this country, by Mr. E. G. Squier and Mr. E. H. Davis. These researches, which embrace surveys of more than one hundred of the remarkable mounds scattered through the Valley of the Mississippi, are the most extensive and thorough of the kind ever yet made. They resulted in the discovery of vast numbers of ancient utensils and works of art, among which are said to be several highly finished sculptures of the human head. These relics are illustrated by a large number of lithographic and wood engravings. The work having been referred for examination to the American Ethnological Society, was recommended, by a committee appointed to report upon it, as "not only new and interesting, but as an eminently valuable addition to our stock of knowledge upon a subject little understood, but in which is felt a deep and constantly increasing interest, both in our country and abroad;" and therefore highly deserving of publication under the auspices of the Institution.

**MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.**—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Brunswick, on the first of September last. It was well attended, and exhibited much interest. The design of the Society is the collection and preservation of all memorials of the early history of the State; and it is already in possession of rare and valuable documents. Its publishing committee have been authorized to issue a circular to every town in the State, requesting aid in the collection of materials of this kind. The contributions which such societies, established in each of the States, might furnish towards the elucidation of American history, would be invaluable.

---

**MEETING OF STUDENTS.**—A meeting of the students of the Mount Pleasant Classical Institution—a school for the preparation of youth for College, which formerly flourished in Amherst, Mass., but which was discontinued about fifteen years since—was held on the eighteenth of August last, on the grounds formerly occupied by the Institution. But few of the large number which had received instruction there were present on this occasion; but the greater part of those who were absent were heard from, and a number of interesting letters were read. It was gratifying to learn that the greater portion of the pupils had become respectable and useful members of society. Among the number were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Henry Van Lennep, now a Missionary to Smyrna, his native place. Mr. D. H. Howard, to whom we are indebted for valuable aid in conducting this Magazine, was also a pupil of this school.

On separating, it was voted to hold a similar meeting at the same place, in ten years from the present time.

---

**MEXICAN PEONS.**—Although, as it is well known, the Mexican Constitution prohibits slavery, there still exists in that country a large class of individuals, styled *peons*, who are in a condition hardly differing from that of slaves. A man comes into this condition either by being sold for his debts, or by voluntary contract to obtain a desired sum of money, to be repaid by personal service, at a stipulated price per month. The peon is in many respects as fully under the power of his master as an American slave, and is also subject to the lash. The la-

bor required of him, however, is not usually severe. He has also the privilege of changing his master, provided he can find some one to take that place, by paying the debt due from him to his present master. Though it would seem that by the payment of the debt, in the stipulated manner, the peon might regain his freedom, this is said seldom to take place. The low value of wages and produce, together with his real wants and the extravagance which characterizes his disposition, operate to keep him in perpetual bondage. A portion of each week is indeed allowed him to labor for himself; but he has to provide clothing for himself and his family, and a part of his sustenance—as half a bushel of corn per week is all that his master is required to provide. Whatever else he receives of his master goes to increase his indebtedness. His children, however, remain free, and are not liable for the father's debts; nor is it considered a disgrace to have been the son of a peon.

---

**VATTEMARE'S SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY LEAGUE.**—We are happy to understand that Mr. Alexandre de Vattmare, the distinguished Frenchman, who last summer paid his second visit to the United States, in the prosecution of his plan of international exchanges of scientific and literary productions, between France and this country, has met with the most cordial reception, and received the most liberal encouragement, among us. He has come laden with a store of the choicest works of science, art and literature, as donations from the French Government, and from various scientific bodies, and distinguished public and private individuals in France, to several of the states and cities of the Union, and to various scientific institutions in this country. The exchange of interesting statistical and other useful information, also forms a part of Mr. Vattmare's plan.

It is gratifying to observe the growing spirit of friendship between nations, which distinguishes the present age. Few things, probably, would have a more direct and effectual tendency to promote a spirit of true brotherhood between nations, than intercourse of the kind Mr. Vattmare is endeavoring to establish. And when we see philanthropists, like him, laboring so disinterestedly to awaken and keep alive such a spirit, we are the more encouraged to look forward to a day when the revenues

of nations shall be consecrated to the promotion of kindly intercourse, and the doing of real good, instead of the support of hostile armies.

---

**FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE MECHANICS' CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION.**—This exhibition, like those which have preceded it, presented abundant proof of the activity and productiveness of mechanical genius among us. Several new and important inventions, besides numerous improvements on previous workmanship, were exhibited, detailed accounts of which have been given in the Newspapers. Mr. J. M. Wightman, the superintendent, deserves much credit for the ability with which he performed his responsible duties.

---

**PROGRESSIST SOCIETY.**—A society exists in Edinburgh, with this title, whose object is the dissemination of correct political principles. It maintains the doctrines, that all men are born equal, and with an inalienable right to freedom; that the sole duty of government is the protection of life and property; that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong; and finally, that the Christian maxims of love to God and the neighbor, should lie at the foundation of all legislation.

---

**ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF INVENTORS.**—There is in Cincinnati an Association having for its object the promotion of the arts and sciences, and the encouragement of inventive genius, by assisting in the bringing forward of useful inventions and discoveries. Its plan is that of a joint stock company, with a large capital, to be held in shares of ten dollars each.

---

**ANOTHER FOREIGN EXAMPLE OF ABOLITION.**—We are glad to be able to record the fact that the King of Denmark has decreed that all persons who shall hereafter be born in his dominions shall be free; and that all others remaining in servitude shall be absolutely free, without compensation to their owners, in 1859.



**EDUCATION IN TURKEY.**—The corner stone of a building intended for a Normal School has been laid at Constantinople. The institution is to be furnished with native Turkish professors, who have received a competent education in Europe. Committees have been appointed as superintendents of schools in the empire. And finally, the translation of standard European works into the Turkish language, by native linguists, has been ordered by the government.

A Mechanics' Institute, which has been founded in Constantinople, by some English residents, and which includes some Armenian and American members, will undoubtedly have a useful effect upon the Turkish mind. Three pachas have already become honorary members of the Institute.

---

**CAXTON MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.**—A prospectus has been published for establishing a society by this name, in London, for the literary instruction of Printers. Its plan embraces discussions, and lectures on science and art.

---

**THE WORD "GENTLEMANHOOD."**—The Northampton Courier thinks we were incorrect in using this word, in our last number. It says there is no such word in our language; and observes that "*childhood* and *manhood* have reference to age, not to character." We were indebted for the word to the "Literary World," from an article in which our paper on the subject was made up; but we have no objection to assuming the "responsibility." Though it is not in the dictionaries, it is evidently such a word as may properly be invented. Worcester, in his dictionary, gives to the word *hood*, as used in composition, the definitions of "quality" and "character"—adducing, as an example, the word *childhood*. That the words *childhood* and *manhood* imply not merely the age, but the character and disposition of the child and man, seems not only in agreement with the explanations of the dictionaries, but with the common understanding and employment of those words.

o

THE BOOK WORLD.

---

**THE LITERARY WORLD.**—This excellent literary newspaper has now been established some eight months, and promises a long and useful career. It is the only weekly sheet published in the United States, devoted exclusively to Literature and the Fine Arts, and it is perhaps equalled by no periodical in the amount of information it gives respecting new publications, both foreign and domestic. It not only contains reviews of new books, but gives a complete list of all the works published in France, Germany, Italy, England and the United States, with the names of the publishers, and the price. It also contains choice extracts from new books, not republished in America. Music, painting and the drama also claim its attention, and its criticism on these subjects is profound and sympathetic.

The editor is **CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq.**, a gentleman of fine talents and large acquirements, the author of various excellent works, and who is well known as a contributor to the periodical literature of the day. His name is a guaranty that the work will be conducted on principles of the strictest honor; that it will neither be the vehicle of puffing nor slander. He is supported by a large band of contributors, well trained in critical composition. The publishers are **Osgood & Co.**, of New-York, and subscriptions are received by all periodical agents.

---

**LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH AND THE COURT OF FRANCE** in the Seventeenth Century. By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Brothers. Six Parts. 12mo.

This is a cheap and elegant reprint of one of the most attractive books lately issued from the London press. It is embellished by numerous engravings and portraits, and its mechanical execution is very good. Miss Pardoe has detailed in a style half historical, half gossiping, the numberless intrigues and events of the period she has chosen, and introduces a large number of interesting

characters, comprehending statesmen, warriors, authors, artists, and above all, women. The work, while it gives much historical information, not included in most histories, is as fascinating as a novel.

---

CHAMBERS' CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Boston : Gould Kendall & Lincoln.

The republication of this work is now completed, in sixteen numbers. Its compilation was one of the most judicious literary projects of the day ; and we are glad to find it meeting with so extensive favor. Every one who inherits the English language as his mother tongue, ought to have at least as much knowledge of the invaluable stores of English literature as a study of this work will give him. The biographical sketches of authors, and the history of our literature, interwoven with the other contents of the work, are alone worth the price of the volumes. If heads of families, and others whose example is influential upon the young, were to cultivate and manifest a taste for solid and instructive reading of this kind, instead of the fascinating but dangerous light literature with which the book-world teems, the effect would be most salutary.

The publishers of the Cyclopædia will furnish all back numbers to complete sets ; and hereafter supply the work in two volumes, in neat cloth binding, for five dollars.

---

THE ORATORS OF FRANCE. By Viscount de Cermenin. New York : Baker & Scribner.

This is an excellent translation of a truly French book. It contains sketches of all the French orators from Mirabeau to Guizot, including those of the Revolution, the Restoration and the Revolution of July. The author is a radical politician, and his judgments are warped and colored by his politics. He hardly makes any pretension to impartiality. The style is generally sharp and snapping, and when not epigrammatic is declamatory. With all its faults, and they are many, the book is not without interest and value. By those interested in French politics and French statesmen, it will be read with pleasure. Mr. George H. Colton, the editor, has supplied an appendix, giving biographical sketches of the most celebrated orators criticised in the book, and correcting the author when necessary.

**CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY.**—Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of this city, have published five numbers of this work. The object of the Miscellany is to publish a series of biographies, sketches, stories, and poems, all bearing upon interesting and important practical subjects, and combining instruction with pleasure. Chambers, the editor, has a most wonderful tact in hitting the taste of "the people," and the present work is one of his happiest projects. It has a large circulation in Great Britain. The American publishers have issued a fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition. The price of each number is only twenty-five cents.

---

**BUDGET OF LETTERS, or Things which I saw Abroad.** Boston : W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the production of an American lady of fine talents and striking traits of character. The letters have all the freshness and raciness of private communications to friends. They are full of that kind of information and experience which are most attractive to readers at home, and most useful to travellers abroad. We cordially advise its purchase and perusal. It is just the book to entertain a family group round the fireside.

---

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GOETHE.**—Wiley & Putnam have issued the concluding part of this singular work. This American translation, edited by Parke Godwin, is acknowledged to be the best ever "done into English." The reader is enabled to see the mind and character of the great German, as frankly exhibited by himself. It is, on the whole, the most important autobiography in literature, being the only personal record we have of one of the world's master intellects. To read this work attentively is to increase our knowledge of the philosophy of the mind.

---

**MODERN PAINTERS,** by a Graduate of Oxford.—Wiley & Putnam have published an elegant edition of this book. It has created quite a sensation among the artists and amateurs of England. The characteristic of the work is its enthusiastic championship of the claims of Turner, the landscape painter, to a place among the world's immortals. The author discusses the whole subject of art, criticises acutely the works of all great artists, and writes

with uncommon brilliancy and positiveness. It is a book to stir the mind, even if its opinions do not always command assent. It is vigorous, hearty and eloquent.

---

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind; by and through Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and "Clairvoyant;" in Three Parts. New York: S. S. Lyon and Wm. Fishborough.

The extraordinary pretensions of this book, and the interest which it excites in certain quarters, may make a few remarks upon it not inappropriate. It claims to have been dictated in the form of lectures, by Mr. Davis, in a clairvoyant state, in which he professes to have had laid open to his view the entire secrets of both the natural and spiritual worlds. There seems to be good evidence that it was dictated by him in the mesmeric state, and that it is a work altogether transcending his waking powers. But of the depth of his insight, and the extent and truthfulness of his intuitions, while in that state, we feel at liberty to doubt; especially when we find him, in a book professing to be a divine revelation, counselling us to throw aside, to the last leaf, that Volume which both the faith and common-sense of Christendom consent to acknowledge as The Book of Divine Revelation. We should feel much more safe to repose our confidence in the lucubrations of a man in the full enjoyment of his seven sober waking senses, even if his mental flights did not take in so high a range. But Mr. Davis's book, as a revelation, is remarkably deficient, both in novelty of information and originality of character. Imagine a volume of eight hundred pages, founded on ideas drawn from "Nichols's Architecture of the Heavens," "The Vestiges of Creation," Thomas Dick, Emanuel Swedenborg, Charles Fourier, Thomas Paine and Voltaire, expressed in a diffuse and pompous style, and you get a pretty complete idea of the book. We think we should be pretty safe in saying that it does not contain a single useful idea, or truth, which may not be found better said elsewhere. Repeating, as it does, many of the sublime and valuable ideas of some of the writers above mentioned, it must needs contain much that is good; but there is also much matter of little or no use, and much which is as decidedly calculated to undermine all genuine Christian faith, as anything which can be found in professed infidel works.

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

DECEMBER, 1847.

---

THE LITERATURE OF HUMBUG :

AN ETHICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

WHAT is Humbug ? It is the child of theft and deception, embodying the nature of both its parents, but so combined as to possess the advantages without running the risks of robbery. It indicates a transference of money from the pocket of the Gull to the pocket of the Rogue, not by presenting a pistol to the head or placing a knife under the ribs, but by putting a pill into the mouth or a foolery into the brain. It is thus a safe sort of thievery, very much in vogue, as it suggests to the enterprising no ugly pictures of aspiring Chicane pounding in a prison or gyrating from a gallows. Dishonesty has found, after a fair trial, that smoothing granite is a laborious kind of muscular exertion, and that hanging is somewhat injurious to the health, and it has accordingly hit upon a mode by which pockets can be legally picked and brains safely blown out. The picturesque highway, with its romantic accompaniments of traveller and purse, of burglar and blunderbuss have been declared behind

the age, and unworthy the advancing intelligence of the rascal race. It has accordingly been abandoned for the public street and the thronging haunts of men, where mind can be fairly pitted against mind, and where roguery can win by sleight of intellect what it formerly achieved by sleight of hand. In our age of universal intelligence and universal education, when war and industry are rapidly passing from the sphere of the sinews to that of the soul, from the bones to the brain, it would be strange indeed if the knaves did not feel and follow the general impulse. Pickpockets, highwaymen, burglars, pirates, the time-honored professors of stealing and stabbing, are of the past, and, like other forms of antiquity, may be profitably idealized and represented in novels; but, in themselves, they do not meet the great wants of the age. It is a philanthropic age, in which more is thought of human life than of human nature; and thieves therefore must contrive to make medicine do the work of murder, and pill the fool they formerly pistoled. By this method, also, they may not only obtain the money he has about his person, but likewise what he has in the bank. It is an intellectual age, and why capture a ship on the high seas when you can do it more comfortably on 'change?—why drain blood from a man by a dagger when it can be done more securely by a discount?—why knock out his brains with a cudgel when you can bamboozle them in a bargain, or addle them with a fanaticism? It is an age of peace, and words must therefore perform the office of bullets, and blarney do the work of bludgeons. And above all, it is an age of activity and enterprise, an age of new discoveries and new deviltries, an age of magnetic telegraphs and Mississippi bonds, and it would be indeed odd if, in the swift race of progress, the rogue did not keep his natural station in the van of the movement.

Humbug, therefore, expresses the method by which avarice, deceit, theft, piracy, all grades of sin and folly, may gain their objects of plunder in a legal and peaceful way. And as its essence is pretence, as it drives its trade under a cloak of seeming benevolence, patriotism, or philanthropy, it gets gratitude as well as gold from the intelligent public it bamboozles. Its relation to mankind is like the relation of Iago to Othello. The former was not content with ruining the Moor; but his villany would have wanted its finest zest, if it had not been honored with the thanks of its victim for making him "egregiously an ass."

The genius of Humbug has many modes of compassing its designs, and it would be impossible to limit its energies within any one sphere of operation. But its most influential assault on the human head and pocket, is by a species of written composition which we take the liberty of calling its literature. This literature of Humbug, in some cases compounded of brass and brains, in others wholly brazen and brainless, runs through various degrees of talent and turpitude, and runs into many departments of thought and action. But whether it invades medicine, metaphysics, politics, theology, reform, trade or philanthropy, its one object is to bring all men under the despotism of King Quack; and its one mode of procedure is to tickle the conceit or flatter the ignorance of mankind, by the declaration, inscribed in shining characters on its brazen brow — **EVERY MAN HIS OWN EVERYTHING**. This magnificent puerility, this ingenious nonsense, is the most admirable device ever invented by craft to lure men from the old tracks of wisdom into the slavery of error and folly. Every man his own physician, his own statesman, his own priest, his own lawyer, is but another form of expression for — Every man under the dominion of the quack, every man his own fool, every man his own ruin.



And this messenger of Humbug, proclaiming universal liberty, and breaking all the bonds which bind the weak to the strong, will be found at last to be of that democracy of rascality whose sway is the most galling and remediless of tyrannies.

First, let us refer to the literature of quack medicine, the most remarkable literature ever spun from the brain of Impudence. The country is flooded with quack doctors,

“Rained down from heaven in a shower of pills,”

whose cunning of mind and fingers is incessantly occupied in preparing doses of death or delusion for “the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth.” They are unmatched for the skill with which they develope and stimulate the credulity of the public through the press. Their great engine is the newspaper advertisement. It is needless to describe the character of this, and the peculiar extravagance of falsehood it embodies. It is commonly a tissue of lies, more or less ingeniously woven, which could only provoke a roar of laughter from a man in health; but it is so managed as to strike directly at the volitions of the sick. Its palpable absurdity only indicates the depth of its practical cunning. The quack’s advertisement, indeed, is one of the most sagaciously ridiculous products of the literature of Humbug. The test of its excellence is in its influence. It induces the sick to purchase the small compact death-dealing pills it celebrates, and no one in the custom of visiting graveyards can fail to acknowledge its perilous efficacy.

The humbug of medicine is of two kinds—the vulgar and the genteel. The former is most universal; but the latter is growing fast. The literature of genteel quackery is of course more Addisonian in its diction, and more blandly insinuating in its style of thought, than its “rough

and ready" companion ; but its object and " grand idea " are the same. It operates on clergymen, lawyers, the literary and educated classes, who, as they are learned in their own professions, and as they are known under the general name of intelligent men, are apt absurdly to be set up as judges of medicine. The opinion of a clergyman or lawyer, on the treatment of a disease of which he knows nothing, is commonly considered more valuable than that of a physician who has made it a special study. The folly of this would be instantly seen if a physician should dogmatize on theology and law. Because a man's opinion is good in some special department of science he has made his own, people are prone to imagine that it has authority on subjects of which he is as ignorant as other men. From not considering this plain distinction, a large number of the " upper ten thousand " and middle ten hundred thousand, are daily delivered over to quacks as avaricious, ignorant and impudent, as ever paraded universal panaceas in newspapers or bullied the unintelligent into pill-taking. The cemeteries, doubtless, have a story to tell of genteel as well as vulgar quackery. Many persons have found a watery grave without risking a voyage on the ocean, and doses have been found none the less efficient from being as infinitesimal as the honesty of the dosers.

As a benevolent concern for the bodily health is the motive of the medicine quack—as it would be ungracious to suppose he was actuated by any impulse having its spring in the pocket—so we must suppose that philanthropy is the great source of the lies and blunders of the reforming quack. Reform is a noble thing in itself, and Reformers are among the noblest specimens of the species ; but as all good things have a shell as well as kernel, an appearance as well as a substance, and as everybody can distinguish appearances while few can

detect substances, every good thing is liable to gross perversions. Quack philanthropy is the product of perverted reform, and its operations in the present age are among the most astounding marvels of humbug ever witnessed. Under the cover of a love for mankind, a love which, when genuine, is accompanied by a charity for all men, it enables its disciples to glut their appetite for defamation and detraction; to dignify their vituperation with the name of moral courage; to set up their little clique of wordy fanatics as the Sir Oracles of wisdom; and to prank out their ignorance, conceit, rancor, and unreason in the guise of universal philanthropy and pure religion. The written and spoken compositions, in which they embody their frenzied fooleries, are whisked and hawked about all over the land to direct the moral and intellectual judgments of the people. Their great cry (and it may be added, their little wool) is "oppressed humanity;" and certainly we should be inclined to echo it, if we supposed that any large portion of "humanity" read the windy diatribes, in which such aspiring mediocrity asserted its phenomenal existence. Of the best of this class of pseudo-reformers, charity can only say, in the words of Bacon, that they have "small matter and infinite agitation of wit." Most of them are mere repeaters of tortured commonplaces and stale frenzies, about liberty, slavery, free air, chains, whips, lashes, and the like, which they have caught from some excitable gentleman laboring under an opulence of clanking words and a poverty of striking thought. And yet this galvanized imbecility goes under the name of fine writing, and is deemed by some wiseacres to be unmatched for vigor and eloquence.

Such furiously verbal love of mankind is bad enough when it is the natural expression of the boiling conceit of the writer. But bad as it is, "worse remains behind." This humbug philanthropy has become a trade as much

as making nostrums; and its disinterested benevolence, in all the glories of its strained expression and strangled thought, is manufactured to order. After a man has failed in everything else, he is apt to turn reformer, and convert the wealth of his vocabulary into the more substantial coin of the pocket. He becomes accordingly a dealer in slander and vituperation, makes merchandize of railing, and regales himself on the profits of his rancor. As every man who is not a natural fool, who has sufficient intelligence to be a rogue, can command the cunning and shamelessness necessary to make him a trading hack of reform, the business, in these hard times, does not lack activity.

We do not suppose these observations can be misunderstood, except by those whose misconstruction is a compliment to a writer's clearness, but we may as well add that our remarks are not directed at the true but at the mock reformer. For the man of noble aims and generous passions, we can have sufficient respect, even when his zeal hurries him beyond his judgment; but for his counterfeit, who apes his contortions and repeats his phrases, merely to make a ravenous vanity do the work of a strong mind, or for the knave who follows in his track merely for hire and salary, we have just as much regard as charity will vouchsafe to give to a literateur of humbug.

This debauchery of intellect as displayed in a carousing in words, is especially seen in political compositions. The subject is a tender one, but no essay on the literature of humbug would be complete which omitted to notice the literature of politics. Here we have a field as wide as free government. The object of quack politicians is to gain under the forms of liberal institutions the same objects which courtiers intrigue for in a despotism. Servility, trickery, fraud, falsehood, nonsense, they accord-

ingly set to the tune of the Declaration of Independence ; and try hard to make it appear that the primal object of a free government is to reduce its citizens to a vassalage to King Quack. Each has some universal panacea for the cure of every malady of the state, and for the filling up of every vacuum in his own purse ; and to compass both objects, all of them address flatteries to the people which would disgust the Grand Lama or Russia's autocrat, and which an experienced courtier of a despot would have too much sagacity to employ. The written and spoken compositions which contain the principles, both obvious and latent, of the quack politicians, are too familiar to need quotation or analysis. They ever suggest the image of a slippery knave, pouring praise into the public ear while he is quietly engaged in picking the public pockets.

There is another department of political literature which almost equally deserves the honor of being stamped with the broad seal of Humbug. This is political abuse, which consists in using fierce language having no applicability to its objects, and springing from no enthusiasm or passion in the writer. It is denunciation on mechanical principles, and has no more heart in it than if it proceeded from Babbage's calculating machine. Men of straw, named after some prominent statesmen, are set up, and pommelled with the pet epithets of party ; and no pretension is made to nicety of touch or felicity of application. All individual traits are lost sight of in a mass of wildering vituperation. Hyperbole is placed upon the rack, to wring strong epithets from its agonies and contortions, and these are used by men who are in the blindest temper in the world, and who affix no meaning at all to the sounding expletives they send rattling over the page. Such writing requires no talent, and indicates poverty rather than opulence of language ; but it still is

taken as evidence of a great genius for politics, and is read with profound attention by all whose feeble bigotry it gratifies and stimulates.

The most influential deception in politics is practised by party catch-words and cant phrases. A few captivating rallying cries will often carry the day against reason and truth. They are addressed to the ear rather than to the mind, and though instantly resolved by analysis into follies—though they are bubbles which break into suds at the slightest touch of argument—they are still wonderfully effective. They commonly neither express the objects nor opinions, good or bad, of the parties who use them, and depend altogether for their existence on an immunity from examination; and yet they constantly pass from mouth to mouth as embodiments of principles. It would be impossible to calculate the amount of popular delusion they represent. It might not be safe to refer to those which obtain in this country. From England, however, we may cull a few instances. Sir William Grant, in opposing an innovation, used the words, “the wisdom of our ancestors.” From his time the phrase has been the pet expression of the tory party, and has always been employed as a scarecrow to reformers, whenever they attempted to overthrow some pestilent abuse which sprung from the folly, bigotry, or wickedness of their ancestors. In hardly a single instance has it been properly applied. It ever means not the wisdom but the injustice “of our ancestors.” Again, the cry of “Church and King” represents neither religion nor loyalty; but, as generally employed, signifies, as Dr. Parr has ingeniously said, “a church without the gospel and a king above the law.” The most bigoted opponents of Catholic emancipation rejoiced to call themselves Pittites, though Pitt left office because he could not carry emancipation. It would be needless to multiply instances, familiar to every student

of the history of parties, of the strange opposition between the terms of politics and the conduct of politicians. In selecting a party cry, the universal custom is to invent one which shall operate on popular prejudices or desires, not one which shall express the principles and intentions of the party leaders. The consequence is, that the rank and file of a party are always more disappointed when they triumph than when they fail. To obtain their votes, pledges have been given which cannot be redeemed. When people wish foolishly, politicians have no resource but to promise recklessly. These promises, whether directly expressed or only implied, constitute a rich department of the literature of deception.

It would be well if quacks limited their efforts to the perversion of medicine, reform and civil government. Such a comparative abstinence in wickedness, however, would be foreign to the wide-ranging genius of dishonesty. It accordingly flaunts as bravely in philosophy, morals and religion, as in any other department of its activity. In Metaphysics it gains a reputation for profundity by entangling a minute thread of meaning in a mesh of technical terms. Many who have ventured to follow the trail of popular metaphysic thought, in order to hunt down the atom of sense it is said to contain, have always found that the sense contrived to dodge their analysis, even when they seemed to have cunningly driven it into its last corner. This order of metaphysics belongs to the genteel quackery of the intellect, and is only patronized by people of "refined" minds. The literature of moral humbug chiefly consists of books evincing a singular ignorance of everything but a few ethical commonplaces, which, expressed in a corresponding imbecility of style, and steeped thoroughly in a "do-me-good" sort of atmosphere, are considered admirably qualified to direct the

moral education of the young. These little volumes, manufactured to order, and commonly the product of mingled hypocrisy and feebleness, are exceedingly useful in converting Yankees into Pharisees. As for clothing the soul in any armor which shall withstand the arrows of sin and the shocks of temptation—that is an object which they only pretend to have in view.

The literature of theological humbug is partly the production of fanaticism and partly that of rationalism. Both kinds are mischievous, though perhaps the former is the most deadly as the latter is the most debilitating. Both are quack medicines for the soul; but in the one case we have the delusion in large bottles, in the other we have it in infinitesimal doses. It ought however to be considered that rationalism is commonly the product of fanaticism, on the principle that extremes generate their opposites. Bigotry has the deepest seat in the passions, and is more widely influential. Its compositions are fair transcripts of the minds of those men, “who think with their spleen, write with their gall and pray with their bile;” of men who, in the language of Bacon, “bring down the Holy Ghost in the shape of a vulture or a raven instead of in the likeness of a dove, and hang from the bark of the Christian church the flag of a bark of pirates and assassins.” The literature which proceeds from men of this stamp, may be fairly classed with the compositions of humbug.

In glancing over what we have written, we find we have been making what our readers might call an immoderate plea for moderation, an intemperate assault on intemperance. We also find we have said nothing which rises much above the dignity of commonplace. Why is it that what is so obviously true is so obviously overlooked? How is it that when salvation lies in palpable axioms,



perdition should be sought in palpable falsehoods? Why is it that the quack is taken for a seer, when his ignorance and knavery are so easily seen? Why is it that the literature of Reason is avoided and the literature of Humbug devoured? Why should men be ascetics in common sense, and only gluttons and wine bibbers in folly? The answers to these questions should be left to those competent from experience to answer knowingly; but it is to be feared that the testimony of the Bitten would be of a kind not to prejudice the Biter, and that from the quack-ridden we should have puffs rather than proscriptions of the quack-riding; for it is an old and melancholy teaching of sardonic wisdom, that

“the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.”

---

## THE MANLY POET.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

As in gay Fancy's rainbow garden strayed  
The Poet idly, sharing with each flower  
The sweet enchantments of its passing hour,  
And, with bright gems-from Beauty's mine, inlaid  
The rich mosaic of his fairy song —  
Lo! from his dreams the earnest voice of Truth,  
So frankly eloquent and boldly strong,  
With kind remonstrance calls the truant youth,  
And sets him on her broad and fair highway,  
In her free sunlight, whose all-cheering beams  
Fall undistorted by the wildering gleams  
That through Imagination's windows play.

The flowers of Fancy and the gems of Beauty  
A free and hearty offering she demands,  
To be devoted at the shrine of Duty:  
Meanwhile, with seeming rude, but faithful hands,  
She strips from Thought the frippery of disguise  
That wanton Fiction threw around its form,  
And nerves it with her strength, and bids it rise  
To conquer and to soar above the storm.

Now, more a man, but none the less a child,  
In humble trustfulness, the Poet goes,  
By Truth sent forth, a teacher in her name,  
To charm and subjugate to love the wild  
And froward heart, while in his bosom glows,  
By his high errand roused, the loftiest flame.  
The angry foe, by his sweet art beguiled,  
Forgets revenge — the joy of friendship seeks;  
Even the sunk eye of Avarice, while he speaks,  
Is lifted upward from its base employ;  
And to each hoping and aspiring heart  
The music of his language doth impart  
A stronger hope and a sublimer joy.  
Above the roar of Passion's winds and waves  
Sound the clear tones of his prophetic voice,  
Calling old Form's and Prejudice's slaves  
In Freedom's golden summer to rejoice.  
The withering wreath he twined for Beauty's brow,  
So freely yielded up at Truth's demand,  
Filled with undying freshness from her hand,  
Glitters upon his manly temples now.  
Such his reward, who bravely dared to seek  
His bliss in living for the love of Right;  
Nor Truth's severest lessons feared to speak,  
Amid the storms of error's gloomiest night.

## THE HABIT OF SELF-STUDY.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR efforts in obtaining a knowledge of ourselves will be of comparatively little value, unless we form a HABIT of self-study. Forgetting ourselves for days, weeks, and perhaps months, and then of a sudden spending an hour in making a fresh acquaintance, will never answer the purpose. It is but an insult to our nature.

Of course I do not mean that we should always be thinking about ourselves, as abstracted from everybody and everything else. This would not only be ridiculous in itself, but the worst way in the world to gain a knowledge of ourselves. The more we should pursue self-study in this way, the further we should find our real selves receding from our view, and the more confused would our ideas become. We should run wild. What is required is, that in the multitude of our worldly concerns, we should never lose sight of ourselves; that on the contrary, we should at all times cultivate a habit of self-watchfulness, as indispensable, not only to the attainment of self-knowledge, but to our safety and well-being.

Is this thought to be a difficult task? Admit it to be so: it will be a thousand times more difficult to go through life in the habit of self-neglect. Besides, no sooner does self-inspection become a habit, than it becomes more and more easy and agreeable. This is so, partly from the nature of habit; but chiefly from the fact, that the whole tendency of the exercise in question is, to bring us more fully into harmony with the system of things in which the Creator has placed us, and consequently, to augment our happiness continually. On the

contrary, the tendency of self-neglect is, to make our whole life a discordant conflict with the laws of our being, and with everything about us.

The habit of self-study here recommended, so far from implying a constant withdrawal from everything but ourselves, must fail of accomplishing its most important purposes, unless we bring it with us into all the active scenes of life. "The solitary man," says an excellent writer, "thinks he knows himself, but he only knows what he is in solitude; and he can foresee less than any other man, what he will become in a sphere of activity. We only discern what we are in the presence of objects." To form an opinion of a machine, we wish to see it in full operation, as well as to examine its plan and style of execution. To decide upon the character of a ship, we wish, not only to see her high and dry in the dock, but under full sail, and to know something of her carriage amidst the perils of the sea. But the reasons for inspecting ourselves under the various circumstances of life, are far greater. We can form a pretty good notion of a machine; after seeing it in operation but once; and we can get a tolerable opinion of a vessel, after seeing her sail but a small distance, and knowing how she has endured one violent storm. Not so with ourselves. We shall need, it may be, to see ourselves over and over again, in similar circumstances, in order to profit by the opportunities such circumstances offer for self-study. Even after observing ourselves for a life-time, we shall have only just begun, as it were, to know what we are.

The necessity for constant self-observation will appear still more plainly, from another consideration. "Our inward state is not only very complex, it is extremely changeable. It is necessary that the investigating eye should follow it through all its phases." Our feelings, and the general state of our minds — whatever they may

happen to be at the time — will have a great deal to do with the characteristics we shall exhibit, in any given circumstances. These feelings may be caused, for example, more or less by the peculiar state of our bodily health. Everybody knows there are numberless influences operating upon us from day to day, and varying in their nature, perhaps, every hour, which make us very different persons at one time from what we are at another. This furnishes an important reason why we should persevere in such a habit of self-study, as to be always ready to observe each new phenomenon of our internal condition.

Is it not from neglect of this discrimination, in self-observation, that men are so often deceived in respect to the motives of their conduct? We often see persons acting from principles directly the opposite of those by which they suppose themselves to be actuated. It is the case, more or less, with all of us. How many follies might we escape, and how much more might we promote the dignity of our nature, if we could but “see ourselves as others see us.”

And is this state of things irreversible? Has the Creator made our circumstances such that we must inevitably make such dupes of ourselves? Or are these mistakes of ours rather the results of a mental short-sightedness — a moral obliquity of vision — which we are blameworthy for not endeavoring to cure, and which might in a great measure be remedied, by ascending out of the foggy atmosphere of our selfish and sensual state?

The difficulty may be partly owing to a wrong education. But have we nothing to do with the education of ourselves? Must we be just what teachers and circumstances make us? A moment's thought should teach us better — especially when we consider the nature of the civil and religious institutions under which we live. We have within us a power of directing our faculties, which

is superior to all the outward forces and influences which affect us. We can, if we please, lay aside the sovereignty which this power secures to us, and yield ourselves the willing slaves of those with whom we have to do, and of the circumstances in which we are placed. This is done, more or less, by every one. But neither the existence nor the universality of this slavery, proves its absolute necessity. One of the chief objects of self-study should be, to detect and correct the wrong tendencies of our education. And if we were to apply our minds carefully and faithfully to the task of doing so, we should be surprised at our success in overcoming this obstacle. We are fond of finding excuses for what we do amiss, or for duties left undone, instead of studying our capabilities and summoning them to action.

The importance of cultivating the HABIT of self-investigation, can hardly be overrated. The whole creation, in connection with the divine Providence, is constantly speaking to us concerning ourselves, in a most eloquent language; and this habit is urgently required, to prepare us to understand and profit by its instructions. While under its influence, hardly anything that should come under our observation would fail to throw some light on our nature and relations. We should be constantly testing the correctness of what revelation and science teach concerning us. In the characters of other men, we should see more and more distinctly the elements of our own character. We should see more clearly the nature of those qualities which are only the result of circumstances, but which we may have supposed to be inherent in ourselves. In a word, we should have "root" in ourselves; and all the circumstances of our condition would, as naturally tend to our growth in self-knowledge, as the atmosphere, the sunshine, and the rain, tend to the vigorous growth of the tree that is well rooted in a good soil.

## OBSTACLES TO UNIVERSAL ELEVATION.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

EDUCATION can never be what it ought, until a vast and pervading improvement has been wrought in the social and physical condition of the destitute millions of mankind. In vain shall we provide capable teachers and comfortable school-rooms, and the most admirable school-books, apparatus, libraries, &c., for those children who come shivering and skulking in rags; who sit distorted by the gnawings of hunger, or suffering from the effects of innutritious or unwholesome food; who must sleep huddled in cellars or garrets, unfit even for dog-kennels — hard necessity overruling all distinctions of age or sex, and crowding Modesty through the unglazed window, to keep company with exiled Decency outside. You may fill the hovels of the famishing with bibles and tracts, sufficient to replace the tables which famine and the landlord have sent to the pawnbroker, yet you cannot render those who grow up under such influences religious or moral: you may cram them with popularized science, and convert them into infant prodigies of intellect and culture, and they will yet be deplorably uneducated, untrained, undeveloped. No stimulation of one or two faculties ever yet produced a true or useful human character, nor ever will. The education which does not begin worthily in the cradle, can rarely result in eminent worth or honor. Idly shall you labor to teach the child whose earliest recollections are of torturing hunger or of cloying surfeit, that food is not an end of life, but a means of sustaining it: vainly shall you moralize to him whose

youth was rendered bitter and abject by want, that wealth is but an added responsibility, and not necessarily a sovereign good. The actualization of grosser vice may be shunned from instinct, or fear, or habit; but the soul's native purity and delicacy cannot be preserved, where a single garret is made to afford the sleeping accommodations of a numerous family; nor can monitorial precepts restore it, while the influences which wrought its destruction are still present and potent. It will be idle to expect true beneficent attainment in school, from those who have not the means of decent and comfortable existence at home. You may sharpen their wits; you may awaken in them a dread of shame or pain, and a resolution to avoid them; but to impress the solemn injunctions, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet," on him who daily casts famine-sunken eyes on the fruit ripening and rotting in the rich man's orchards, and who feels that the fuel which would warm his benumbed limbs is mouldering to dust in the adjacent wood, unused and unwanted—this is the impossible task: yet who shall be deemed educated, whose heart festers with rebellion against these essential commandments?

Not until we shall have achieved the emancipation of the poor from the slavery of physical and absolute destitution—not till we shall have rendered possible to all, obedience to the Divine precept, "Take no thought for the morrow"—not till we shall have relieved all who will work from the terror of constrained idleness and consequent starvation—can I feel that a secure basis has been laid for universal education. There will still remain obstacles in abundance—obstacles originating in perverted appetites, impetuous passions, narrow-minded parentage, false pride, mental incapacity, and the like; but before all these I place the impediments arising from extreme indigence, and the degradations and dangers



which have thence their origin. Let these be removed, and we shall have better opportunity to appreciate and encounter the residue.

Universal Education! grand, inspiring idea! And shall there come a time, when the delver in the mine and the rice-swamp, the orphans of the prodigal and the felon, the very offspring of shame, shall be truly, systematically educated? Glorious consummation! morning twilight of the Millennium! — who will not joyfully labor, and court sacrifices, and suffer reproach, if he may hasten, by even so much as a day, its blessed coming? Who will not take courage from a contemplation of what the last century has seen accomplished — if not in absolute results, yet in preparing the approaches, in removing impediments, in correcting and expanding the popular comprehension of the work to be done and the feasibility of doing it? Whatever of evil and of suffering the future may have in store for us — though the earth be destined yet to be plowed by the sword, and fertilized by human gore, until rank growths of the deadliest weeds shall overshadow it, stifling into premature decay every plant most conducive to health or fragrance — the time shall surely come, when universal and true education shall dispel the dense night of ignorance and perverseness that now enshrouds the vast majority of the human race; shall banish evil and wretchedness almost wholly from earth, by removing or unmasking the multiform temptations to wrong-doing; shall put an end to robbery, hatred, oppression and war, by diffusing widely and thoroughly a living consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind, and the sure blessedness, as well as righteousness, of doing ever as we would have others do to us. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Such is the promise which enables us to see to the end of the dizzy whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has

long sinned and suffered. On wise and systematic training, based on the widest knowledge, the truest morality, and tending ever to universal good, as the only assurance of special or personal well-being, rests the great hope of the terrestrial renovation and elevation of man.

Not the warrior, then, nor the statesman, nor yet the master-worker, as such, but the Teacher, in our day, leads the vanguard of humanity. Whether in the seminary or by the wayside, by uttered word or printed page, our true king is not he who best directs the siege, or sets his squadrons in the field, or heads the charge, but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of whom he is, shall be wiser, purer, nobler, for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work, of which he was a humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation. O, far above the conqueror of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and the bayonet, is he whose tearless victories redden no river and whiten no plain, but who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empire, not of the wrenched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered, and planted, and peopled with beneficent activity and enduring joy! The Mathematician who, in his humble study, undisturbed as yet by the footsteps of monarchs and their ministers, demonstrates the existence of a planet before unsuspected by astronomy, unobserved by the telescope — the Author, who, from his dim garret, sends forth the scroll which shall constrain thousands on thousands to laugh or weep at his will — who topples down a venerable fraud by an allegory, or crushes a dynasty by an epigram — he shall live and reign over a still expanding dominion, when the pasteboard kings whose steps are counted in court circulars, and timed by stupid huzzas, shall have long since

of the history of parties, of the strange opposition between the terms of politics and the conduct of politicians. In selecting a party cry, the universal custom is to invent one which shall operate on popular prejudices or desires, not one which shall express the principles and intentions of the party leaders. The consequence is, that the rank and file of a party are always more disappointed when they triumph than when they fail. To obtain their votes, pledges have been given which cannot be redeemed. When people wish foolishly, politicians have no resource but to promise recklessly. These promises, whether directly expressed or only implied, constitute a rich department of the literature of deception.

It would be well if quacks limited their efforts to the perversion of medicine, reform and civil government. Such a comparative abstinence in wickedness, however, would be foreign to the wide-ranging genius of dishonesty. It accordingly flaunts as bravely in philosophy, morals and religion, as in any other department of its activity. In Metaphysics it gains a reputation for profundity by entangling a minute thread of meaning in a mesh of technical terms. Many who have ventured to follow the trail of popular metaphysic thought, in order to hunt down the atom of sense it is said to contain, have always found that the sense contrived to dodge their analysis, even when they seemed to have cunningly driven it into its last corner. This order of metaphysics belongs to the genteel quackery of the intellect, and is only patronized by people of "refined" minds. The literature of moral humbug chiefly consists of books evincing a singular ignorance of everything but a few ethical commonplaces, which, expressed in a corresponding imbecility of style, and steeped thoroughly in a "do-me-good" sort of atmosphere, are considered admirably qualified to direct the

moral education of the young. These little volumes, manufactured to order, and commonly the product of mingled hypocrisy and feebleness, are exceedingly useful in converting Yankees into Pharisees. As for clothing the soul in any armor which shall withstand the arrows of sin and the shocks of temptation—that is an object which they only pretend to have in view.

The literature of theological humbug is partly the production of fanaticism and partly that of rationalism. Both kinds are mischievous, though perhaps the former is the most deadly as the latter is the most debilitating. Both are quack medicines for the soul; but in the one case we have the delusion in large bottles, in the other we have it in infinitesimal doses. It ought however to be considered that rationalism is commonly the product of fanaticism, on the principle that extremes generate their opposites. Bigotry has the deepest seat in the passions, and is more widely influential. Its compositions are fair transcripts of the minds of those men, “who think with their spleen, write with their gall and pray with their bile;” of men who, in the language of Bacon, “bring down the Holy Ghost in the shape of a vulture or a raven instead of in the likeness of a dove, and hang from the bark of the Christian church the flag of a bark of pirates and assassins.” The literature which proceeds from men of this stamp, may be fairly classed with the compositions of humbug.

In glancing over what we have written, we find we have been making what our readers might call an immoderate plea for moderation, an intemperate assault on intemperance. We also find we have said nothing which rises much above the dignity of commonplace. Why is it that what is so obviously true is so obviously overlooked? How is it that when salvation lies in palpable axioms,

Give me the sterling man  
Who knows the soundings of his spirit's ocean,  
What winds should give its noble surface motion,  
And, when the storm sweeps, can  
Consent to see the white gulls fly above him,  
And not repine because they do not love him.

---

## THE CHEAP POSTAGE QUESTION.

BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

For nearly two hundred years, the Post Office was regarded in England as a source of revenue to the government. Originally, it was a perquisite of the crown, and was farmed out, in 1653, for £10,000 per annum. In 1663, it brought £21,500 a year, and in 1674, it rented for £43,000. In 1710, it was taken from the crown, and organized as a branch of the government, subject to the control of Parliament. In 1774, it produced a net revenue of £164,077; in 1815, it yielded £1,557,029; in 1824, £1,400,080; and in 1837, £1,511,026. When the extraordinary fact, that the revenue had gained no perceptible increase in twenty years, came to be traced to its causes, with a view to discover and apply the remedy, the conviction was forced upon Mr. Rowland Hill, and upon the Parliamentary Committee, that the very same progress of society, which must have created a vast increase of correspondence, far beyond the increase of population, had also increased, in a still greater degree, the facilities for the evasion of postage, and thus opened to them the certain prospect, that for the future, the net

revenue from postage was far more likely to be diminished than increased, under the existing system.

This led to the inquiry, whether postage *ought* to be made a source of revenue. It is distinctly laid down, in the statute of 12th Charles II, that the object of the Post Office establishment was, "to afford *advantage to trade and commerce*," and that the revenue to be derived from it was not originally a pecuniary consideration, although its productiveness and the necessities of the government had made it to be so regarded. 'This principle was also found among high authorities, in regard to the Post Office — that "the facility of frequent punctual and quick communication, which the Post Office was calculated to secure, may be justly classed *among the elements of profitable commerce*; and it is essential to the purposes of government, and subservient to all the ends of national policy." This turned the inquiries of the British Government to the discovery of that system of postage which should best answer the ends of government, most subserve a wise national policy, and become in the highest degree an element of profitable commerce; and by thus contributing to the advancement of trade and the progress of general improvement, *give a spring to the general revenues* of the country, whether it should either increase or diminish its own productiveness, as a source of revenue. In a word, they set themselves to see how they could make the Post Office most useful, not how it could be made the most productive. And therefore their system is to be tested, not at all by its productiveness, but solely by its general benefits; of which the single fact that it now circulates two hundred and thirteen millions of letters a year, can leave no doubt.

That this was the view which predominated in their counsels, and constituted the primary consideration, and that all regard for revenue became merely incidental and

secondary, will be fully seen by those who will read the Parliamentary debates of the day.

The Parliamentary Committee of 1839, in their elaborate report, recommending the new system, put it on this ground. They express their belief that it would "greatly facilitate all commercial transactions, and lead to a great extension of trade, both foreign and domestic;" and that this would "in no inconsiderable degree improve *the general revenue* of the country, and thus probably *compensate for any small diminution* which might take place in the revenue of the Post Office."

Mr. Hill says, in his evidence: "It is very possible that the revenue may be fully sustained, and even increased. I have not, however, calculated on its being sustained: I have calculated on a reduction of about £300,000 per annum. I would add, however, my opinion, that the effect of the cheap and greatly increased communication which I propose, upon other branches of the revenue, would be such as more than to compensate for this loss. Every branch of commerce would feel its effects, every trade throughout the country would to some extent be impressed with the cheapness of communication through the Post Office; and it is obvious that that which tends to the improvement of trade and commerce, tends also to the improvement of the general revenue of the country."

From the result, it appears, that the falling off of the revenue, thus far, is greater than was anticipated by Mr. Hill. The gross receipts of 1839 were £2,390,763; of 1843, £620,867; a falling off of £769,896, or nearly one-third—a greater proportion, probably, than even the Committee expected. But the Parliamentary debates on the question show that the responsible ministry, who adopted and carried the measure, were far less sanguine in their calculations with regard to this incidental result of revenue; and that the new system was

adopted on entirely different grounds; and that consequently, the amount of revenue, gross or net, is not the proper criterion of its success or failure. If it has not diminished the *general revenue* of the country, if it has benefited trade so much as to increase the general revenue in other branches equal to the reduction of its own, and if it has at the same time greatly increased the refinement, morality and happiness of the people, and the stability of the government, as well as the power of the people to reform the administration of affairs, then is it to be pronounced triumphantly successful, even if the calculations of its inventor and friends have proved too sanguine, in regard to the extent to which the increase of correspondence in a given time would raise its own revenue towards the former amount.

This point is highly important to be understood, not only as a criterion of the success of the British system, but on account of its application to the state of the question among ourselves. In this country, the Post Office has never, (with the exception of a short period during the war of 1812,) been looked to as a source of revenue to the public treasury. The maxim has always been, that the Post Office should support itself, and nothing more; and that all its income should be employed in extending the mail routes, and in increasing the facilities for correspondence. How then can the revenue question apply here?

The answer is this:—The maxim that the Post Office must support itself, however prudent it may have been in the infancy and poverty of the government, is not a part of the Constitution of the country; and its results, however endurable they were before the people knew that there was a better way, have already become quite intolerable. The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power “to establish Post Offices and post roads.”



The whole extent to which they shall carry this establishment, and the means by which they shall support the system, are left entirely at their discretion, so far as the Constitution is concerned. To suppose that the Post Office cannot be administered with economy and integrity, if thrown upon the public treasury for support, would seem tantamount to an admission that the United States are not capable of the function of government — an assumption which no patriot would willingly countenance, even by the remotest implication. Let the question, how the Post Office shall be supported, be determined on no such ground; but solely on the consideration how it can be made the most useful to the greatest number, by means within the power and prudence of Congress.

The results of the maxim that the Post Office must support itself, are practically the same that they would have been, if the direct object had been to bring revenue into the public treasury; for, under cover of this, the Post Office has been made to bear the cost of every measure of public policy which Congress, for reasons of its own, has seen fit to execute through its instrumentality. Everything is charged upon the letter postage; and when the people complain of the tax upon their correspondence by letter, they are told that they cannot be relieved, because to reduce the postage on letters will materially impair the resources of the department, and the Post Office must support itself. It will be seen that the letter postage is taxed, not indeed for the support of the army and navy, nor of the civil list, but by a system precisely like that now exploded in Great Britain, and which we borrowed directly from that government; and surely, we may as properly borrow their reforms as their errors, especially in favor of popular privileges and equalization. It is taxed, first, for the conveyance of all the official correspondence of the govern-

ment; secondly, for an almost infinite number of franked letters, speeches, pamphlets and documents; thirdly, for the carriage of nearly fifty millions of newspapers, the postage on which perhaps does not pay the actual cost to the department; and fourthly, for the extension of mail-service over a large number of unproductive mail routes, which the government is justly bound to establish for the general good, but which ought also to be paid for out of the general treasury.

In all these ways, the letter correspondence of the country is taxed as truly and as onerously as it was in Great Britain. And the real state of the case is only kept from the view of those who pay this tax, by the legerdemain of keeping the accounts of the Post Office distinct from those of the government, and thus not crediting the letter postage with the large sums which it annually contributes, to carry out the policy of the government. The maxim that the Post Office ought to support itself is perverted and abused, by charging the letter postage with all these burdens, until the Post Office has become, to large sections of country, an odious monopoly and an iron-handed despotism. The governing consideration is not, How shall the Post Office be made to afford the largest accommodation to the people, but How shall its revenue be kept up, so as to furnish the means of freighting newspapers and franked documents, and in extending the mail carriage over unproductive routes. It is this governing consideration, which the British government abandoned in the outset, in attempting a reform of Postage.

## A WESTERN PICTURE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a  
gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Moun-  
tains,

Through the Sweet-Water Valley precipitate leaps the Ne-  
braska ;

And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish  
sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the  
desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful  
prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roe-  
buck ;

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with  
travel ;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-  
trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens. /

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage  
marauders ;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running  
rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-  
side ;  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

---

## THE ITCH FOR SCRIBBLING PROVED TO BE CATCHING.

*Founded on a Paper by a distinguished Lady Physician.*

THAT this disorder, like many of the cutaneous kind, is catching, may, I think, be proved from a number of cases that have lately fallen under my cognizance ; and whoever considers the nature and bad effects of it, will see also the necessity of this investigation. As, however, the ART OF COMPOSITION is one of the most excellent of arts, it will be important that the reader should distinguish carefully between the love of writing, which is begotten by a consciousness of ability, and the itch for scribbling, which is apt to be the more malignant, just in proportion to the lack of sense in the brain of the unfortunate victims of it.

From a thousand instances of this disorder which I have at hand, I shall select but a few. The first I shall introduce is the case of Mr. John Honeysuckle, who was originally a barber — a good, honest man, who had no

more to say for himself than other people, till he became acquainted with the master of a certain coffee house, and was called in to shave the wits. There is something very powerful and astonishing in the nature and action of the effluvium which ascends from certain bodies; and I doubt not that it was the effluvium which ascended from the heads of these people, while John was shaving them, that wrought this peculiar irritation in his fancy, and brought on him the idea for scribbling. And perhaps it is also owing to the effluvia which dropped from the brains of John, that many of the members of the wits' "mutual admiration" society, are affected with the terrible degree of dizziness which they at present exhibit.

When I look into my book of mechanics, read over the laws of motion, and find that all bodies act reciprocally on each other—that the horse draws as much as the log, and the log as much as the horse—I am confirmed in this opinion; though what this effluvium can be, or of what sort of materials it is composed, no man as yet has been able to discover. Dr. Sublimus, indeed, affirms, "that it is the quintessence of an essence, which, being specifically lighter than the heaviest parts, flies off from one body, like alcohol, and insinuates itself into another body, somehow and somewhere, so that that body is affected with it." But as the doctor's definition does not much instruct me, I must beg leave to retain my original opinion, till I can find a better; and to conclude, that this effluvium is a sort of maggot, or animalcule, which insinuates itself through the pores of the skin, and that the only difference between this itch and the other is, that the animalcules in this are finer, and have the power of insinuating themselves, both through the skin and the skull—as I think will plainly appear, when we consider the manner and the different degrees of infection.

Mr. Flathead was born of honest parents, who put him apprentice to a rule maker, hoping thereby so to have provided for him, that he should have lived well in the world, enjoyed a cut from a hot joint of meat every Sunday, and had a new coat every Easter in the year. But unfortunately for the poor man, a poet came one day into his master's shop, during his apprenticeship, and while he was bargaining for a black lead pencil, received a message from the muses, that precipitated him away without his hat. Mr. Flathead, being sent after him with it, having very inadvertently put it on his own head — as it then rained — thus contracted this fatal disorder ; which has indeed been the more fatal to him, on account of his trade — for the effluvium of the brass used in the joints of his rules has so case-hardened his face, that it has become absolutely callous, and knows no more of the vermilion tincture of modesty than do the deserts of Sahara of the bloom and fragrance of the rose. Besides this, the effluvium arising from the lead of his pencils and other instruments, intermixing itself with the rest, preponderates all to the bottom. Everything he scribbles sinks into oblivion ; and yet the incitation continues on the unfortunate victim, and pushes him on towards his own destruction.

Jack Dullman, though a boy of no taste, talent or genius in the world, is afflicted with this disorder, which the doctor who attended him assures me, was caught only by packing magazines — the dullest things in the universe. This poor creature is now in a most deplorable state, ever attempting to do something which ends in nothing ; for his lines are as void of meaning as he is of manners.

But if we leave these unfortunate people, and ascend to a higher sphere, we shall see the same traces of the wonderful effects of the effluvia. They are to be discovered, even in the inimitable Mr. Starch, who, though a person

incomparably superior to those I have already referred to, and indeed to most of our modern scribblers, has nevertheless become dangerously infected by the effluvia evaporated from the would-be wits he has been almost constantly in company with. From them he has imbibed this *cacoethes scribendi*, which, for the benefit of the unlearned reader, we have vulgarly translated, the itch for scribbling; and we can easily account for the difference between his writings and those of the other persons I have spoken of, if we consider that nature has given him a good proportion of solid understanding, and that he has long been a companion, not only of the conceited wits of the times, but of men of sense.

But what more fully, and beyond all contradiction, proves this disorder to be contagious, is the case of the dog Cæsar, belonging to the gentleman just named, who, from only lying under the table where the wits usually meet, and by walking out with his friend B——, has become one of the most famous writers of the age, and has recently obtained the prize offered for the best *tale*, by a celebrated “newspaper for the million,” in spite of nearly one hundred competitors of the most “popular” school of writers.

I must, for the present, leave this painful though curious subject to the consideration of the world, in the hope that some Esculapius may be incited to the discovery of a specific against this dangerous disorder. Though not a hydropathist, I have thus far, in my practice, found a liberal use of *cold water* to be the most efficacious mode of treatment.

## GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

FROM H. W. BEECHER.

THERE are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck ran forever against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his business, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments : he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck ; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler.



## THE TALKING BELLE.

WHY! how she talks! — with science, art,  
With mind, soul, raptures, fancy dealing —  
Perpetual motion of the tongue,  
Perpetual dearth of feeling!

She's rapid, brilliant — and her wit  
Gleams like a fire-fly in the dark;  
Whene'er she sends a pointed shaft,  
She always hits the mark.

But though she lights she never warms:  
So might the moon the soul entice,  
As her cold glitter brightly lies  
On pendant spires of ice!

Now Heaven preserve me from a maid,  
While through my breast quick feelings shoot,  
Whose rattling tongue forever goes,  
Whose heart is always mute!

---

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

---

**THE WAR WITH MEXICO.** — War, viewed in its most favorable aspect, can only be justified, if at all, as a last resort, in cases of the most extreme necessity. The present invasion of Mexico, by our troops, appears to us in no better light than as a wanton violation of the rights of a nation too weak for self-defence. Not only are the pretexts assumed for engaging in it insufficient for its justification, but, as it is well enough known, they were not the real motives. The plain statement of end, cause and effect, in the case, should read thus:—Slavery, Texas, War with Mexico. Texas was obtained by the efforts of the slaveholding interest. The free states did not want it. The same interest is now seeking to make the Mexican war a means of still further increase of territory, for the wider extension of the slave system. The expense to the nation, the inhumanity towards Mexico, the inconsistency of a war of conquest with our republican institutions—its injustice under any circumstances,—all are looked upon as unworthy considerations, when the safety and progress of the “peculiar institution” are at stake.

---

**LAND REFORM.** — We are glad to see this topic, among others, becoming a matter of popular discussion. Its consideration brings up questions of vital importance, which have never yet been thoroughly discussed, on all sides. Whatever may be the fate of any particular schemes of land reform now agitated, the time must come, when it will be considered an indisputable principle, that a community is bound to see that every one of its members who is willing to do his share of labor, shall have the means of obtaining an honest and honorable subsistence, either from the land or otherwise; and when it will appear almost incredible, that such a heartless monopoly of the means of living as now beggars and starves the working people of

England, could ever have been tolerated in a Christian country. Though the freedom of the land from entailments has thus far prevented the realization of the same mischiefs in this country, the tendency has evidently been towards the concentration of property, and the wider separation between the wealthier and the poorer classes. We are glad to see an example of legislative action on this subject, in a state so near home as that of Connecticut, which has recently enacted a law exempting from attachment homesteads not exceeding in amount three hundred acres of land. This is a favorable indication of progress. However difficult it may be to understand how an evil can be removed, the attempt to remove it cannot be too soon made, when its existence has once become an acknowledged fact.

---

**BARON HUMBOLDT.**—Mr. Stevens, well known as the explorer of the Central American Ruins, has published an account of an interesting interview which he recently had with this remarkable man, whose name has been identified with the cause of science for more than half a century. He found him residing with the Prussian king, at Potsdam—in feeble health, but full of interest in the great affairs of the world around him. Mr. Stephens having been brought to Germany by his connection with the Bremen mail steamer enterprise, an occasion was given for the Baron to express his gratification in witnessing the increasing intimacy growing up between this country and Germany. In Mexico he exhibited the deepest interest—showing himself familiar with all the particulars of our war with that nation, and giving the highest credit to the military character and skill of the American generals.

Though nearly eighty years of age, he does not appear overcome with the burden of years; but retains his intellectual vigor unimpaired. He is rather below the middle stature; his face is broad, and his eye remarkable for expression. He dresses with the utmost simplicity. In principle, he is a firm believer in progress and improvement, and sympathizes with that class who are aiming at the elevation of the masses of mankind. He is regarded not only as one of the most profound philosophers, but one of the soundest statesmen.

**FRENCH ANTI-SLAVERY PERIODICAL.**—The National Era notices the reception of a valuable anti-slavery periodical, (*L'Abolitioniste Français*) published by the French Society for the Abolition of Slavery. It contains information of a highly interesting character, including notices of movements affecting the progress of freedom in this country, among which are extracts from the Era; and manifests throughout, the deep interest felt in Europe on the subject of slave emancipation.

---

**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NATURALISTS AND GEOLOGISTS.**—This Association held its eighth annual meeting, which was one of unusual interest, during the fourth week of September last, in this city. From a small group of practical geologists—principally individuals connected with the state surveys, who began by holding meetings for mutual improvement in their profession—it has come to include among its members the most distinguished men of our country, in almost every department of science. On this account, and in accordance with a desire long entertained by the members, it was resolved, at the close of the session, to enlarge their plan of organization, and to assume the more suitable title of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. By cherishing such societies in her bosom, our country will be enabled to maintain as honorable a stand in scientific scholarship, as she occupies in the useful arts. At the same time, her ambition to excel in the latter, is one of the surest pledges of her pre-eminence in the former.

---

**THE NEEDLEWOMAN'S FRIEND.**—We have recently seen a notice of a society bearing this title, which has within the past year been added to the extensive list of charitable institutions in this city. Its aim is, to furnish employment to poor females who are unable to obtain it otherwise. Societies of this kind are among the most useful of charitable enterprises.

---

**LONGEVITY OF FARMERS.**—The average length of a farmer's life, as compared with that of the merchant or mechanic, is said to be in the ratio of 64 to 52.

**REVIVAL OF MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.** — An Association for the Revival of Sacred Music has been formed in Scotland, with a view of promoting the general cultivation of this art among the people. The schools which they have established for this purpose have met with encouraging success. Within two years, the Normal Music School, at Edinburgh, has given a musical education to three thousand children — the immediate pupils of the school having become, in their turn, teachers of other children.

Taking into view the refining and elevating influence which music is capable of exerting, we cannot too highly appreciate its value as an auxiliary in popular improvement. Though a good degree of interest has been awakened among ourselves, on this subject, within a few years past, and much has been accomplished in promoting the study of music and in cultivating a musical taste, very much yet remains to be done, in order that the benefits of this science may be fully realized.

---

**A FREE TRADE CONGRESS** was recently held at Brussels, in which the most important principles of Political Economy were discussed, by eminent and intelligent men. The testimony of fact was brought to the aid of argument, in the attempt to show that unrestricted commerce tends to increase the amount of production, and thus to benefit the laboring classes generally; but that the so-called protective system, while it enhances the value of labor, at the same time restricts the amount of it—and benefits a part of the community, only by taxing the remaining part. Discussions of this kind must prove beneficial in their results, whether the conclusions arrived at are entirely or only partially correct. Similar meetings for the discussion of other great questions of humanity, would be productive of important effects.

---

**SINGULAR HISTORICAL STATEMENT.** — Mr. Schoolcraft, in his recent work entitled "Notes on the Iroquois," or Six Nations of New York, says that we owe to the chiefs of that celebrated Indian confederacy, the first hints of advice towards the forming of our republican Union.

**AMERICAN INGENUITY.** — The Literary World makes honorable mention of a Mr. Charles Spencer, of Conastota, N. Y., who, though entirely self-taught, has succeeded in producing a compound microscope, fully equal to those of the best French manufacture. When first shown an instrument of the kind, he observed, after a careful examination of it, that he could make a better microscope than that; and in six months, accomplished the task. When it is remembered, that the construction of lenses for such instruments is one of the nicest operations of art, the degree of credit due to our "back-woods artist," as he is styled, will readily be estimated. Mr. Spencer has already orders for instruments from Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, and Dr. Clark.

---

**GOOD SIGNS AT THE SOUTH.** — We are gratified to observe that a strong movement is making in Western Virginia, for the entire emancipation of that section of the country from the burden of slavery, the principal movers in the scheme being themselves slaveholders. It is also an encouraging sign that in other slave states, as in Maryland and Kentucky, there is at least an increased willingness to listen to the discussion of slavery, and even to engage in it, among slaveholders. Once allow the wedge of argument to cleave a crevice for the light of truth to break in, be it ever so small, and the doom of a system whose very foundation is a lie of the deepest enormity, may be reckoned sure, if not near at hand.

---

**PROVISION FOR THE POOR, IN RUSSIA.** — Among the good things which are told of the Russian Emperor, it is not one of the least, that he has established storehouses of provision and clothing, for the relief of the poor, in cases of necessity.

---

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.** — There are said to be as many as four hundred institutions of this kind in England, numbering, in the aggregate, eighty thousand members, and possessing libraries to the amount of more than four hundred thousand volumes.

more to say for himself than other people, till he became acquainted with the master of a certain coffee house, and was called in to shave the wits. There is something very powerful and astonishing in the nature and action of the effluvium which ascends from certain bodies; and I doubt not that it was the effluvium which ascended from the heads of these people, while John was shaving them, that wrought this tickling irritation in his fancy, and brought on him the itch for scribbling. And perhaps it is also owing to the effluvia which dropped from the brains of John, that many of the members of the wits' "mutual admiration" society, are affected with the terrible degree of dulness which they at present exhibit.

When I look into my book of mechanics, read over the laws of motion, and find that all bodies act reciprocally on each other — that the horse draws as much as the log, and the log as much as the horse — I am confirmed in this opinion; though what this effluvium can be, or of what sort of materials it is composed, no man as yet has been able to discover. Dr. Sublimus, indeed, affirms, "that it is the quintessence of an essence, which, being specifically lighter than the heaviest parts, flies off from one body, like alcohol, and insinuates itself into another body, somehow and somewhere, so that that body is affected with it." But as the doctor's definition does not much instruct me, I must beg leave to retain my original opinion, till I can find a better; and to conclude, that this effluvium is a sort of maggot, or animalcule, which insinuates itself through the pores of the skin, and that the only difference between this itch and the other is, that the animalcules in this are finer, and have the power of insinuating themselves, both through the skin and the skull — as I think will plainly appear, when we consider the manner and the different degrees of infection.

Mr. Flathead was born of honest parents, who put him apprentice to a rule maker, hoping thereby so to have provided for him, that he should have lived well in the world, enjoyed a cut from a hot joint of meat every Sunday, and had a new coat every Easter in the year. But unfortunately for the poor man, a poet came one day into his master's shop, during his apprenticeship, and while he was bargaining for a black lead pencil, received a message from the muses, that precipitated him away without his hat. Mr. Flathead, being sent after him with it, having very inadvertently put it on his own head — as it then rained — thus contracted this fatal disorder; which has indeed been the more fatal to him, on account of his trade — for the effluvium of the brass used in the joints of his rules has so case-hardened his face, that it has become absolutely callous, and knows no more of the vermilion tincture of modesty than do the deserts of Sahara of the bloom and fragrance of the rose. Besides this, the effluvium arising from the lead of his pencils and other instruments, intermixing itself with the rest, preponderates all to the bottom. Everything he scribbles sinks into oblivion; and yet the incitation continues on the unfortunate victim, and pushes him on towards his own destruction.

Jack Dullman, though a boy of no taste, talent or genius in the world, is afflicted with this disorder, which the doctor who attended him assures me, was caught only by packing magazines — the dullest things in the universe. This poor creature is now in a most deplorable state, ever attempting to do something which ends in nothing; for his lines are as void of meaning as he is of manners.

But if we leave these unfortunate people, and ascend to a higher sphere, we shall see the same traces of the wonderful effects of the effluvia. They are to be discovered, even in the inimitable Mr. Starch, who, though a person



incomparably superior to those I have already referred to, and indeed to most of our modern scribblers, has nevertheless become dangerously infected by the effluvia evaporated from the would-be wits he has been almost constantly in company with. From them he has imbibed this *cacoethes scribendi*, which, for the benefit of the unlearned reader, we have vulgarly translated, the itch for scribbling; and we can easily account for the difference between his writings and those of the other persons I have spoken of, if we consider that nature has given him a good proportion of solid understanding, and that he has long been a companion, not only of the conceited wits of the times, but of men of sense.

But what more fully, and beyond all contradiction, proves this disorder to be contagious, is the case of the dog Cæsar, belonging to the gentleman just named, who, from only lying under the table where the wits usually meet, and by walking out with his friend B——, has become one of the most famous writers of the age, and has recently obtained the prize offered for the best *tale*, by a celebrated “newspaper for the million,” in spite of nearly one hundred competitors of the most “popular” school of writers.

I must, for the present, leave this painful though curious subject to the consideration of the world, in the hope that some Esculapius may be incited to the discovery of a specific against this dangerous disorder. Though not a hydropathist, I have thus far, in my practice, found a liberal use of *cold water* to be the most efficacious mode of treatment.

## GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

FROM H. W. BEECHER.

THERE are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck ran forever against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his business, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments : he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck ; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler.

## 'THE TALKING BELLE.

WHEW! how she talks! — with science, art,  
With mind, soul, raptures, fancy dealing —  
Perpetual motion of the tongue,  
Perpetual dearth of feeling!

She's rapid, brilliant — and her wit  
Gleams like a fire-fly in the dark;  
Whene'er she sends a pointed shaft,  
She always hits the mark.

But though she lights she never warms:  
So might the moon the soul entice,  
As her cold glitter brightly lies  
On pendant spires of ice!

Now Heaven preserve me from a maid,  
While through my breast quick feelings shoot,  
Whose rattling tongue forever goes,  
Whose heart is always mute!

---

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

---

**THE WAR WITH MEXICO.**—War, viewed in its most favorable aspect, can only be justified, if at all, as a last resort, in cases of the most extreme necessity. The present invasion of Mexico, by our troops, appears to us in no better light than as a wanton violation of the rights of a nation too weak for self-defence. Not only are the pretexts assumed for engaging in it insufficient for its justification, but, as it is well enough known, they were not the real motives. The plain statement of end, cause and effect, in the case, should read thus:—Slavery, Texas, War with Mexico. Texas was obtained by the efforts of the slaveholding interest. The free states did not want it. The same interest is now seeking to make the Mexican war a means of still further increase of territory, for the wider extension of the slave system. The expense to the nation, the inhumanity towards Mexico, the inconsistency of a war of conquest with our republican institutions—its injustice under any circumstances,—all are looked upon as unworthy considerations, when the safety and progress of the “peculiar institution” are at stake.

---

**LAND REFORM.**—We are glad to see this topic, among others, becoming a matter of popular discussion. Its consideration brings up questions of vital importance, which have never yet been thoroughly discussed, on all sides. Whatever may be the fate of any particular schemes of land reform now agitated, the time must come, when it will be considered an indisputable principle, that a community is bound to see that every one of its members who is willing to do his share of labor, shall have the means of obtaining an honest and honorable subsistence, either from the land or otherwise; and when it will appear almost incredible, that such a heartless monopoly of the means of living as now beggars and starves the working people of

England, could ever have been tolerated in a Christian country. Though the freedom of the land from entailments has thus far prevented the realization of the same mischiefs in this country, the tendency has evidently been towards the concentration of property, and the wider separation between the wealthier and the poorer classes. We are glad to see an example of legislative action on this subject, in a state so near home as that of Connecticut, which has recently enacted a law exempting from attachment homesteads not exceeding in amount three hundred acres of land. This is a favorable indication of progress. However difficult it may be to understand how an evil can be removed, the attempt to remove it cannot be too soon made, when its existence has once become an acknowledged fact.

---

**BARON HUMBOLDT.**—Mr. Stevens, well known as the explorer of the Central American Ruins, has published an account of an interesting interview which he recently had with this remarkable man, whose name has been identified with the cause of science for more than half a century. He found him residing with the Prussian king, at Potsdam—in feeble health, but full of interest in the great affairs of the world around him. Mr. Stephens having been brought to Germany by his connection with the Bremen mail steamer enterprise, an occasion was given for the Baron to express his gratification in witnessing the increasing intimacy growing up between this country and Germany. In Mexico he exhibited the deepest interest—showing himself familiar with all the particulars of our war with that nation, and giving the highest credit to the military character and skill of the American generals.

Though nearly eighty years of age, he does not appear overcome with the burden of years; but retains his intellectual vigor unimpaired. He is rather below the middle stature; his face is broad, and his eye remarkable for expression. He dresses with the utmost simplicity. In principle, he is a firm believer in progress and improvement, and sympathizes with that class who are aiming at the elevation of the masses of mankind. He is regarded not only as one of the most profound philosophers, but one of the soundest statesmen.

**FRENCH ANTI-SLAVERY PERIODICAL.**—The National Era notices the reception of a valuable anti-slavery periodical, (*L'Abolitioniste Francais*) published by the French Society for the Abolition of Slavery. It contains information of a highly interesting character, including notices of movements affecting the progress of freedom in this country, among which are extracts from the Era; and manifests throughout, the deep interest felt in Europe on the subject of slave emancipation.

---

**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NATURALISTS AND GEOLOGISTS.**—This Association held its eighth annual meeting, which was one of unusual interest, during the fourth week of September last, in this city. From a small group of practical geologists—principally individuals connected with the state surveys, who began by holding meetings for mutual improvement in their profession—it has come to include among its members the most distinguished men of our country, in almost every department of science. On this account, and in accordance with a desire long entertained by the members, it was resolved, at the close of the session, to enlarge their plan of organization, and to assume the more suitable title of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. By cherishing such societies in her bosom, our country will be enabled to maintain as honorable a stand in scientific scholarship, as she occupies in the useful arts. At the same time, her ambition to excel in the latter, is one of the surest pledges of her pre-eminence in the former.

---

**THE NEEDLEWOMAN'S FRIEND.**—We have recently seen a notice of a society bearing this title, which has within the past year been added to the extensive list of charitable institutions in this city. Its aim is, to furnish employment to poor females who are unable to obtain it otherwise. Societies of this kind are among the most useful of charitable enterprises.

---

**LONGEVITY OF FARMERS.**—The average length of a farmer's life, as compared with that of the merchant or mechanic, is said to be in the ratio of 64 to 52.

**REVIVAL OF MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.** — An Association for the Revival of Sacred Music has been formed in Scotland, with a view of promoting the general cultivation of this art among the people. The schools which they have established for this purpose have met with encouraging success. Within two years, the Normal Music School, at Edinburgh, has given a musical education to three thousand children — the immediate pupils of the school having become, in their turn, teachers of other children.

Taking into view the refining and elevating influence which music is capable of exerting, we cannot too highly appreciate its value as an auxiliary in popular improvement. Though a good degree of interest has been awakened among ourselves, on this subject, within a few years past, and much has been accomplished in promoting the study of music and in cultivating a musical taste, very much yet remains to be done, in order that the benefits of this science may be fully realized.

---

**A FREE TRADE CONGRESS** was recently held at Brussels, in which the most important principles of Political Economy were discussed, by eminent and intelligent men. The testimony of fact was brought to the aid of argument, in the attempt to show that unrestricted commerce tends to increase the amount of production, and thus to benefit the laboring classes generally; but that the so-called protective system, while it enhances the value of labor, at the same time restricts the amount of it—and benefits a part of the community, only by taxing the remaining part. Discussions of this kind must prove beneficial in their results, whether the conclusions arrived at are entirely or only partially correct. Similar meetings for the discussion of other great questions of humanity, would be productive of important effects.

---

**SINGULAR HISTORICAL STATEMENT.** — Mr. Schoolcraft, in his recent work entitled "Notes on the Iroquois," or Six Nations of New York, says that we owe to the chiefs of that celebrated Indian confederacy, the first hints of advice towards the forming of our republican Union.

**AMERICAN INGENUITY.**—The Literary World makes honorable mention of a Mr. Charles Spencer, of Conastota, N. Y., who, though entirely self-taught, has succeeded in producing a compound microscope, fully equal to those of the best French manufacture. When first shown an instrument of the kind, he observed, after a careful examination of it, that he could make a better microscope than that; and in six months, accomplished the task. When it is remembered, that the construction of lenses for such instruments is one of the nicest operations of art, the degree of credit due to our "back-woods artist," as he is styled, will readily be estimated. Mr. Spencer has already orders for instruments from Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, and Dr. Clark.

---

**GOOD SIGNS AT THE SOUTH.**—We are gratified to observe that a strong movement is making in Western Virginia, for the entire emancipation of that section of the country from the burden of slavery, the principal movers in the scheme being themselves slaveholders. It is also an encouraging sign that in other slave states, as in Maryland and Kentucky, there is at least an increased willingness to listen to the discussion of slavery, and even to engage in it, among slaveholders. Once allow the wedge of argument to cleave a crevice for the light of truth to break in, be it ever so small, and the doom of a system whose very foundation is a lie of the deepest enormity, may be reckoned sure, if not near at hand.

---

**PROVISION FOR THE POOR, IN RUSSIA.**—Among the good things which are told of the Russian Emperor, it is not one of the least, that he has established storehouses of provision and clothing, for the relief of the poor, in cases of necessity.

---

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.**—There are said to be as many as four hundred institutions of this kind in England, numbering, in the aggregate, eighty thousand members, and possessing libraries to the amount of more than four hundred thousand volumes.



**BOOKS AND SCHOOLS IN CHINA.**—Books in this country are abundant, and, it would seem, cheaper than with us. It is said that ten volumes of one hundred pages each can be obtained for less than a dollar. Schools, both public and private, are numerous; and the greater part of the people can read. A liberal education is an indispensable qualification for public office.

---

**LODGING HOUSES FOR POOR LABORERS IN LONDON.**—One of the most gratifying practical results of the sympathy now felt in behalf of the working classes in England, is the establishment of lodging houses for poor laborers. There are two of these provided in London, where unmarried persons of this class are furnished with a comfortable residence, so cheap as to be fully within their means, and yet perfectly respectable, and free from the immoral influences to which those who live at large in great cities are unavoidably exposed.

---

**ANTIQUITY OF PUNCTUATION.**—It is well known that the ancient Greeks used no punctuation, and even left no spaces between words, in their manuscripts. The Romans used, at most, only a single dot, to separate words. Punctuation was introduced into England from Italy by Caxton, the first English printer. Before this, a perpendicular dash was the only point used in English writing. The semicolon was not used till after the time of Shakspeare.

---

**ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.** It is announced that the laws authorizing the infliction of the death penalty, have recently been repealed by the government of Tuscany, in Italy. The taking of the same step is also contemplated by the republic of San Marino.

THE BOOK WORLD.

---

VIEWS OF CHRISTIAN NURTURE, and of Subjects adjacent thereto.  
By Horace Bushnell. Hartford: Edwin Hunt. 1 vol. 12mo.  
1847.

The peculiar fortune which the discourses of Dr. Bushnell on Christian Nurture have met with, in being proscribed by the very Committee which, as agents of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, had once formally authorized their publication, has naturally excited a great degree of interest in them. It has moreover occasioned their republication by the author, in the volume before us, accompanied by his able argument in their behalf, and several other discourses, still further illustrating his peculiar views.

We seldom meet with a book, from any religious school, manifesting so much candor and freedom from sectarian or party prejudice, or exhibiting a greater degree of masterly ability, as well as force and clearness of style.

The cardinal point which he undertakes to demonstrate in these discourses is, that a christian education of children has a natural and direct tendency to the formation of christian character in them; that its true purpose is, not simply to prepare them, by proper instruction and discipline, for future conversion, but, as a divinely instituted means of grace, actually to convert them to goodness, so that they may grow up, at the same time, to spiritual and natural adolescence. He lays much stress on the fact, that the tender mind of childhood can be much easier bent to goodness than that of the adult; and ascribes the frequent failure of the common religious education to produce this desirable result, to defects in its mode, originating in mistaken views of what it ought to be, a defective state of piety in the parent, &c. He dwells much on what he calls the *organic connection* of the child with the parent, by virtue of which the former lives in and imbibes the moral atmosphere of the latter—coming only by degrees, as it grows up, into the possession of a proper will and an established moral character of its own. From this principle,

which is of vast importance in connection with the subject, he infers, that a truly good parent, in all ordinary cases, may so infuse the spirit of his goodness into his children, that they shall as certainly grow up in the exercise of good affections, as, under a different or a neglected education, they would continue in the indulgence of bad affections. Finally, he maintains, as it appears to us, indisputably, that good dispositions, as well as evil ones, may be transmitted hereditarily from parent to child.

Dr. Bushnell's endeavor, in his treatise, evidently was, to present such a view of his subject as the common sense of almost every class of good men would lead them to agree in, rather than to conform his convictions to the measure of any particular creed or religious theory; and in taking this liberal and elevated stand, he shows a praiseworthy independence and superiority of character.

---

THE AMERICAN REVIEW, for December. New York: Geo. H. Colton. Boston: T. Wiley, Jr.

The present number of this Journal contains Hudson's celebrated lecture on Macbeth. It is one of the most splendid compositions we have seen in a periodical for many years. The analyses of the Weird Sisters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, are done with consummate force of thought and opulence of expression. Of the witches, Hudson remarks: "With all their essential wickedness, there is nothing gross, vulgar or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom everything seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law! Unlike the furies of Eschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, in looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature." It would be impossible to give here

an adequate idea of the force and refinement of the criticism in this article, and we cordially recommend our readers to the magazine itself. We are glad to see that all of Mr. Hudson's lectures are to be published in the spring.

---

**LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.** — This poem has obtained a remarkable popularity, running through an edition every week, and attracting almost universal admiration. This is the more noticeable, as it is written in hexameter verse, a form of expression which has commonly failed to obtain readers, when employed in a long poem. Everybody knows Southey's pitiable failure in this measure, in his leaden *Vision of Judgment*. *Evangeline* has all the sweetness, force and pathos we might expect in a poem by Mr. Longfellow, and evinces a range of characterization, of which his other poems give no adequate impression. The descriptions of American scenery are especially beautiful and graphic — a specimen of which will be found on a preceding page of this number, which is selected, not for its superiority to other parts of the poem, but on account of its completeness as an extract.

---

**WILLIS'S POEMS.** — Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, have issued a beautiful edition of Willis, edited by himself, and making the only accurate collection of his poems ever published. The volume is finely printed and elegantly bound, and profusely embellished with engravings from paintings by Leutze. It is uniform with the same publishers' editions of Longfellow and Bryant. The great and merited popularity of Willis will doubtless create a corresponding demand for this splendid edition of his poems. The appearance of an American poet in such a costly dress is the most pertinent proof of his reputation.

---

**REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES AND CIVIL LIFE OF GENERAL WILLIAM HULL.** Together with the History of the Campaign of 1812. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The first portion of this work is by Mrs. Maria Campbell, the daughter of Gen. Hull, and was prepared from his MSS. The portion relating to the last war, and the surrender of the post of Detroit, is by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of this city, the grandson of Gen. Hull. The book is really an addition to Ameri-

but for the disparity between their advantages and their success. A class of biographies could hardly have been selected, which would be at the same time so interesting and instructive. The noble examples they afford are calculated to inspire the most laudable ambition, and deserve to be carefully studied by every young American.

The first volume was some time ago prepared by Professor B. B. Edwards, who prefixed to it a valuable introductory essay, with the purpose of extending the work to several volumes. This design is now in the course of accomplishment by another hand. The sketches are brief, but not too much so for popular reading.

---

**THE TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE, a Sketch.** By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

This Danish writer and poet has already been made known to us by translations of some of his finely imaginative novels and children's tales. His story is marked by fine traits of originality and humor, and rendered still more interesting by sketches and anecdotes of many celebrated men with whom he met. His early life presents one of those examples of genius struggling with poverty, which always command sympathy; and the artless manner in which the warm-hearted poet relates it, is charming. Even his imperfections of character, through the unconscious frankness with which he exposes them, make him interesting to us. We can willingly pardon in him the apparent obsequiousness with which he acknowledges the favors of his sovereign, it is done with such a hearty gratitude; however repugnant it might be to a true republican, in whose view the *man* stands far above the trappings with which royalty bedecks him.



Combining Literary Entertainment and Instruction with an Effort to  
promote the Union of thorough Self-Improvement with every  
Department of Industry.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

No. X. Contains Papers by

THE EDITOR  
H. W. LONGFELLOW  
E. P. WHIPPLE  
ORVILLE DEWEY  
I. F. SHEPARD

GEO. S. HILLARD  
D. H. HOWARD  
CHARLES SUMNER  
J. R. LOWELL  
S. P. ANDREWS

JAMES T. FIELDS  
ALBERT PIKE  
GOETHE  
T. C. UPHUM  
(See next page)

THE progress of Society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the  
Individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quicken-  
ing him to strengthen and elevate his own mind.—CHANNING.

JANUARY, 1847.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GEO. W. LIGHT, 3 CORNHILL.

Sold by Booksellers throughout the United States.

VOL. I.]

Price 20 Cents

[No. I.

## CONTENTS OF No. I.

### Original Papers.

Prospectus . . . . .	9
Necessity of Self-Acquaintance . . . . .	11
Thought and Reading . . . . .	17
Inward Life . . . . .	25
The Pauper Lad of Woodend, or, A Will and a Way—a Tale of Real Life . . . . .	30
A Visit to my Old Home . . . . .	43
A Hint on Patronage . . . . .	50
Above and Below . . . . .	54
Phonotypy and Phonography, or Speech-Printing and Speech-Writing, explained . . . . .	55
Some Editorial Words . . . . .	65
The Contributions Wanted . . . . .	67
THE BOOK WORLD.—Miscellaneous Paper . . . . .	69
Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading":—Stories from the Italian Poets; Autobiography of Goethe; Poetry of Wit and Humor; Works by Carlyle. Harper's "New Miscellany":—Connection of the Physical Sciences; Schiller's Thirty Years' War. Spurzheim's Phrenology. History of the American Revolution. Pictorial History of England. "Appleton's Literary Miscellany":—Gizot's History of Civilization. Ollendorff's books. Murdoch and Russell's Vocal Culture. The Island Bride, and other Poems.	
Tappan's new volume of Poems . . . . .	72
Scenes and Songs of Social Life . . . . .	74
Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature . . . . .	75
Annals:—The Mayflower—The Rose of Sharon . . . . .	75
The Anglo Sacsun . . . . .	75
Brownson's Quarterly Review . . . . .	76
Mercantile Library Association . . . . .	76

### Choice Selections.

Learn to Labor and to Wait, a Psalm of Life . . . . .	16
Genius will Study . . . . .	27
A Word to the Sluggish . . . . .	29
A Patch on both Knees and Gloves on—in Imitation of Dr. Franklin . . . . .	47
A Rich Lesson from the Lives of four Men of Genius . . . . .	51
Sunshine and Shade . . . . .	60
A Picture of the Prairie . . . . .	61
The True Nobility . . . . .	64

THE  
YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE  
OF  
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

*Combining Literary Entertainment and Instruction with an Effort to promote the Union  
of thorough Self-Improvement with every Department of Industry.*

---

EDITED BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

---

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY—PRICE \$1.20 A YEAR.

Two copies to one address \$2. One copy for two years \$2. Six copies \$5.  
Thirteen copies \$10. All payments in advance.

~~~~~

THE leading purpose of this Magazine is, to awaken a more general interest in SELF-IMPROVEMENT—Physical, Moral, Intellectual, Industrial and Prudential; and to meet the wants of those who are more or less engaged in that noble work. But while it will aim to embody in its pages—by means of original contributions, and careful selections and compilations from able writers—a good share of the best self-educational spirit and talent of the age, no effort will be wanting to make an entertaining and useful MISCELLANY OF PROSE AND POETRY for the general reader.

It will seek to impress deeply upon the minds of all persons engaged in the Practical pursuits of life, the importance, the duty, and the practicability, of EDUCATING THEMSELVES, in a manner worthy of beings created in the image of God and provided with illimitable means of improvement.

It will endeavor to disseminate correct views of the *kind* of education best suited to Republican citizens in general, and to each of the Practical classes of Society in particular; and to point out the best course to be pursued in its acquirement.

We believe it will be able to demonstrate that the Useful Avocations of Life, instead of constituting any obstacle to the best kind of Self-Education, may and should be so regulated as to contribute eminently—as Providence doubtless designed they should—to the highest Intellectual and Moral, as well as Physical, interests of those engaged in them.

It will therefore repudiate the notion, that true elevation of condition requires the quitting of any useful employment; and do what it can to break down "



foolish, not to say wicked prejudice against healthful Labor, which still so extensively prevails, as well as to check the over-weening veneration for Professional life, so common among all classes.

Recognizing the cardinal Christian doctrine of Human Brotherhood, its whole spirit will be opposed to Oppression and Depression in all their forms, whether their victims be of any caste or of any color. It will show that sound policy, no less than duty, calls sternly upon the more prosperous classes to take the most generous interest in the elevation of every branch of Society.

In all this it professes no novelty. Taking its stand upon those two grand principles of American Institutions, the Right of the People to Self-Government in the State, and to Private Judgment in Religion, it will show that these principles may not be put aside as mere rhetorical flourish. They not only mean but *command* something. They involve the doctrine that all classes of the community (when in a condition to exert their powers) are CAPABLE OF FITTING THEMSELVES TO JUDGE WISELY UPON THE HIGH AFFAIRS OF STATE AND THE DEEP THINGS OF RELIGION. This is true—let temporal and spiritual despots sneer at it as they will: and no one can neglect the responsibility this truth fastens upon him, without proving false to his country and to the Kingdom of God. The life of Liberty depends upon acknowledging and living up to it.

“ Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,  
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place  
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,  
Or curb its swiftness in the forward race? ”

The social means now in operation for the elevation of the mass of Society, together with such new schemes of improvement as may be proposed to the community from time to time, will receive the most serious, and we trust candid consideration. Special attention will of course be devoted to Lyceums, Mechanic Institutions, and other popular educational Societies.

As to the attention we shall devote to Literature and Science in general—as well as to some other matters which there is not room here to discuss—we need only say, that we shall be guided mainly by the leading design of the Magazine. We have only aimed in this place to explain the *peculiar* features of our plan; and it is the less necessary to go further into particulars, as the work has begun to speak for itself.

The Editor has devoted considerable time, during several years past, to the collection and preparation of materials for a work of this kind; and having secured the aid of several writers of superior ability, besides engaging in the work with his whole heart, he is not without confidence that he will be able to execute his plan with some good degree of efficiency.

---

☞ Published by GEO. W. LIGHT, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON, and sold by Booksellers and Periodical Agents throughout the United States.

# THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

(Adapted to all Classes of Readers.)

*Combining pure Literary Entertainment, of an elevated order, with sound Instruction.*

EDITED BY GEORGE W. LIGHT, BOSTON.

*Price \$1 a year, in advance.*

From the very numerous favorable Notices — expressed in the strongest and most hearty language — that have appeared in all parts of the country where it has been sent, are extracted a few

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

*The Young American's Magazine.* — This is the title of a new periodical of quite unique appearance and character. It is under the publishing and editorial charge of G. W. Light, whom we are glad to see in the field again after an absence of some time; and comes out in a style somewhat similar to Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Its general object is to combine "literary entertainment and instruction with an effort to promote the union of thorough self-improvement with every department of industry." It is gratifying to see so admirable a leading purpose, in connection with an enterprise which seems well adapted for extensive patronage, instead of a mere attempt to cater for the popular fancy of the community. Although its appeal will be to the sound judgment and elevated taste of its readers, we have no doubt but it will exhibit as much novelty and interest as the more showy works of the day. We are particularly pleased to see that it will take its stand on firm Northern ground in respect to slavery — a stand which it is high time should be taken by every Northern periodical making the least profession of manliness. Mr. Light has been the editor — wholly or in part — of several reputable works devoted to popular improvement; and as he intends to bring all his literary and publishing experience to bear on this new enterprise, calling to his aid the highest order of talent, we have no doubt it will deserve, and we hope it will receive, the most liberal support. — *Boston Courier.*

*The Young American's Magazine of Self-Improvement,* is the title of a handsome two-monthly periodical, under the direction of the publisher, George W. Light, whose qualifications for conducting a work combining "literary entertainment and instruction with an effort to promote self-improvement," are well known. It contains a rich variety of matter. We are glad that Mr. Light has again taken his pen in hand. He will be assisted by some of the most distinguished writers of the day. — *Boston Mercantile Journal.*

There is room for a good magazine, and we are glad to see one started. It contains an excellent variety of matter, from some of the best writers in the country — proving that a useful magazine can be made as interesting and amusing to readers of good taste, as the flashy publications are to the heedless portions of society. No one need fear making a mistake in sending his dollar for this magazine. — *Boston Bee.*

The August number of this valuable periodical has just appeared. It is edited by George W. Light, and numbers among its correspondents a number of valuable contributors. The following humorous jeu d'esprit, ("Keep Cool,") which contains good advice for all times, is from the pen of its editor. — *Boston Atlas*.

The same journal, speaking of the November number, says — "Good, of course."

This periodical improves as it goes on. On the whole, Mr. Light deserves well of the public for the manner in which he labors to serve it with pure and sound nourishment. — *Boston Daily Whig*.

We hope that the Young American's Magazine may be prosperous. Its purpose is excellent; and to judge from the specimen number, its contents will be well worth reading. — *Boston Post*.

A new and very finely got up Magazine, edited by Geo. W. Light, a gentleman of excellent literary abilities. The work proposes a high moral and literary aim; and a great blessing will it be, if it can get general access to our young men. The fifth number is full of entertaining and profitable reading. A fine piece of poetry by the editor is worth the whole subscription price. — *Zion's Herald*.

Made up mostly of original papers, the tone of which promises well for the periodical. The extracts are judiciously selected from some of our best writers. — *Christian Register*.

A new periodical of attractive literary promise. The last is a capital number. *Christian Reflector, Boston*.

We see in it hardly anything which is not superior to the common run of periodical literature; and some of the pieces are gems. — *Chronotype*.

It is replete with rich and interesting miscellany, from the pens of our most polished writers. — *Boston Daily Star*.

We advise every one of our readers to obtain a copy. — *Boston Daily Eagle*.

The articles are really interesting, and are intended to help the good work of self-improvement. — *Christian Observatory, Boston*.

We doubt not that a magazine conducted as the publisher proposes to conduct this, will exert a very salutary influence in improving the minds and morals of its "Young American" readers. — *Christian Witness, Boston*.

It contains a collection of valuable articles from well-known writers. One article in the fifth number is worth the whole subscription price. — *Christian Watchman*.

Mr. Light appears to possess many qualifications for conducting such a work; and the first number indicates that he will use them to the profit of his readers. — *Christian Alliance and Family Visitor*.

It has some of the best writers in the country pledged as its contributors. — *Boston Recorder*.

It is an excellent work. There is an admirable variety in each number. — *Lowell Courier, Ms.*

We commend this Magazine to the favor of young men. — *Independent Democrat, Concord, N. H.*

This work seems to be well designed for the Young Americans — so large numbers of the growing generation in this country being obliged to obtain, by self-improvement, most of the cultivation which they succeed in getting at all. — *Portland Advertiser, Me.*

We have long known Mr. Light, the editor, as a zealous advocate for reform in the various fashions of mankind which tend to enfeeble and render effeminate the present and rising generation, both in body and mind. We see that he has among his contributors some of the most able writers of the day. — *Maine Farmer, Augusta.*

This Magazine deserves a wide circulation. — *Charter Oak, Hartford, Ct.*

This periodical is quite unique among the many similar publications of the day, and has special claims to support. It is intended as an organ of progress and self-improvement. The style of the articles, their subjects, and the names of the writers, all indicate a high and useful aim. The work is neatly printed, and judiciously arranged. We know of no magazine so worthy of a place in the family circle. It is neither partizan nor frivolous, and combines instruction with amusement far more tastefully than is generally the case with this species of popular literature. — *Literary World, New York.*

It is conducted with much literary ability. We commend it to the attention of young men. A magazine conducted with the tone and style of this should be well sustained. — *New York Evening Post.*

*Young American's Magazine.* — The publication of a new periodical of great literary merit has been commenced in Boston, bearing the above title. The leading purpose of the Magazine is to awaken a more general interest in self-improvement; but the Editor proposes also to make it an useful and entertaining miscellany of prose and poetry for the general reader. Among the contributors we notice the names of some of our most distinguished authors. — *New York Journal of Commerce.*

The design of this endeavor pleases us better than anything we have seen for some time in the department of letters. The Editor is one of the people, though skilled in literary matters; and his aim is to prepare instruction and culture for the people, in a concise form. So far, he has executed his task with directness, spirit and interest. For the three numbers already issued, which we have received from the publisher, he has our sincere thanks. — *Albany Patriot.*

No magazine intended for the young has lately fallen under our observation, which seems to be so well adapted to its purpose, as a two-monthly just commenced in Boston, entitled the Young American's Magazine. Such articles as appear in its pages are infinitely more likely to rouse and nourish the immortal mind, than all the indigestible chopped straw and flavorless shorts, with which the "useful knowledge" periodicals, so called, would stuff the young brain. It is a manly, hearty, well written journal, with no tincture of sentimentality. — *Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser.*

The purpose of Mr. Light is, as we understand it, to give to the many the means of learning, and urge them to their use. His magazine is well calculated for this purpose. Among his contributors are some of the best minds in the country; and his selections are made with good judgment. The editor has commenced his work in the spirit of independence which is so necessary and so rare in those who profess to be the teachers of the people. — *National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

*The Young American's Magazine* is the title of a small two-monthly, designed to promote self-culture and sound instruction in an entertaining way. It is neatly printed, and the first number contains several first rate articles, original and selected. — *New York Evangelist*.

The longer this periodical is continued, the better we like it. It contains contributions from some of the best minds in the country, and its selections are admirably adapted to elevate the taste and expand the views of young men. — *National Era, Washington City*.

This is a new bi-monthly claimant to the patronage of the public; but quite distinct from any and all of its predecessors. It is beautifully printed, and full of excellent matter. We most cordially commend it to the patronage of those who feel the proper interest in the healthy progress of society — assured they will not be disappointed. — *Ohio State Journal*.

Probably no serial publication has ever emanated from the American press, that has, in so short a time, received such general demonstrations of good will and approval as this has; and when we state, that instead of filling its pages with the namby-pamby flash which so degrades the character of too many of our periodicals, the judicious and discriminating editor inserts nothing that does not instruct while it interests, improve while it entertains, the reason is obvious enough. — *Ohio Temperance Artizan*.

It is long since we have seen a magazine that pleases us so well as this. It is the new "Spectator;" and an invaluable work to every young man. — *Amateur, Madison, Georgia*.

It is the best magazine for the price in the country. It has a heart. — *Western Literary Messenger*.

The fifth number of this excellent work has come to hand, equalling in excellence any work with which we are acquainted. Those who wish for a cheap publication of sterling merit — one whose articles will leave a beneficial impression upon the minds of all readers — will patronize this work. — *Eastern Times, Bath, Me.*

Our old friend, Geo. W. Light, has published the first number of a very neat, readable magazine. It contains articles from some of the best writers. — *Boston Traveller*.

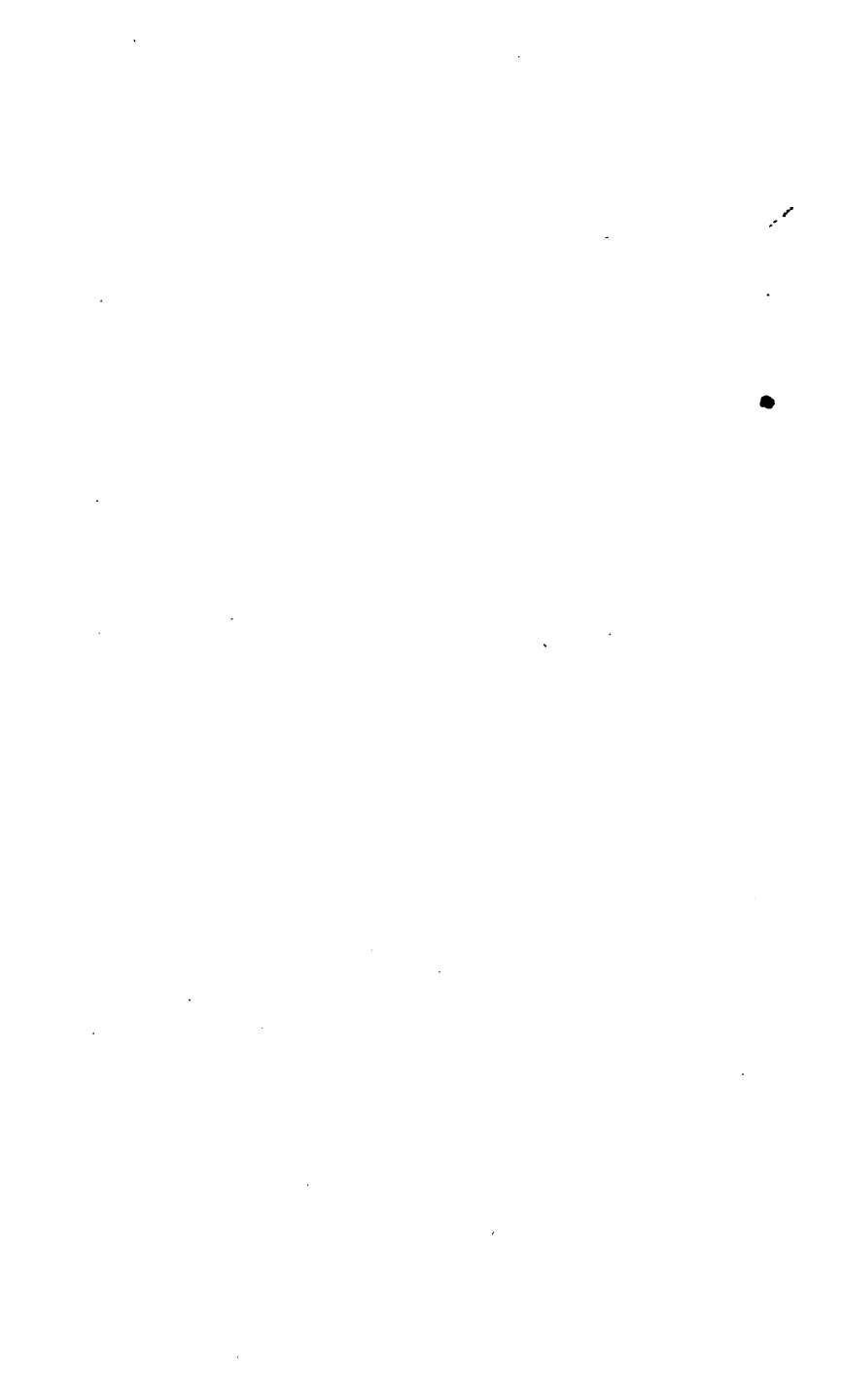
We never were acquainted with a periodical for young men and young women, so deservedly meriting an universal circulation. Its standard is of the highest character. — *Waterville Union, Me.*

Bright and smart, and freighted with useful, interesting and amusing things. — *Boston Daily Mail*.

Those who are unacquainted with this Magazine will find it, on examination, to be of rare and peculiar value. Mr. Light ought to succeed. His work is richly entitled to a generous patronage. — *Olive Branch*.

The work seems to us eminently fitted for those whom it is designed to benefit — the young men of America. Its articles are of the highest order. — *Excelsior, Boston*.

✂ The FIRST VOLUME, just completed, bound in neat style — embellished by a superior likeness of Franklin — for sale at the Publishing Office, 3 Cornhill, Boston,



which is of vast importance in connection with the subject, he infers, that a truly good parent, in all ordinary cases, may so infuse the spirit of his goodness into his children, that they shall as certainly grow up in the exercise of good affections, as, under a different or a neglected education, they would continue in the indulgence of bad affections. Finally, he maintains, as it appears to us, indisputably, that good dispositions, as well as evil ones, may be transmitted hereditarily from parent to child.

Dr. Bushnell's endeavor, in his treatise, evidently was, to present such a view of his subject as the common sense of almost every class of good men would lead them to agree in, rather than to conform his convictions to the measure of any particular creed or religious theory; and in taking this liberal and elevated stand, he shows a praiseworthy independence and superiority of character.

---

THE AMERICAN REVIEW, for December. New York: Geo. H. Colton. Boston: T. Wiley, Jr.

The present number of this Journal contains Hudson's celebrated lecture on Macbeth. It is one of the most splendid compositions we have seen in a periodical for many years. The analyses of the Weird Sisters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, are done with consummate force of thought and opulence of expression. Of the witches, Hudson remarks: "With all their essential wickedness, there is nothing gross, vulgar or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom everything seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law! Unlike the furies of Eschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, in looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature." It would be impossible to give here

an adequate idea of the force and refinement of the criticism in this article, and we cordially recommend our readers to the magazine itself. We are glad to see that all of Mr. Hudson's lectures are to be published in the spring.

---

**LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.** — This poem has obtained a remarkable popularity, running through an edition every week, and attracting almost universal admiration. This is the more noticeable, as it is written in hexameter verse, a form of expression which has commonly failed to obtain readers, when employed in a long poem. Everybody knows Southey's pitiable failure in this measure, in his leaden *Vision of Judgment*. *Evangeline* has all the sweetness, force and pathos we might expect in a poem by Mr. Longfellow, and evinces a range of characterization, of which his other poems give no adequate impression. The descriptions of American scenery are especially beautiful and graphic — a specimen of which will be found on a preceding page of this number, which is selected, not for its superiority to other parts of the poem, but on account of its completeness as an extract.

---

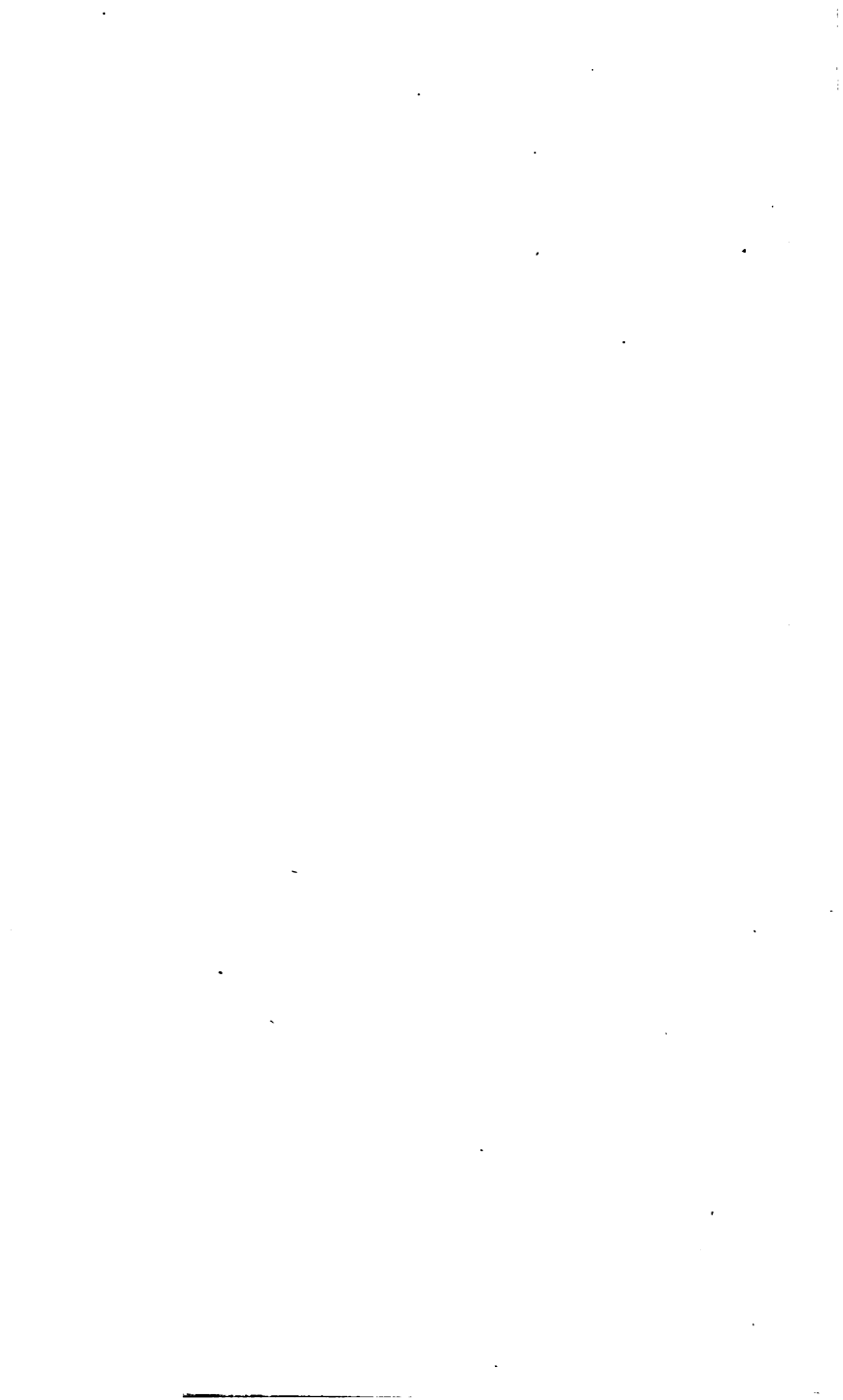
**WILLIS'S POEMS.** — Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, have issued a beautiful edition of Willis, edited by himself, and making the only accurate collection of his poems ever published. The volume is finely printed and elegantly bound, and profusely embellished with engravings from paintings by Leutze. It is uniform with the same publishers' editions of Longfellow and Bryant. The great and merited popularity of Willis will doubtless create a corresponding demand for this splendid edition of his poems. The appearance of an American poet in such a costly dress is the most pertinent proof of his reputation.

---

**REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES AND CIVIL LIFE OF GENERAL WILLIAM HULL.** Together with the History of the Campaign of 1812. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The first portion of this work is by Mrs. Maria Campbell, the daughter of Gen. Hull, and was prepared from his MSS. The portion relating to the last war, and the surrender of the post of Detroit, is by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of this city, the grandson of Gen. Hull. The book is really an addition to Ameri-





This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it  
beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.



3 2044 092 739 630